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INCIDENTS

IN

THE SEPOY WAR

INCIDENTS

IN

THE SEPOY WAR

1857-58

COMPILED FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNALS OF

GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT

G.C.B.

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TOGETHER WITH SOME EXPLANATORY CHAPTERS

By HENRY KNOLLYS

CAPTAIN ROYAL ARTILLERY

AUTHOR OF 'FROM SEDAN TO SAARBRUCK'

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MDCCCLXXIII

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This Book is Dedicated

TO

COLONEL THE HONBLE. I. FIENNES

AND

THE NINTH LANCERS,

OF WHICH DISTINGUISHED REGIMENT

SIR HOPE GRANT HAS BEEN A MEMBER FOR FORTY YEARS,

AND WHICH AT THE SIEGE OF DELHI

SO GALLANTLY AND SO SKILFULLY

AIDED ITS COMRADES OF THE ARTILLERY

IN THEIR DUTIES, THAT IT MAY JUSTLY SHARE

WITH THEM THE MOTTOES

"UBIQUE," "QUO FAS ET GLORIA DUCUNT"

PREFACE.

WHEN Sir Hope Grant, on whose personal staff at Aldershot I had the honour of serving for two and a half years, allowed me to read the private journals which he had kept during the Indian Revolt of 1857-8-9, I felt at once that others besides myself would gladly peruse a narrative of which so much was new, so much interesting, and wherein all was derived from a source indisputably authentic. The military literature relating to this period is, on the whole, scanty in quantity and unsatisfactory in quality; and Sir Hope has therefore been prevailed on to allow this volume to be published. The diary was no after-thought compilation. Day after day the events of the preceding twenty-four hours were committed to paper while fresh in the writer's memory. In the first instance, the diary was composed under circumstances of harassing fatigue and of the dangers of warfare, and it therefore appeared desirable to make some

alterations in the original arrangement of the manuscript; but in no single instance have the statements of facts, or opinions expressed, been departed from. In most cases, however, passages implying censure have been omitted.

In order to render the narrative of events more complete, and possibly more clear, I have ventured to add a few explanatory and critical chapters, in which I have been aided by statements communicated to me by some of the actors in the scenes described.

HENRY KNOLLYS,
CAPTAIN ROYAL ARTILLERY.

WEEDON, *November* 1873.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

PAGE

Early instances of mutiny—Relative positions of Sepoys and Europeans—Causes which tended to bring about the mutiny—Symptoms of discontent disregarded—Story of the greased cartridges—Disaffection at Dum-Dum, Barrackpore, Berhampore, Umballa, and Lucknow—Objections to the cartridge a pretext—Mutiny at Meerut and Delhi—Measures taken at Calcutta—Spread of the mutiny—Preparations for the capture of Delhi—Sketch of Sir Hope Grant's services, ... 1-56

CHAPTER II.

JOURNAL.

Disturbances at Umballa and Kussowlie—Beginning of the march to Delhi—Death of General Anson—Execution at Rhye—Wilson's march from Meerut—Engagement at Budlee-ka-Serai—Arrival before Delhi—Minor engagements with the enemy—Rebel attack on 23d June—Reinforcements—Death of Sir Henry Barnard—Treachery of 9th Irregular Cavalry—Fresh attacks by the rebels—Reed succeeded by Wilson—Critical position of the English—Attack of the enemy on 2d August—Disarmament of the 4th Irregular Cavalry, ... 57-92

CHAPTER III.

COMMENTATORY.

Course pursued by General Anson, Sir Henry Barnard, and Brigadier Wilson vindicated—Difficulties which beset our modern generals—General Hewitt—Disregard of the rules of strategy—Celebrated march of the Guides, and of the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers—Endurance of our troops—Drunkenness, ... 93-108

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Hot fire from the enemy—Tidings from Cawnpore and Lucknow—Successful attack on the rebel picket—Reinforcements—Enemy's design to intercept our siege-train baffled—Arrival of the siege-train—Disposition of our batteries—Visit to them—Services of 9th Lancers as artillerymen—Plan of assault—Morning of the assault on Delhi—Breaching-battery manned by 9th Lancers—Blowing open the Cashmere gate—The assault—Position taken up by Cavalry Brigade—They advance up to the Moree Bastion—Fight at Kissengunge—Nicholson—The 9th Lancers man guns of the Moree Bastion—Cavalry withdrawn to Ludlow Castle—The day after the assault—Nicholson's death-bed—Further successes—Capture of the King and Princes of Delhi—The Palace—Nicholson's funeral, ... 109-137

CHAPTER V.

COMMENTATORY AND EXPLANATORY.

General Wilson's difficulties—Dissensions inside Delhi—Features of the assault—Narrative of the mutiny continued from Chapter I.—Disaffection in Bombay and Madras, and the independent States—Sir Colin Campbell appointed Commander-in-Chief—Operations of Havelock and Neill

in the vicinity of Cawnpore—Arrival of reinforcements under Sir James Outram—Advance towards Lucknow—First relief of Lucknow—Measures for defence adopted by the original garrison — Outram hemmed in by rebels—Preparations for the second relief of Lucknow—The Dinapoor mutiny, and defence of Arrah, . . 138-156

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Sir Hope Grant's anxiety to rejoin the active field-force— Ordered to take command of the movable column at Agra—The fight at Boolundshuhur—The surprise at Agra—Starts to overtake column—Adventures on the road—Assumes command—Receives letter in Greek characters from Outram in Lucknow—Engagement at Kallee Nuddee—Reaches Cawnpore—Visits the scene of the massacre, and the intrenchment—Advances to Alum Bagh, . . 157-175

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Arrival of Sir Colin Campbell—Colonel Adrian Hope's column attacked by bees—Relief of the Alum Bagh—Capture of the Dilkoosha—Monsieur Martin—Capture of the Martinière —Attack on the city—Storming of the Secundra Bagh—Sir Colin Campbell at the capture of the Shah-Nujeef——Capture of the Mess-House and Moti-Mahal—Meeting of the four generals—Removal of the women and children to Cawnpore, ... 176-195

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Sir Colin Campbell resolves to retire to Cawnpore—Troops withdrawn from Lucknow—Death of Havelock—Windham

attacked at Cawnpore—Sir Colin crosses the Ganges—Position of the English camp—Women and children sent to Allahabad—Attack on the rebels on 6th December—Sir Hope Grant defeats enemy at Serai Ghat—Narrow escape, ... 196-211

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Difficulty in extricating guns—Destruction of Bithoor Palace, and search for treasure—Fight at Goorsaïgunj—Individual encounters—Capture of Futegurh and Furruckabad—Execution of Azim Khan—Ten days' leave—Mutiny at Shahjuhanpoor—Rejoins the field-force—Makes for Cawnpore—Pig-sticking—Directed to take command of force between Bunnee and Cawnpore—March to Futehpoor—The 53d Regiment at Bangurmow—Attack on Meeangunj—Murder of villagers—Harrowing scenes—Letter from Nawab Moosom, ... 212-237

CHAPTER X.

COMMENTATORY AND EXPLANATORY.

Rules of strategy again departed from—Diminished resolution on the part of the rebels—Windham's engagements at Cawnpore on 26th, 27th, and 28th November—Lucknow fortified by rebels, ... 238-243

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Sir Colin's force marches to Lucknow—Gold mohurs in a rebel's skeleton—Failure of attempt to remove limber-waggons—Forces under Sir James Outram and Sir Hope Grant cross Goomtee—Charge of the Bays—Repeated attacks by the rebels—Capture of the Martinière and the

Begum's palace—Gallant conduct of Wilde's Sikhs—Death of Sandford—Arrival of Jung Bahadoor—Capture of the Kaiser Bagh—Death of Hodson—Attack on rebels in town, and capture of Moosa Bagh—Engagements at Koorsie, and on the Baree road—Jung Bahadoor's Goorkas—Disquietude at Bunnee—A night panic—Sir Hope Grant returns to Lucknow, ... 244-276

CHAPTER XII.

COMMENTATORY AND EXPLANATORY.

Measures taken by the rebels to fortify Lucknow—How baffled—Contingent danger of Sir Colin Campbell's plan of operations—His dissatisfaction at escape of rebels—Brigadier Franks' operations—The British Oude army broken up, ... 277-281

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Sir Hope Grant promoted—Again takes the field—Effects of the climate—Disquieting rumours—The Kuppertola Rajah—Letter from Sir Colin Campbell—Expedition to Nawabgunj—Desperately contested engagement—Sir Colin and the Government Secretary—Relief of Maun Singh—Temple at Ajudia—Expedition to and engagement at Sooltanpoor—Goes to Allahabad—Investiture of the Bath—Lady Canning—Newly-raised cavalry regiments—Return to Lucknow, 282-307

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNAL CONCLUDED.

Capture of the fort of Rampoor Kussia—Surrender of the Rajah of Amethie—Capture of Shunkerpoor—Passage of the Ghogra at Fyzabad, and pursuit of the rebels—Capture of Bunkussia—Recovery of looted pictures—Changes in the

staff — Prevalence of crime in Oude — Rebels escape to Toolsepoor—Overtaken—Murder and infanticide—Interview with Lord Clyde—Instructions to watch the Nepal frontier—Jung Bahadoor and the rebels—Assault of Bungaon—Letters from Nana Sahib and Bala Rao—The Rajah of Bulrampoor—Engagement at Serwa Pass—Misery of the rebels—Brigadier Horsford—Sir Hope Grant appointed to command of China expedition—Visit of Governor-General to Lucknow—Sir Hope Grant sails for China, . . 308-337

APPENDIX, ... 339-380

WORKS REFERRED TO IN THIS BOOK.

A History of the Sepoy War in India. By J. W. KAYE.

Chambers's History of the Revolt in India.

Life of Sir Henry Lawrence. By Sir HERBERT EDWARDES and HERMAN MERIVALE.

The Siege of Lucknow. By L. E. REES.

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Macaulay's Essays on Lord Clive and Warren Hastings.

Mutinies in Oude. By MARTIN GUBBINS.

The Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi. By C. E. ROTTON.

PLANS, &c.

To face page

MAP OF THE NORTH-WESTERN PROVINCES OF INDIA, 1

PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF DELHI, ... 121

PLAN TO ILLUSTRATE THE OPERATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, ... 151

N E P A L
GOORKA
GORUCKPOOR
U D E
O H I L C U N D
R A J P O O T A N A
D O A B
MAP OF THE
NORTH WESTERN PROVINCES
including the Territory of
OUDE
GWALIOR
BENARES

INCIDENTS

IN THE

SEPOY WAR OF 1857-58.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

EARLY INSTANCES OF MUTINY—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF SEPOYS AND EUROPEANS—CAUSES WHICH TENDED TO BRING ABOUT THE MUTINY—SYMPTOMS OF DISCONTENT DISREGARDED—STORY OF THE GREASED CARTRIDGES—DISAFFECTION AT DUM-DUM, BARRACKPORE, BERHAMPORE, UMBALLA, AND LUCKNOW—OBJECTIONS TO THE CARTRIDGE A PRETEXT—MUTINY AT MEERUT AND DELHI—MEASURES TAKEN AT CALCUTTA—SPREAD OF THE MUTINY—PREPARATIONS FOR THE CAPTURE OF DELHI—SKETCH OF SIR HOPE GRANT'S SERVICES.

WERE I to attempt to trace the causes which led to the great Indian Mutiny of 1857, I should be overstepping the prescribed limits of this volume; but as the revolt was characterised by a ferocity for which even the ordinary depravity of human nature cannot account, and attended by circum-

stances which to the majority of English readers appear equally wayward and inexplicable, it will be well to state briefly both the symptoms and the origin of the native hostility against their European rulers, which, increasing in strength as years passed by, at last acquired a virulence which could only be relieved by an open outbreak. And this explanation seems the more necessary because there has long been a popular idea that the Mutiny was due to one particular circumstance — the circumstance of the greased cartridges; whereas a very slight investigation shows that the alleged cause was merely the puff of wind which fanned the smouldering mass of embers—accumulated for ages—into a flame, and was no more its origin than was the forbidden dinner in Paris of 1848 the origin of the French Revolution, or the candidature of an insignificant Hohenzollern offshoot to the crown of Spain the origin of the most stupendous war of modern days.

The rebellion of 1857 was heralded by many minor outbreaks, the most notable of which occurred in 1806, when two battalions of sepoys stationed at Vellore, near Madras, rose against the Europeans, and murdered 113 soldiers, besides civilians. The mutineers were attacked and dispersed by the 19th Light Dragoons from Arcot, under Colonel Gillespie; and it appears that about 800 of their number were shot down on the

spot or were subsequently executed. The same year, at Nundeydroog and Pallumcotta, in the same Presidency, massacres of the English residents had been planned by the native soldiery; and their designs were only frustrated by the energetic repressive measures of the European officials, foremost amongst whom was Major Welsh, commanding a sepoy battalion. It is instructive to note that this officer and another —Lieutenant-Colonel Grant, who had disarmed his regiment when on the brink of an outbreak—were severely condemned as weak-minded alarmists, whose conduct had been calculated to bring about the precise evils dreaded. Both were tried by a court-martial, and both were honourably acquitted; but the Home Government, to mark their disapproval of what they considered undue severity, removed from their posts the Governor, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Adjutant-General of Madras. In all the above cases the reasons assigned for the mutiny were the introduction of a leather stock, a new head-dress, and regulations respecting shaving and wearing earrings or marks of caste on the forehead—every single point of which affected strongly the religious prejudices of the natives.

In 1824, the 47th Bengal Native Infantry, stationed at Barrackpore, when under orders for Burmah declared they would not violate their

religion by crossing the "black water," or sea, and that they would not proceed by land unless they were guaranteed increased allowances. Outrageous insubordination made itself manifest on parade; and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Edward Paget—a distinguished and gallant officer—appreciating the gravity of the situation, took the conduct of the matter into his own hands. In the presence of European infantry and artillery, the mutineers were ordered to ground their arms, and were warned of the consequences of disobedience. They refused; whereupon the guns opened on them, and the rebels broke up and fled.

In 1844, several Bengal regiments on the march for our newly-acquired province of Scinde broke out into mutiny at Ferozepore, and refused to proceed any further unless they were granted the additional allowances usually given to soldiers beyond the Indus in time of war. Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-General, caused the most prominent offending regiment—viz., the 34th Bengal Native Infantry—to be disbanded with every accompanying circumstance of ignominy, and its number to be erased from the Army List. The further progress of insubordination was checked by the exercise of combined severity, tact, and concession.

In 1849-50, the 22d, 13th, and 66th Bengal Native

Infantry mutinied on a question of pay, refraining indeed from open outrage, but manifesting an insolent calmness which betokened their sense of strength. Various punishments were inflicted on individuals, and the 66th Regiment was disbanded, and, like the 34th, its number was struck out of the Army List.

Out of this instance of disaffection arose the memorable conflict between Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, and Sir Charles Napier, the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Dalhousie denied Sir Charles's assertion that "India was in danger;" an interchange of somewhat heated minutes ensued, and Napier threw up his command in wrath.

Between these symptoms of discontent and the appearance of the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, in January 1857, and which presaged the final outbreak of the terrible storm, all was ostensibly calm—only ostensibly; for the cases of insubordination which we have quoted were of a nature not to be found in the ordinary annals of military history. They betokened, not the inevitable existence of the few malcontents who are to be found even in the best-disciplined and patriotic armies, but a spirit of mutinous combination and widespread dissatisfaction, contrasting ominously with the feelings of reverence, admiration, and devotion with which the sepoys regarded us during our early rule in India. To

select one instance from the many with which history abounds: in 1770, when Clive was gallantly holding out in the fort of Arcot with a half-starved garrison of 120 Englishmen and 200 native soldiers, against 10,000 men under Rajah Sahib, the sepoys came to their youthful commander, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of India. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. As Macaulay remarks, history contains no more touching instance of military fidelity. What, then, could have undermined this fidelity, a belief in which, even in later years, was so widespread that the expression "the faithful sepoy" was equally proverbial, and probably equally in accordance with truth, as the terms "the mild Hindoo" or the "gentle Bengalee"? Moreover, to the sentiment of loyalty and respect, frequently so illusory and chimerical, was added the sentiment of self-interest, invariably so potent and tangible. The native on enlistment was a gainer in every point of view. Unlike ourselves, so far from losing certain civil advantages, he acquired special legal privileges; he severed no family ties; and he gained immeasurably in social status. The pay he received for his services—and be it remembered that those services in no wise

really militated against his religion or his caste—raised to affluence the inhabitants of a country whose ideas of luxury in our sense are almost non-existent, and who can obtain subsistence almost by stretching out their hands to gather it. Well cared for when sick, the sepoy knew that his pension was as secure as the salary of the Governor-General; whereas he was equally certain that there was not another State in India which would not, in spite of the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he had ceased to be useful. To be dismissed, therefore, from our service, was a heavy punishment and a sore disgrace. On the other hand, to enable us to weigh the *pros* and *cons* fairly, we must bear in mind, above all things, that to judge natives by the same standard as we judge Europeans, would be as unreasonable as to consider the Esquimaux actuated by considerations applicable to Italians. The sepoy has indeed been defined as a paradox—a mass of contradictions; simple, yet designing—credulous, yet tenacious of his inbred convictions—calm, yet impetuous—gentle, yet cruel: his faith and education taught him absolutely to loathe our practices and habits of life, and at the same time to stand in awe of our superior energies, mental abilities, and invariable success. Mr Trevelyan, in 'Cawnpore,' sums up these considerations in language which is eminently striking, and

is probably to a great extent true. "We should not be far wrong," he says, "if we are content to allow that we are regarded by the natives of Hindostan as a species of quaint and somewhat objectionable demons, with a rare aptitude for fighting and administration. Foul and degraded in our habits, though with reference to those habits not to be judged by the same standard as ordinary men; not altogether malevolent, but entirely wayward and unaccountable; a race of demi-devils, neither quite human nor quite supernatural; not wholly bad, yet far from perfectly good, who have been settled down in the country by the will of fate."

Many causes have been assigned which tended to bring about the Mutiny, and most of them seem to be founded on fact. The diminished influence of the European officers over their men has been much dwelt upon. Instead of wielding an almost autocratic sway, as in the time of Clive, of Warren Hastings, and of Wellesley, their power had been curtailed by the dwarfing restrictions of a military hierarchy, and publicly recorded censures had profaned "a divinity" by which a colonel, like a king, should be hedged. Increased facilities of communication with Europe had increased these evils. The English officer, instead of identifying himself with those under him, sought for interests, pleasures, and society in importations from home. Thus the ties of sym-

pathy were fatally severed; the sepoy was less under his superior's control, and the bonds of internal discipline became relaxed. A severe shock indeed was given to military authority, when Lord William Bentinck, in 1835, abolished flogging in the Indian army, while the punishment was retained amongst our own troops. The measure was looked upon by the former as a concession to their pride, rather than as one dictated by feelings of humanity or of clemency. On the above points, and on the cognate one of the insufficiency of officers, I find the following remarks in Sir Hope Grant's Journal, written in 1857: "The discipline of the native army in Bengal had fallen off greatly. So many officers had been taken away from their regiments for employment on the staff, that few were left to look after their men; and these few were dissatisfied, either because they were less fortunate than their fellows, or because their leave was curtailed. There was also another very prevalent evil: officers seldom rose in their regiments to command them, but when they were promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel they were transferred to some other corps. Thus discipline suffered; for the new commander was generally advanced in years, unacquainted with his men, and had seldom sufficient energy to remedy this defect. The consequence was, that a very bad feeling had arisen

amongst the native soldiers." It is, however, only fair to state, that a few thoughtful, experienced men, and notably Sir George Clerk,[1] Secretary to the Board of Control, were of opinion that there was more danger in giving our native regiments too many English officers than in giving them too few; because the many formed a society apart, kept aloof from their men, and became altogether, in their ways of life, too European.

But however much all these collateral causes may have influenced the sepoys, the testimony of our predecessors, and the practical experience of modern events, point to the conclusion that the culminating evil was their apprehension that, by fair means or foul, we designed to convert them to the tenets of Christianity, and, as a means to the above end, to subject each individual soldier to their acme of social misery — loss of caste. The Vellore mutineers were terror-stricken at being compelled to wear the leather stock, supposed to have been manufactured from the hide of the contaminating hog—and to don the garb of infidels who daily indulged in the blasphemous and revolting practice of devouring the flesh of their holy cow. So great, indeed, was their fear, that the Governor of Madras, Lord William Bentinck, in 1806, in a proclamation, "deemed it

[1] Afterwards Governor of Bombay.

proper in this public manner to repeat to the native troops his assurance that the same respect which has invariably been shown by the British Government for their religion and their customs will be always continued, and that no interruption will be given to any native, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, in the practice of his religious ceremonies." About the same time a story was current in the country that the Company's officers had sprinkled the blood of cows and hogs over vast stores of salt, in order that Hindoos and Mussulmans might be equally defiled; and it was added that the authorities were erecting churches in every village close to the pagodas, ingress to which latter would be strictly forbidden. The mutiny of the 47th Native Regiment in 1824 was stated to be partly due to the reluctance of the men to violate their religion by crossing the sea when ordered to Burmah. In 1856, the Indian Government, to meet the exigencies of the service, announced that they would not enlist any native recruit except on the distinct understanding that he might be required to serve beyond the sea; and once more the high-caste Brahmins cried aloud that this new condition was a plot to convert them to Christianity, by subjecting them to loss of caste in their passage across the black water. In the early part of 1857, the most preposterous fables obtained general credence. It was, for instance, currently

believed that the Company's officers had mixed ground bones with the salt sold in the public bazaars; that they had adulterated the ghee, or grease used throughout the country for cooking purposes, with animal fat; and that the flesh of swine and cows had been thrown into the wells in order to pollute the drinking-water. The sincerity of the natives' convictions was proved by the following: Flour had risen to an exceptionally high price at Cawnpore, and certain dealers at Meerut had despatched large supplies of the article to the former town in Government steamers. A story was circulated that the dust of cows' bones had been mixed up with it, in order to destroy the caste of those eating it; and although the flour was offered for sale at a greatly reduced price, not a native would touch it, preferring the pangs of hunger to the risk of contamination. In fact, any one who will take the trouble to turn over some of the printed Indian correspondence of the last thirty years, will see that not a project of national improvement or social reform, not a scheme for the amelioration of the lower classes or for the abolition of some of their half-barbarous and wholly brutish practices, could be inaugurated without vividly exciting the terrors of the natives that they were to be compelled to adopt the creed of their white rulers. To the fanaticism of Upper Bengal, Madame Roland's touching apophthegm

to Liberty, when on her way to execution, is strictly applicable: "O Religion, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!"

But, it may be asked, were our country people slumbering over a volcano without heed of its angry murmurings? Were there none to warn them of the evil portended? A few of the wise and prudent, both amongst the highest officials and the lowest natives, raised the voice of admonition; but they met, as a general rule, with a worse fate than Cassandra of old—their prophecies not only were received with utter incredulity, but they themselves were subjected to ridicule and abuse. Perhaps their most numerous converts were to be found among the colonels of the native regiments, who, in upholding the loyalty of the "faithful sepoy," showed so much anger in declaring that they were right, that it is fair to suppose they were perfectly well aware that they were wrong. Of this wilful disregard of the signs of the time I will quote but one instance. In the middle of 1856 numerous villages in the north-western provinces were visited by messengers, coming no man knew whence, and conveying a mysterious token in the shape of chupatties—small flat cakes of unleavened bread, which formed part of the sepoy's regular diet. The messenger would seek out the head man of the village and deliver to him two chupatties, saying, "These cakes are sent to you; you will make

six others and forward them to the next villages." Then the bearer would disappear in the same mysterious manner as he arrived, and his mandate was forthwith complied with. Month after month the process was continued with inconceivable rapidity and secrecy, until at last every station had been communicated with. The strange feature in the affair is, that no one has ever yet discovered in what village the rite originated, or what was the special object in its performance. Some of the English functionaries, whose ears the story at last reached, imagined it to be a note of warning of a great crisis; some that it was a superstitious ceremony to avert sickness; and some that it was a method of transmitting seditious letters, which were concealed in the interior of the cake. All, however, were agreed that it had the effect of arousing and keeping alive a great popular excitement; yet none of the English officials were roused from their state of fancied security by this strange omen, a circumstance on which Mr Disraeli, in a debate on Indian affairs, thus sarcastically commented. "Supposing," he said, "the Emperor of Russia were told, 'Sire, there is a very remarkable circumstance going on in your territory; from village to village men are passing who leave the tail of an ermine or a pot of caviare, with a message to some one to perform the same ceremony. 'Strange to say, this has been going on in

some ten thousand villages, and we cannot make head or tail of it.' I think the Emperor of Russia would say, 'I do not know whether you can make head or tail of it, but I am quite certain there is something wrong, and that we must take some precautions; because where the people are not usually indiscreet or troublesome, they do not make a secret communication unless it is opposed to the Government. This is a secret communication, and therefore a communication dangerous to the Government.'"

And now we come to the story of the greased cartridges, so trumpery in its nature that a modern Swift might well have employed it to typify the origin of the wars of Lilliput or Laputa—so childish in its folly that it might justly provoke a smile of contempt—and so appalling in its ultimate development as to confirm the maxim that in military dealings there are no such things as trifles. As already stated, there is reason to believe that nothing could have permanently averted the outbreak of the conflagration; but its proximate cause was almost malignant in its fitness to call forth a certain unanimity of action amongst those who set it alight.

For some years previous to the Mutiny, the old pattern rifle had been in use among the Indian troops. The bullet was enveloped in a patch of cloth, which was smeared with a mixture of wax and oil, and the natives had used it without offer-

ing any objection. In 1856, however, the improved Enfield rifle was introduced, the projectile for which was lubricated with grease to facilitate its passage down the bore. Ere long it was rumoured that this grease was composed of the fat of pigs and cows—substances regarded with equal horror by Hindoos and Mussulmans. The latter would consider themselves defiled by touching with their lips—and, according to the old drill, the end of the cartridge was bitten, not twisted off—fat of the abhorred hog; while the former would have suffered loss of caste had they thus desecrated the venerated cow. The danger of arousing in this manner the religious native susceptibilities, had to some extent been foreseen and provided against by the Ordnance authorities at Calcutta; for in a circular it was enjoined that when applying tallow to be handled by sepoys, that of sheep or goats only was to be employed, swine's or cow's fat being carefully excluded. It may be added that, as a general rule, the ammunition was not sent out from England ready greased; but that, when the contrary had been the case, the composition applied was formed of five parts tallow, five parts stearine, and one part wax—containing, therefore, beef-fat, but none from pigs.

The first open expression of discontent took place at Dum-Dum, one of the schools of musketry for instruction in the use of the new rifle.

On 23d January 1857, a low-caste Lascar asked a Brahmin sepoy for a drink of water out of his lotah, or brass vessel. The latter refused on the score of caste, whereupon the Lascar tauntingly replied that all would now be reduced to the same low level as himself, since the English were about to require their soldiers to bite off the ends of cartridges smeared with cow and hog fat. The Brahmin repeated the taunt to his horror-stricken comrades, whose agitation became so great that it was made known to the officers of the garrison. In India news travels with a mysterious and miraculous rapidity. The story of the cartridges was in a few days known to every sepoy at Barrackpore, eight miles from Dum-Dum; and the malcontents gave vent to their feelings, not only by midnight musters and excited language, but by repeated acts of incendiarism, committed both on Government buildings and on the bungalows of their own officers. This epidemic of setting fire is in the native specially symptomatic of irritation. It is a well-known fact that the female convict suffering under an access of "breaking out," can only find relief by splintering the tables and chairs, shivering the glass, and tearing her clothing to tatters. Similarly the first impulse of a mutinous sepoy is to rush to the torch. On 28th March, a young native of the 34th B.N.I., named Mungul Pandy, frenzied with "bang," or opium, rushed through

the lines, calling on his comrades to rise, wounded the adjutant and the sergeant-major, who tried to arrest him, and at last endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to commit suicide. The really ugly features in the case were, that many hundred sepoys, so far from attempting to rescue their officer, stood idly looking on—one Mohammedan grenadier, Sheik Pultoo, alone excepted; that they afterwards struck at the wounded men with the butt-ends of their muskets, shouting out threats to Sheik Pultoo to release his prisoner; and that the Jemadar, or native officer, of the guard refused to render any assistance. The Jemadar and Mungul Pandy were tried by a court-martial and hanged; and on 6th May the 34th was, for the second time in thirteen years, disbanded, and its number erased from the Army List.

Meanwhile the spirit of disaffection had spread, gathering in its progress strength of deeds and combination of purpose. At Berhampore, 100 miles north-west of Barrackpore, the 19th Native Infantry heard from a detachment which had been despatched from the latter place of the excitement among the native troops. The next day, 27th February, they refused to receive even the blank, and therefore untainted, ammunition with which they were to be supplied for a parade on the following morning; and in the course of the night the regiment rose, broke into the armouries,

and took possession of the muskets and the dreaded ammunition. On the representation of their native officers, however, they were induced to lay down their arms and return to their duty, but rather on the conditions of victorious claimants than of penitent culprits. A court of inquiry was assembled; the 19th was marched down to Barrackpore, where on 31st March it was disbanded.

At Umballa, an important military station in Cis-Sutlej territory, agitation among the native troops was equally prevalent. The 36th B.N.I. Regiment formed the escort of the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, who in the latter end of March was residing there, where too was a detachment of the same regiment going through a course of rifle-drill. One day two native non-commissioned officers under instruction were reviled by a Soubahdar[1] of the escort for having defiled themselves with the cartridges and become Christians. So bitter was the taunt that one of the men reproached, when telling the story to his officer, cried like a child. Throughout the detachments there was the same feeling, which rose to fever-heat when they found that their comrades at headquarters refused to answer their letters.

On 23d March, General Anson,[2] the Com-

[1] A native captain.

[2] Major-General Hon. A. Anson died of cholera at Kurnal, N.W. Provinces, May 1857.

mander-in-Chief in India, addressed the garrison drawn up on parade, and, in language equally kindly and forcible, pointed out to them the error of their suspicions of the greased cartridges and the folly of their conduct, and exhorted them to cast aside the spirit of insubordination. For a time his words produced the best results, and the agitation partly subsided. But in the middle of April it broke out again, and manifested itself by numerous incendiary fires. Then the panic spread to Lucknow, where on 2d May the 7th Oude Irregulars refused to receive their cartridges. Sir Henry Lawrence,[1] the Chief Commissioner, resolved to disband it; and on the 3d the regiment was drawn up on parade for the purpose, in presence of a European force. At the outset of proceedings the guilty regiment threw down its arms in confusion, broke up, and fled. The fugitives were pursued by a portion of the 7th Bengal Cavalry, which had thus far continued loyal, and a certain proportion were brought back prisoners. A large number, however, escaped.

The question which now suggests itself is—How far were the alleged terrors of the sepoys justified by facts? Were the dreaded cartridges dipped in beef or pig fat; were the native soldiers required to use them, and thus to inflict on themselves the

[1] Brigadier-General Sir Henry Lawrence, K.C.B., R.A., died of his wounds at Lucknow, 4th July 1857.

miseries of social degradation in a country where social degradation is only a shade better than death; and had the English officials been walking about, so to speak, in a powder-magazine with a bare lighted candle in their hands? There is sufficient evidence to show that all these points may be answered in the negative. In the first place, we have the authority of Captain Boxer,[1] R.A., Superintendent of the Laboratory Department at Woolwich, that the lubrication contained cow's fat, but none from pigs—a fact which at once cuts away the ground from under the feet of the discontented Mussulmans. Secondly, although in 1853 some boxes of greased ammunition had been sent out to India, and a small quantity had been served out to a few companies of sepoys, it was only for the purpose of subjecting it to the tests of climate. It was carried in the pouch, handed over from man to man, and finally sent back to England. Not a round was used by the sepoys for practice purposes; and they had no more objected to merely handling the cartridges than they had objected to the actual use of the matches required for the old two-grooved rifle. The residue of the experimental ammunition was served out to the 60th (Queen's) Rifles.

Thirdly—and this evidence is so strong that it would be easy to take a stand on it alone—we

[1] Now Major-General Boxer, retired f.-p. R.A.

have the emphatic testimony of Colonel Abbott, Royal Artillery, Inspector-General of Ordnance; of Major Bontein, Instructor of Musketry; of high Government officials,—backed up by various collateral proofs,—that although a large number of the dreaded cartridges were in course of manufacture in the country, not a single one was at any time issued for practice to a sepoy soldier throughout the whole Division Presidency. The objections urged against the cartridge-paper are scarcely worth discussion. The natives in their petulant wrath declared that the new, shiny, improved material consisted of skin. On the whole, then, the conclusion seems inevitable that there may have been some lack of prescience, but that there was no attempt to ride rough-shod over religious prejudices, however stupid, and no attempt to coerce opinions, however besotted.

Moreover, the moment the agitation which had been excited was made known, every step was taken to allay it. As early as 27th January, in reply to representations made by General Hearsey, commanding at Barrackpore, permission was promulgated from the Adjutant-General's office at Calcutta for the sepoys to grease their own cartridges, of which they at once availed themselves, using a substance the principal ingredient of which was ghee; and on 27th January orders

were telegraphed to various stations, that if any cartridges already greased had been issued for service they were not to be so used. A change was also made in the platoon-exercise—the ends of the cartridges were to be torn off with the fingers, instead of being as heretofore bitten off with the teeth, thus obviating the fear of contamination by touching the fat with the lips. "Too late"—perhaps the saddest phrase in the human language—is all that can be said of these conciliatory steps. The evil leaven had already begun to work.

The incidents of the Mutiny had been thus far marked by violence and insubordination—constituting high military crimes. But henceforward the darker features were to be added. Rapine, cruelty, and massacre were to be followed by the bloodshed of the *lex talionis*, exercised unsparingly by the scattered handfuls of white men, who struggled, apparently so hopelessly, to preserve their lives and the lives of those dear to them, and to uphold the honour of their country against the myriads of a race once subject, and now formidable through their numbers, their ferocity, and their fanaticism. From the outbreak at Meerut, which we are now about to describe, dates the Indian Revolt in the full import of the term. Like other disaffected stations which we have mentioned, there had been much

agitation at this place during the earlier part of the year, accompanied by numerous acts of incendiarism. On 25th April, the 3d Bengal Cavalry were drawn up on parade, to be instructed in the recent changes introduced in the platoon-exercise, wherein, from deference to the national prejudices, the ends of the cartridges were to be torn instead of bitten off. Out of the 90 troopers to whom the ammunition—which was of precisely the same nature as that which for many years they had used without a murmur—was to be issued, 85 refused to receive it. The recusants were made prisoners, tried by a court-martial composed of fifteen native officers, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. On the morning of the 9th May, the whole of the garrison, consisting of a battalion of the 60th Rifles, the Carabiniers, and two batteries of artillery, together with the 11th and 20th Sepoy Regiments and the 3d Native Cavalry, was drawn up on parade to see the prisoners dismissed to their doom. The 85 were marched up under a European escort, and after the proceedings had been read out, they were deprived of their accoutrements and uniforms, and fetters were affixed to their limbs. The despairing sufferers, many of whom were old soldiers who had seen much service, first implored, with tears in their eyes, the general in command of the division, Major-Gene-

ral Hewitt, to have mercy upon them, and afterwards bitterly reproached their comrades for inciting them to resistance, and then suffering them to be visited with so grievous a punishment. But the natives, overawed by the British troops, stood apparently unmoved; and the prisoners were marched off to the jail two miles distant, where they were committed to the sole custody of their countrymen. During the night, and the greater part of the following day, Sunday, May 10th, there were no symptoms of disturbance visible, at all events to the unconscious Europeans: but towards the evening, when the latter were preparing for divine service, there was active movement, turmoil, and excitement in the native lines; and at last masses of the 3d Bengal Cavalry, mounted and in disorder, but fully armed, were seen hurrying towards the prison where their comrades were confined, and whom, after they had forcibly broken into the cells, they quickly set at liberty. That this act was premeditated, is clear from the fact that there were at hand smiths who struck off the manacles from the prisoners. It is also noteworthy that none of the other convicts, 800 in number, were released. More than one evidence has stated the contrary, but this error was probably due to the subsequent escape of about 700 convicts from the old city jail. The two sepoy regiments unhesitatingly

followed the example of the troopers. Half mad with excitement, they rushed to their arms, and began to slaughter, either with sword, bullet, or sabre, every white man, woman, or child they could come across. Then they broke into the English bungalows, and, aided by the scum of the city, massacred the inhabitants and set fire to the buildings. Those of our countrymen who were able to effect their escape betook themselves to the School of Instruction in the artillery lines, where forty-one souls, chiefly women and children, were huddled together.

Meanwhile the European portion of the garrison had put forth their energies to stay the storm. The officers of the native regiments, faithful to their duty, rushed to their lines, and endeavoured to allay the rising excitement; but in vain—though in one case, the 11th Regiment, the sepoys saved many of them from the general massacre. Their colonel, Finnis, much beloved by those under him, fell, riddled by a volley from the 20th B.N.I., the first victim of the mutiny. Afterwards, first Brigadier Archdale Wilson,[1] Colonel of the Royal Bengal Artillery, and in command of the station, and later on General Hewitt, appeared on parade, and mustered the English troops, opened a fire of small-arms and artillery on some scat-

[1] Now Lieutenant-General Sir Archdale Wilson of Delhi, Bart., G.C.B., &c.

tered mutineers, and, taking up a position so as to cover the barracks, bivouacked for the night. The rebels, with a unanimity of purpose, toiled through the hours of darkness towards Delhi, forty miles distant, whither they had sent emissaries in the early part of the day, and where they arrived unmolested by eight o'clock the following morning, Monday, 11th May, and where, some years previously, Government had, by a special stipulation, agreed that no English troops were to be quartered.

Crossing the Jumna by the bridge of boats, they poured into the town, and, slaying every white man they came across, made their way to the palace of the King of Delhi, once the greatest potentate in the Indian peninsula, but, at the period of which we are writing, reduced by a train of circumstances to a powerless pensioner of the British Government, from which he received an annual income of about £120,000. For a short time the feeble old man—he was nearly eighty years of age—appeared reluctant to countenance the rebels; but when they forced an entrance into his dwelling, and, amidst uproar and the savage murder of six English residents, proclaimed him king, he consented to assume the dignity and to perform its functions—outwardly, at least—thus justifying the infliction of the punishment, imprisonment for life, with which he was afterwards visited. Mean-

while the work of plunder, destruction, and murder was being carried on in the quarter of the town most occupied by English inhabitants. The bank was looted, and its brave defenders massacred; the Delhi printing-office was sacked, and the compositors put to death whilst they were almost in the act of arranging the type for the publication of the telegrams, which had recently arrived, announcing the outbreak at Meerut—whilst they were, in fact, preparing the announcement of what was the forerunner of their own fate. The garrison of Delhi consisted of the 38th, 54th, and 74th Native Infantry Regiments, and a battery of native artillery, under the command of Brigadier Graves. A detachment of the first regiment, on duty at the main-guard, when ordered to fire on the insurgent rabble, refused with insolent sneers. The 54th had been marched in from the cantonments to strengthen the post, but when required to act they fired in the air, and their commanding officer, Colonel Ripley, was shot dead. The 74th—the last hope of the English officers—and the native gunners quickly gave way, and the entire garrison now made common cause with their brethren from Meerut. An immense supply of warlike material was stored in the magazine, an enclosure of considerable size within the city. It was under the charge of Lieutenant Willoughby, of the Bengal Artillery, who, on becoming aware of

the progress of the revolt, caused the gates to be shut, a train of gunpowder to be laid from the magazine to a distant spot, and, with the aid of eight other European officials, kept the advancing enemy at bay by frequent discharges of grape-shot. At last Willoughby, seeing that they were overpowered by numbers, and that the sepoys swarming over the walls were on the point of capturing the post, gave a preconcerted signal to Conductor Scully, who fired the train. An awful explosion followed, from the effects of which vast numbers of the insurgents were killed; and though the destruction of the stores was not so complete as had been intended, a large quantity of ammunition was rescued from the mutineers, and an example of heroism furnished seldom equalled, never surpassed, and of priceless value in stimulating our countrymen throughout India in their sore struggle for dear life and still dearer honour. Scully and four of his comrades were killed on the spot; two others, Raynor and Buckley, made good their escape to Meerut. Forrest and the gallant Willoughby likewise escaped death for the time being, but it is melancholy to have to relate that the latter was ultimately murdered by some inhabitants of a village on the river Hindun. In the cantonments outside the city, the English had gathered together; and when, towards the close of the day, it became evi-

dent that there was no hope of staying the plague —when the officials had strained their utmost, and when, in the performance of their duty, a vast number of them had sacrificed their lives— those that remained, men, women, and children, made a last effort for their lives by flight. It was indeed full time: the ruffians of Delhi and of the neighbouring villages had joined the insurgent soldiery. Every European residence was looted, and every bungalow fired; while bands of "Goojurs," or Hindoo gipsies, were lying in wait along the roads, ready to pounce on any white man. So the band of fugitives moved off, some on horses, some in carts, some on foot; and though many were hunted to their death within a few hours, a certain number lived to reach Kurnal, Meerut, and Umballa, to tell of their miseries to the English soldiers marching to chastise the rebels, and to excite their thirst for retribution to fever-pitch.

Equally desperate had been the position of the few Europeans in the town who had escaped the first fury of the massacre. They had fled for shelter to the courtyard of the main-guard, around which their enemies flocked in increasing numbers as the day waned. At last the sepoys began firing into their midst—every shot told; and our people in despair made their escape through an embrasure of an adjacent bastion into the country

beyond. Their chief care was for the women and the wounded; and a few of their number ultimately succeeded in reaching a haven of refuge. In most cases, whenever an English person was discovered, he was put to an instant death. There were, however, about fifty men, women, and children who were first made to suffer imprisonment, and by anticipation to endure many deaths. On the day of the outbreak, they had been captured, some in their houses and some in a large mosque, where they had taken refuge, and where they had held out to the last extremity. For five days they were confined in an underground apartment of the palace, only a shade less terrible than the Black Hole of Calcutta. On the sixth they were brought into an adjacent courtyard, and slaughtered with less humanity than a butcher would slaughter cattle.

It is, indeed, hard to see aught but evil in the scenes which have been narrated; and yet a high authority, Mr Cracroft Wilson, who was selected by Government at a later period to report upon the events of the Mutiny, has pronounced the bursting forth of rebellion at Meerut and Delhi to have been providential occurrences. Mr Wilson endeavours to demonstrate, and with some show of reason, that there was an organised conspiracy throughout the Bengal army for a simultaneous rising on the 31st May. Had not the conspirators

been prematurely hurried into action—had not the well-aimed blow been weakened ere it was fully dealt by a fortnight's warning—there is every probability that India would have been wrested from our grasp, perhaps for a time only, but possibly for a permanency.

When the disastrous tidings from the North-West Provinces reached Calcutta, they aroused among the English inhabitants feelings of mingled compassion, anger, and longings for vengeance, quickly followed by a less creditable emotion, that of panic. Their fears were not, indeed, altogether unreasonable. There was a vast rabble-population in the town, ready on a very slight inducement to rise against their English masters, to release the prisoners in the jails, and to resort to plunder and bloodshed. Then there were regiments of sepoys within a day's march at Barrackpore, who on the first symptom of revolt would doubtless hasten to aid in the prophesied overthrow of the nation who had ruled them with little of mildness indeed ever since Plassey, and whose centenary of government was on the point of expiring. Therefore Lord Canning, who had only two English regiments in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, the 53d and 84th, was forced to renounce his idea of sending these troops to Delhi, and to retain them for the present, not only for the defence of the inhabitants and their property, but

to insure the safety of many important adjacent points — such as Fort William with its arsenal, Cossipore with its gun manufactory, and Ishapore with its powder-works. In a few days, however, the panic to some extent subsided. About the 19th May telegrams were received from Benares, Allahabad, Lucknow, and Cawnpore, reporting "all quiet;" and those who had done most harm by exaggerating the approaching evils, now wrought still greater mischief by declaring that those evils had no foundation in fact.

Lord Canning[1] was now called on to undertake that most trying of military operations—to wage a war against an enemy formidable in numbers and in resources with an utterly inadequate force at his own disposal. At the time when the troubles began, there were present in the service of the Company 238,000 troops—200,000 natives, and 38,000 Europeans—out of whom there were stationed in Bengal 118,000 natives and 22,000 Europeans. Unfortunately, in the latter Presidency the English regiments were posted in positions strategically disadvantageous. Four battalions were guarding the Afghan frontier, and three others the Pegu frontier, thus entailing an almost complete denudation of European troops for a distance of about 1200 miles between Calcutta and the Sutlej. To remedy this evil, Lord

[1] Earl Canning, K.G., died 1862.

Canning exerted all the vigour of his vigorous disposition. He instantly wrote two letters, a private and an official one, to Lord Elgin,[1] and a third letter to General Ashburnham, the civil and military heads of the proposed China expedition, to Galle in Ceylon, where these two officials would touch on their way out. With a ready assumption of responsibility, for which the parallels amongst our countrymen are few, he implored them to divert their army from its original destination, and to apply it to the rescue of India. He made preparations for hastening the march up country of the Persian expeditionary army under Sir James Outram,[2] 14,000 strong, as soon as it should have returned to Bombay; and he appealed to Lord Harris and Lord Elphinstone, the governors of Madras and Bombay, to aid him in his efforts. His requests met with a ready response. In the early days of June, the 65th, 35th, and 78th Queen's, all part of the Persian force, arrived at Calcutta, and were forwarded with every possible expedition up the country. At a still earlier date, 23d May, the 1st Madras Fusiliers, 900 strong, reached this city, and were without the loss of a day despatched to Benares.

[1] The Earl of Elgin, afterwards Governor-General of India, died 1863.

[2] Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram, G.C.B., died in 1863.

On this occasion their colonel, Neill,[1] displayed a resolution which might have cost him his commission, but which, under the circumstances, even official dignitaries forbore to stigmatise as culpable. The Fusiliers were unavoidably somewhat behind the appointed hour at the railway platform. The station-master declared, notwithstanding Neill's earnest representations, that the train could not be longer detained. Thereupon the latter, taking upon himself the solution of the difficulty, dispossessed for a time the railway official of his authority, placed a guard over the engineer and the stoker, warned them not to stir at their peril before his men were in the train, and thus accelerated his arrival at the scene of the mutinies by a day, when the gain of a day was equivalent to the gain of several English lives.

Before describing the measures which were taken for the capture of Delhi, it will be more easy to follow the course of events by first narrating the spread of the rebellion over other parts of Bengal. At Benares, the first reinforcements from Calcutta, consisting of 44 men from the 84th Queen's, arrived on 24th May, and were quickly succeeded by various other small detachments. All were hurried on by the Brigadier, Ponsonby, and the Commissioner, H. Tucker, towards Cawnpore, now

[1] Brigadier-General Neill was killed at the first relief of the Residency at Lucknow, Sept. 25, 1857.

in sore straits. On 3d June, Colonel Neill arrived with 60 of his Fusiliers; and on the same day a mutiny broke out at Azimgurh, a small military station containing 14,000 inhabitants, and fifty miles north of Benares. In the evening the 17th B.N.I., quartered there, rose, captured a treasure of 7 lacs of rupees which had been brought in under escort *en route* to Benares, and threw off all semblance of allegiance. They abstained, however, from the usual course of wholesale murder; and a party of them even escorted their officers and the European residents ten miles on the road to their nearest haven, Ghazeepore. The following day, 4th June, news of the rising reached Benares; and Brigadier Ponsonby, after consulting with Colonel Neill, resolved to disarm the 37th B.N.I. quartered there, and whose fidelity there was reason to doubt, as they had been plotting with the ruffians of the city. On the evening of that very day they were mustered on parade, together with Gordon's Loodiana Regiment (Sikhs), the 13th Irregular Cavalry, and 247 European troops. When the sepoys, who were ignorant of Ponsonby's intention, were ordered to lodge their arms in the "bells" of arms by successive companies, they quietly obeyed until about half the operation was completed. Then a murmur, followed by a panic, arose; the 37th made a rush to recover their weapons, and began firing on the Europeans; the

little band of British infantry responded, and the three guns manned by Englishmen plied them with grape; the Irregular Cavalry, whose spirit had been considered doubtful, and the Sikhs, whose loyalty had never been called in question, casting in their lot with the rebels, were on the point of charging in an overwhelming mass the field-pieces, when the artillery officer, Captain Olpherts,[1] turned his guns upon them, drove them back with a few deadly rounds,—and the final result was, that 2000 mutineers were completely broken up by the resolution of 250 English soldiers. Neill, who on the illness of Ponsonby had succeeded to the command, disposed his little force so as to protect the Mint building, whither most of the European residents had betaken themselves, and which was quickly put in a formidable state of defence. The Government treasure and jewels were recovered by the aid of a faithful Sikh chief, Sirdar Soorut Singh, and the next day the station was perfectly quiet. Fresh bodies of Europeans were rapidly arriving, on their way to the upper provinces, and the safety of Benares was insured.

On 12th May tidings of the great disaster at Meerut reached Allahabad, where were quartered the 6th B.N.I., some Sikhs, some Oude Irregular horse, and 60 European invalids. As the month

[1] Now Colonel Olpherts, V.C., C.B., Brigadier-General Commanding Rohilcund District, Bengal.

drew on, there was a vague feeling of mistrust aroused amongst the Europeans; but so far from any overt acts of sedition making themselves manifest, the 6th Regiment, apparently anxious to mark their abhorrence of the deeds of their mutinous comrades, voluntarily came forward and asked to be allowed to march against the Delhi rebels. Their offer was telegraphed to Calcutta, and Lord Canning in reply wrote a letter of thanks, which was promulgated at a general parade on 6th June. On that very day news arrived of the occurrences at Benares, in consequence of which Colonel Simpson, the commandant, caused two guns with a sepoy escort to be posted to guard the bridge of boats across the Ganges in the direction of Benares. At 9 o'clock P.M. the 6th Native Regiment rose in revolt, and the Oude horse soon after followed their example. They seized the guns at the bridge-head, sounded the alarm-bugle, and when their officers rushed on parade shot the greater number down: nine boy ensigns who had just reached the station were bayoneted in the mess-room. Then the sepoys, joined by the scum of the city, entered on a scene of plunder, murder, and devastation. Europeans, men and women, were put to death wherever they could be found with every circumstance of barbarity, the telegraph wires were cut, the bridge of boats was seized, the treasury plundered, the bungalows of

the English pillaged and burnt, and unbridled licence reigned supreme. Fortunately the bulk of our people had some days before betaken themselves to the fort above the town, from whence the sepoy guard of 80 men, overawed by our bold aspect, were unresistingly expelled after they had quietly laid down their arms. The inmates of the garrison, consisting of 30 English gunners, about 109 volunteer civilians, some women and children, and 400 Sikhs who remained stanch, maintained themselves in this fortress for twelve days, making frequent sallies and inflicting severe loss on the enemy. A certain fanatic Mussulman, called the Moulvie,[1] announced himself as viceroy of the King of Delhi, and constituted himself chieftain of the city.

As soon as Neill, who was at Benares, 75 miles distant, heard of what had occurred at Allahabad, he immediately set out to render the much-needed assistance, accompanied by 44 men of the Madras Fusiliers. On 11th June he succeeded, after some cautious manœuvring, in crossing the Ganges and entering the fort, where he assumed command. On the 12th he drove the enemy from the outlying village of Daraagunj, and regained possession of the bridge of boats. The same evening another detachment of 100 Europeans joined him from Benares. During the next few days he made constant attacks

[1] A religious teacher.

on the rebels, invariably successful; and on 18th June, Allahabad might be said to be once more in possession of the English. In the interim, Neill thought he had reason to distrust the Sikhs—who had thus far, however, remained stanch; and he therefore caused them to be removed from the fort, and posted at various points of minor importance in the city. In addition, he had to contend against drunkenness and cholera. The latter evil assailed his troops with terrible violence and suddenness, and by 23d June had deprived him of the services of 70 of his little party. In order to put a stop to the reign of intoxication, arising from the plentiful supplies of beer, wine, and spirits which were attainable by our men, he caused the commissariat officers to purchase all the liquor they could lay their hands on, and to lodge it in the Government stores.

On the 30th June, Neill, in furtherance of his view of succouring Cawnpore, pushed forward a force of 820 men and 2 guns, under Renaud,[1] of which 400 were Europeans. The next day, however, Havelock[2] arrived and assumed command; and having learned on the 4th July, through a native spy despatched by Sir Henry Lawrence from Lucknow, that Cawnpore had capitulated, he caused Renaud to stand fast at a small village, five miles

[1] Died of his wounds at Cawnpore, July 1857.

[2] Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B., died of cholera near Lucknow, 25th November 1857.

from Futtehpoor, until a sufficient force should be collected to march against the large bodies of the rebels set free from the duties of the siege to oppose the advance of the English. On the 7th, Havelock marched out of Allahabad with his brigade, which now amounted to 1000 Europeans and 8 guns. On the 12th he effected his junction with Renaud, and on the same day attacked and drove from their position, near Futtehpoor, a body of the mutineers about 3500 strong, capturing 12 of their guns. The town was given up to plunder, in retribution for the crimes committed about a month previously. On 9th June, about 70 sepoys of the 6th B.N.I. quartered there, joined by some roving bands of rebels, rose against us, broke open the jail, released the prisoners, plundered the treasury, burnt down public offices, and finally murdered the judge, Mr Robert Tucker, who, resisting entreaty, remained at his post to the end. The European residents, who had at first barricaded themselves in the magistrate's house, at last fled in a body from the station, and, befriended by a few faithful troopers, crossed the Jumna, and after many perils and sufferings reached Bandah. On 15th July, Havelock, continuing his march, defeated the rebel force at Aong, and later in the day forced the passage of the Pandoo Nuddee. On the 16th he attacked the insurgent army, 5000 strong, commanded by Nana Sahib in per-

son, and holding an intrenched position, armed with numerous guns, a short distance south of Cawnpore. The assault, which was made against the enemy's left and centre simultaneously, was completely successful—the intrenched position was carried by storm, and the enemy fled in confusion; and when the Nana, resolving to make one more stand, reinforced his army with fresh men and guns from Cawnpore, and presented an appearance of assuming the offensive, the British infantry, supported by the artillery, charged and scattered their dispirited foes, who blew up the magazine, and never halted until they reached Bithoor. The Nana himself took refuge in the latter town, and after the ceremony of a feigned suicide in the Ganges, he emerged on the Oude side of the river and effected his escape. On 17th July, Havelock's force marched into the city, and for the first time became fully acquainted with the tale of horrors which had been there so recently enacted. It is not within my province to recount those horrors; and, moreover, they have been told so graphically, so faithfully, and with such good taste and feeling by Mr Trevelyan in 'Cawnpore,' that it would be unwise to draw down unfavourable criticism by attempting to follow in his footsteps. It will be sufficient to state, that on the 4th June the 2d Cavalry and the 1st B.N.I. broke out into revolt. The next day they were

joined by the 53d and 56th Native Infantry Regiments; and the united force, amounting to 3000 men, of which the Nana assumed command, commenced operations against a feeble intrenchment, barely 4 feet high, 3 feet thick at the base, and 200 yards square. This work had been constructed on the plain south of the town when the symptoms of danger had become too ominous to be disregarded, had been armed with 10 guns, small and varied in calibre, and stocked with provisions for thirty days nominally, but in point of fact the supply fell far short of what had been demanded. In this satire of a fortification the Europeans took refuge, in number about 900 souls, including 450 fighting men, made up of detachments from Queen's troops, officers and drummers of mutinied regiments, and 100 civilians, and commanded by Major-General Sir Hugh Wheeler. The usual scenes of murder, rapine, incendiarism, and brutal cruelty accompanied the first outbreak; but in a few hours the besiegers, joined by a vast crowd of native rabble, daily augmented by the arrival of fresh bodies of mutineers, and with every warlike appliance at their command, set themselves steadily to their work. For nineteen days the noble garrison held out, though subjected to appalling miseries, and thinned to a pitiful extent by sickness and the storm of shot poured on them. On 26th June, when all hope of successfully prolong-

ing the resistance was over, the English capitulated. They were to surrender the intrenchment, with the guns and treasure, and were to march out with their arms and sixty rounds of ammunition per man —the Nana undertaking to convey all the Europeans down the Ganges in boats. Our country-people embarked at the ghaut; but on a given signal—the sound of a bugle—the boatmen leapt from their vessels into the river; the native soldiers, who lined both banks of the river, opened a murderous fire on the wretched passengers; and the thatched roofs of the boats, which had secretly been set smouldering, blazed into flame. Four only made their escape: Delafosse,[1] Lieutenant 53d B.N.I.; Mowbray-Thomson, Lieutenant 56th B.N.I.;[2] Private Murphy, and Gunner Sullivan. These succeeded in making their way in a boat down the river, and after weathering perils and sufferings which sound like the incidents of a dreadful and fantastic fiction, were received by a friendly Rajah at the fort of Moorar Mhow, and from thence reached Allahabad in safety. Of the remainder, some perished by the bullet, fire, or the waters of the river, and some fell alive into the hands of the rebels. The majority of the men were put to death on the spot; poor Sir Hugh Wheeler had been

[1] Now Lieutenant-Colonel Delafosse, 101st Regiment.

[2] Now Lieutenant-Colonel Mowbray-Thomson, holding a position under Government in Bengal.

cut down as he was on the point of embarking. The women and children were confined in a miserable little bungalow until the 15th July, when the Nana, learning of Havelock's approach, and foreseeing the downfall of his brief reign, resolved on a last act of fiendish vengeance. Two Mussulman butchers went into the prison-room, and slashed our poor countrywomen, with their children, to death with swords or long knives. The number thus slaughtered was probably about 200.

The scene which took place at Lucknow on 3d May, when the 7th Oude Irregular Infantry Regiment was disbanded, has already been narrated at page 20. A few days afterwards, Sir Henry Lawrence, who, in addition to being Chief Commissioner of Oude, had received the rank of Brigadier-General, and thus exercised military authority over all the troops in the province, held a durbar in the Residency. The garrison was drawn up in an open plain, and Sir Henry delivered a soul-stirring address in excellent Hindostanee, and rewarded some natives who, during the recent excitement, had been conspicuous for their loyalty, warned them against attaching credence to the rumours circulated by some evil-disposed persons, and pointed out that the British Government had ample power to suppress armed resistance, however formidable. The effect of this speech was excellent for a time; but when the news of the

Meerut outbreak arrived, the ferment of sedition set in afresh, and Sir Henry made every exertion to meet the inevitable storm. The strength of the garrison was 6900 native cavalry and infantry, the 32d Queen's, 700 strong, and one weak company of native artillery. Four posts were armed for the defence of the city, the treasury guard was reinforced, and the warlike stores were removed from the old magazine to the English cantonments, six miles from the native town. The Residency, which was situated on a rising site, and consisted of a group of official dwellings, almost entirely surrounded by a wall, was strongly fortified, and garrisoned permanently by 130 men of the 32d Queen's. As the month wore on, there were symptoms of a sullen, lowering discontent everywhere apparent, and the air seemed charged with rebellion. On the night of the 30th of May the mutiny broke out, accompanied, as a matter of course, by incendiarism, rapine, and murder. A few men from four different regiments remained neutral, but nearly all the sepoys turned openly against us. The rebels fled towards Seetapoor; and next morning, at early dawn, Lawrence started off in pursuit with 2 companies of the 32d Queen's, 4 guns, and 300 horse. He was unable to get nearer than within round-shot distance of the fugitives, and only captured 30 of them, who were brought back, tried, and publicly executed. A general in-

surrection within the city was temporarily staved off; but it was considered advisable to bring the women, children, and sick, together with a certain number of military and civil Europeans, altogether about 794, into the English quarter, which was stored with provisions, and still further artificially strengthened. Shortly after, Sir Henry paid off and dismissed nearly all the sepoys remaining with him, unwilling to be encumbered with their half-hearted fidelity. During the night of the 11th June the native cavalry of the military police revolted, and the next day their infantry comrades followed their example. They were instantly attacked and dispersed by Brigadier Inglis,[1] commanding the 32d Queen's. On the evening of the 29th, information arrived that a rebel force of 6000 or 7000 men was encamped eight miles distant on the Fyzabad road. At 6 o'clock A.M. on the 30th, Lawrence marched out with 700 men and 11 guns to attack them. Misled by false information, he fell into an ambush assembled in considerable force near Chinhut. He manfully struggled against superior numbers, but at the critical moment the Oude artillerymen proved traitors and went over to the enemy, and a disastrous retreat was effected to Lucknow. Here he found himself in a grave difficulty. His force being much weakened, he blew up a large quantity

[1] Major-General Sir John Inglis, K.C.B., for some time commanding the troops in the Ionian Islands, died 1862.

of ammunition, which he feared might fall into the hands of the rebels, and at midnight on 1st July withdrew his whole force within the Residency, which was forthwith closely invested by the mutineers. On the 2d July this splendid officer was wounded by a shell, from the effects of which he expired on the 4th.

In addition to the formidable instances of revolt which have been already mentioned, outbreaks on a somewhat smaller scale, and somewhat less important in their consequences, broke out throughout the heart of Bengal. Mutiny blazed forth at Fyzabad, Dinapoor, Seetapoor, Jhansi, Shahjuhanpoor, and numerous other stations. Want of space compels me to pass them by with the mere statement of the fact.

Turning to the Punjaub, we find the rebellion developed in an equally distinct manner. At Meean Meer, six miles from Lahore, a faithful Brahmin official communicated to Mr Robert Montgomery,[1] Judicial Commissioner, that the sepoys had formed a plot to seize the station and murder the European residents. Thereupon, Montgomery having taken counsel with Brigadier Corbett, the whole of the troops, European and native, were paraded early in the morning of the 13th May. At the word of command, 2500

1 Now Sir Robert Montgomery, G.C.S.I., K.C.B., Member of the Supreme Council of India.

seditious sepoys, who were ignorant that their conspiracy had been discovered, laid down their arms, intimidated by the resolute demeanour of 2 troops of European horse-artillery and 5 companies of the 81st Queen's under Colonel Renny.[1] At Ferozpoor, two sepoy regiments mutinied on 13th June; and though baffled by the 61st Queen's in their attempts to seize the large and important fort, they carried out a system of burning and looting, and then made their way, feebly pursued, to other disaffected stations at Peshawur, the chief city of the Punjaub. Major-General Reed, the senior officer of the district, received on the 13th May a telegram announcing the mutiny at Meerut, and of the disarming at Meean Meer. He immediately summoned in consultation Brigadiers Cotton[2] and Chamberlain,[3] and Colonels Nicholson[4] and Edwardes,[5] the latter of whom was also Chief Commissioner of the Peshawur division. It was then decided that, subject to the approval of Sir John Lawrence,[6] Chief Commissioner of the Pun-

[1] Now Major-General Renny, commanding troops in Ceylon.

[2] Now Lieutenant-General Sir Sydney Cotton, K.C.B., Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

[3] Now Lieutenant-General Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

[4] Died of his wounds before Delhi, September 23, 1857.

[5] Major-General Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B., died 1868.

[6] Brother of Sir Henry Lawrence, afterwards Viceroy of India 1863-68; now Lord Lawrence, G.C.B., G.C.S.I.

aub, Reed should assume command of all the forces in the province; that Cotton should command in the Peshawur division; and that a movable column of reliable troops should be organised under Nicholson to take the field at once, and be ready to operate upon any point in the Punjaub where rebellion might bristle up.

On 21st May, news arrived at Peshawur that the 55th Bengal N.I. Regiment had mutinied at the neighbouring town of Murdan. It was resolved to despatch thither a body of Queen's troops, and, as a necessary precaution, first of all to disarm the sepoy regiments at Peshawur. This was cleverly effected on the 22d by parading the three infantry and one cavalry regiments in two separate bodies. Cotton, accompanied by Edwardes, took in hand and overawed the right wing with the aid of the 87th Queen's; Nicholson and Colonel Galloway the left wing with her Majesty's 70th Regiment. So sudden was the movement, that the sepoys in both cases quietly laid down their arms; and it is a curious incident that many of the English officers belonging to the native troops were so indignant at what they considered a shameful insult to their men, that they threw their swords and spurs upon the heaps of abandoned muskets. This done, a relieving force of mixed troops was at once sent off to Murdan, where it attacked the mutinous 55th,

killing or capturing 270 of their number, and driving into the mountains the rest, who there met with a miserable fate, hunted down like vermin by the hill-men, who abhorred the Brahmins, or delivered into the hands of the English for execution. There were also risings at Jullundhur and Loodiana, which were repressed without any great difficulty; but from the latter place 1600 sepoys managed to escape, and to make their way into Delhi.

From the very commencement of the mutiny, it had been fully recognised that, however imperative to grapple with revolt in whatever quarter it might break out, Delhi was the vital point to be struck at, and that to deliver a deadly blow at that stronghold would be to insure the ultimate collapse of the vital powers of rebellion throughout the country. The gathering together of troops for this purpose, and the operations connected with the siege, are so fully described in Sir Hope Grant's Journal that little need here be added beyond a few statistics and dates.

On 12th May, General Anson, Commander-in-Chief of India, learned at Simla of the outbreak at Meerut. On the 13th he ordered the concentration of the troops at his disposal to take place at Umballa, where he arrived in person on the 15th. There he applied himself with all possible diligence to collect provisions and transport,

which were swept in from the adjacent country—stores, ammunition, and every description of warlike material necessary for the campaign. On 23d May he sketched the following plan of operations, which he communicated in a letter to General Hewitt at Meerut. Leaving Sir Henry Barnard in command at Umballa, he intended heading the siege-army himself, which was to consist of three brigades, two from Umballa and one from Meerut, thus organised :—

1st Umballa Brigade.—Brigadier Halifax, 75th Queen's Regiment.	75th Queen's. 1st Bengal Europeans. 2 Squadrons 9th Lancers. 1 Troop Horse-Artillery.
2d Umballa Brigade.—Brigadier Jones, 60th Royal Rifles.	2d Bengal Europeans. 60th Native Infantry. 2 Squadrons 9th Lancers. 1 „ 4th Bengal Lancers. 1 Troop Horse-Artillery.
Meerut Brigade.—Brigadier A. Wilson, Royal Artillery.	Wing of 60th Royal Rifles. 2 Squadrons Carabiniers. 1 Field-Battery. 1 Troop Horse-Artillery. Native Sappers. 120 Artillerymen (Siege).

The little force of cavalry thus dispersed throughout the three brigades would be under the general command of Brigadier Grant, 9th Lancers.

Total strength, 3000 Europeans and 22 field-guns, besides 1000 native troops.

The two Umballa brigades were to march so that they might be concentrated at Kurnal on

30th of May, and effect a junction at Baghput with the Meerut force, from which point the assembled army might advance against Delhi. This scheme in its essential outlines was, it will be seen, carried out.

The following is a statement of Sir Hope Grant's services:—James Hope Grant is the youngest son of Francis Grant of Kilgraston House, Perthshire. He was born in 1808, and received his first commission as a cornet in the 9th Royal Lancers in 1826, in which regiment he remained until 1858, when he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. In 1865 he was re-appointed Colonel of his old corps. His commissions bear date: Cornet, 1826; Lieutenant, 1828; Captain, 1835; Major, 1842; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, 1849; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1850; Colonel, 1854; Major-General, 1858; Lieutenant-General, 1864; General, 1872.

In 1841 Captain Grant sailed for China with Lord Saltoun as Brigade-Major to the force under that General's command, and was present at the assault and capture of Chinkiang-foo, and at the landing before Nankin. For his services here, Major Grant was nominated a Companion of the Bath. He was subsequently appointed Assistant Adjutant-General; and on Lord Saltoun's leaving China, he proceeded to rejoin the 9th Lancers, which had gone out to India. He served

with it at Sobraon in 1846, and commanded it during the greater part of the campaign in the Punjaub in 1848-49, including the passage of the Chenab at Ramnuggur and battles of Chillianwala and Goojerat. For these services he received the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1849 he was gazetted to the command of his regiment. The General's services during the Mutiny, and the promotions and honours which accrued to him therefrom, may be gathered from the following pages.

In February 1860, he sailed from Calcutta for Hong-Kong, having been appointed by her Majesty to command, with the local rank of Lieutenant-General, the expedition sent out to China to vindicate the rights secured to the British by the treaty of Tien-tsin. In the month of July the combined English and French forces were assembled in the Gulf of Pecheli. Probably so complete and well-appointed a force was never landed from British ships on a similar expedition. A strong body of artillery, and a small but well-mounted brigade of cavalry, accompanied the force, which landed at Peh-tang on 1st August 1860.

It would be foreign to the intention of this book to detail at length the incidents of the brilliant little campaign that followed. No mistake occurred to mar the outline of the whole; and the consequence was, that in the short space of three

months the Chinese army received three defeats in the open, and was finally dispersed with a loss of 120 guns. The strong forts of Takoo, mounting altogether 600 guns, were taken partly by assault and partly by unconditional surrender, and Pekin itself surrendered at discretion under the threat of a breaching battery. A new treaty of peace was signed, the ratifications were exchanged, and in another month the greater part of the expedition was on its voyage back to India or to England.

The Chinese campaign of 1860 has been justly considered the most successful and the best carried out of England's "little wars," and the treaty of Pekin has proved far more lasting than our former engagements with that nation. For his services in this command, Sir Hope Grant was appointed a G.C.B., and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. He was also made a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour by the Emperor of the French. On his return from China, he was nominated to the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army; in 1865 he returned to England, where he was appointed Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards; and in 1870 he was selected for the command of the camp at Aldershot, in succession to Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir James Scarlett, which post he now holds.

It is not my purpose to write a biography, and

it would be unbecoming in the highest degree were I to indulge in a eulogy on Sir Hope Grant's services. Military achievements, above all others, are to be best judged of by results. But I cannot help thinking that the interest attached to the Journal will be added to by here inserting an extract from a private letter dated 1857,[1] addressed by Lord Clyde to the Duke of Cambridge, and which I have received permission to publish. "My old friend Grant of the 9th Lancers, who now as a Brigadier commands the division under my immediate supervision, is quite invaluable, from his thorough knowledge of the people he is among, the enemy he has to deal with, his great experience of war in India, his ready application of ground, and the manner in which he is able at a glance to make his disposition. If your Royal Highness is in want of an Inspector-General of Cavalry for India, he is just the man for it, and with the rank of Major-General would perform the duty most admirably. It would also be a most fitting reward for his very distinguished and gallant service throughout this and former campaigns."

Greater value must be attached to Sir Hope's opinions and record of events when it is thus made evident in what high estimation he was held by one of England's most trusted generals.

[1] Probably about the month of November.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNAL.

DISTURBANCES AT UMBALLA AND KUSSOWLIE—BEGINNING OF THE MARCH TO DELHI—DEATH OF GENERAL ANSON—EXECUTION AT RHYE—WILSON'S MARCH FROM MEERUT—ENGAGEMENT AT BUDLEE-KA-SERAI—ARRIVAL BEFORE DELHI—MINOR ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE ENEMY—REBEL ATTACK ON 23D JUNE—REINFORCEMENTS—DEATH OF SIR HENRY BARNARD—TREACHERY OF 9TH IRREGULAR CAVALRY—FRESH ATTACKS BY THE REBELS—REED SUCCEEDED BY WILSON—CRITICAL POSITION OF THE ENGLISH—ATTACK OF THE ENEMY ON 2D AUGUST—DISARMAMENT OF THE 4TH IRREGULAR CAVALRY.

Journal.—In the beginning of May 1857 I was quartered at Umballa, where the following troops were stationed: The 9th Lancers, Turner's[1] and Money's[2] troops of European artillery, and the 5th and 60th Native Infantry Regiments. The general officer of the division was Major-General Sir Henry Barnard, and Colonel Halifax of the 75th Regiment (Queen's) was the Brigadier. Sir Henry was a Crimean officer of repute, but did

[1] Now Major-General Turner, Royal Artillery, C.B.
[2] Now Major-General E. K. Money, retired f. p.

not understand native soldiers, and instead of ruling them with a high hand, was too lenient and forbearing.

The same day on which the disturbance broke out at Delhi—the 11th May—one of our native regiments, the 60th, "turned out." An order was at once sent to us to fall in, and to await further instructions in front of our own quarter-guard. Meanwhile Sir Henry rode off to the disaffected regiment, which was soon prevailed upon to return to its quarters: indeed the men had flocked together without even taking their arms with them. We were thereupon told to return to barracks, but to be in readiness to fall in again at a moment's notice. After the lapse of an hour we were again ordered out, the 5th Regiment having shown signs of disaffection, and in this instance having seized their arms. Sir Henry again rode up, and managed to appease their mutinous tempers—for the time, at all events—and persuaded them to return to their lines.

A few days afterwards, the 75th Regiment (Queen's) and the 1st and 2d Bengal Fusiliers arrived at Umballa from the hills, and the two mutinous regiments seemed to think that in the presence of so large a force of Europeans an open outbreak would be useless; but a panic had been established among the ladies and civilians in the station, and I was obliged to give up my regi-

mental school-room as a sleeping-apartment for them. A pretty bear-garden it became with men, women, and children crowded into it, and I had to issue an order forbidding gentlemen to enter the room.

About this time we heard that a guard of 40 men from the Goorka regiment, stationed over the treasury at Kussowlie, had mutinied and made off with 32,000 rupees, and that the people at Simla had become in consequence panic-stricken. A party of 150 Europeans, shopkeepers and civilians, each with a loaded rifle, had taken up a position at the bank, and which from its situation might have been defended. But they too were seized with panic, and gave up their arms to a party of Goorkas, who had no intention of injuring them, but who did not choose to be treated with such a want of confidence. Perhaps, as matters turned out, this surrender was the best course to have been pursued. The Goorkas, however, were not so disaffected, and the robbery of the treasury was committed by some Hindostanees in the regiment. When it reached the ears of the Goorkas, they sallied forth in a body, seized the delinquents, shot one of them, and actually returned 7000 rupees which they recovered from the thieves. Praiseworthy as was this act, the whole regiment was in a singular state of mutiny. They coolly made a prisoner of their commanding

officer, and handled him pretty roughly. In course of time they all returned to their duty; the panic-stricken Europeans and half-castes began to regain their confidence; and the poor ladies who had been forced to wander about the hills, toiling up and down mountains, sometimes perhaps carrying one or two children, returned to their homes.

On 15th May the Commander-in-Chief, General the Honourable George Anson, a high-bred gentleman, arrived at Umballa from Simla for the purpose of organising our small army, which was there being assembled. It consisted of only four European regiments and two troops of horse-artillery. Yet with these he hoped to quell the mutiny, which was now assuming a most serious appearance.

After some unavoidable delay, the troops began their advance towards Delhi on the 17th May. I was appointed brigadier of cavalry, and marched with the rear detachment. Owing to the heat, we proceeded by night by the usual stages, except that on one occasion we accomplished 18 miles in one march. We passed through Kurnal, where I reported myself to Brigadier Graves, who had made his escape from Delhi on the outbreak of the mutiny. Brigadier Halifax was with him, having come in from the advanced-post very unwell. He shortly after died from congestion of the brain; and about the same time Colonel Mowatt, the commandant of artillery, who had been left be-

hind ill at Peoply, succumbed to an attack of cholera.

We continued our march until we reached the spot where Sir Henry Barnard had halted. He had now become Commander-in-Chief, in consequence of the sudden death of poor General Anson from cholera at Kurnal. It was a singular species of illness. Those attacked by it had but little pain—only slight cramps—and then they flickered out like a wasted candle.

Sir Henry Barnard had not been previously aware of Brigadier Halifax's illness, and of his consequent withdrawal from the advanced-post. He appeared greatly annoyed, and directed me to push forward and assume command of the leading detachment, which had proceeded on its way to Rhye, 42 miles further on. Accordingly, Captain Hamilton,[1] my brigade-major, and I, started off the same afternoon. A journey of 60 miles in 24 hours during the hot weather in India is no joke. The same horses accompanied us all the way, but the first 10 miles I had ridden another. We accomplished the last 30 miles at a gallop, when we overtook the column. We then had an hour's good sleep by the roadside, and afterwards finished our march without having been much exhausted. Ere we entered Rhye, we met several of our poor countrymen and ladies who had made their escape from Delhi on foot, and were told by them that they had

[1] Major Hamilton died at Calcutta, November 1858.

been most shamefully treated by the natives in the village. Leniency under the present circumstances would have been misplaced, and I was determined to take up their case with a strong hand. The Begum of Rhye, a respectable old lady, horrified at the conduct of the people, sent her young son to give evidence against them. Twenty-five low villains were accordingly secured and tried by a military commission. The young man stated clearly and honestly all that had taken place. The offenders were all convicted, and condemned to be hanged—a sentence which was carried out on the spot.

Three or four days after, Sir Henry Barnard came up with the main body, and we were now only waiting for a reinforcement from Meerut, consisting of a small siege-train, some field-guns, and about 800 men—composed of detachments from the 60th Rifles (Queen's), the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers), and a Goorka regiment—under Brigadier Wilson, to march against Delhi. There the mutineers were rapidly assembling, but we hoped this walled town would fall easily before any large force of the rebels had concentrated. Intelligence, however, arrived from Brigadier Wilson that he had been attacked by a considerable body of rebels at a place called Ghazee-ood-deen-Nuggur on 30th May, and had beaten them, taking 4 heavy guns and an 8-inch howitzer. The

day following he had been again attacked, and the rebels had been again driven back; but the heat was so fearful, and his men so exhausted, that he had found it impossible to follow up his victory. Wilson was now in a critical position, and I recommended Sir Henry to move on his troops to within 12 miles of Delhi, as the enemy could then hardly sally out to attack the former while we were so near. Sir Henry acted on this, established himself at Alipore, and Wilson was enabled to join us there on 7th June. We now found that the rebels had taken up a very strong position between us and Delhi, and about 5 miles from the latter town, at a place called Budlee-ka-Serai, which they had intrenched and armed with heavy guns. Sir Henry was much hampered in his dispositions owing to the smallness of his force, but his plan of attack was good. The main column was directed to proceed up the road and to make a direct attack on the enemy's position, and I was ordered to march with 3 squadrons of the 9th Lancers and 10 guns by a by-road to the right, cross the Western Jumna Canal about a mile higher up, advance along its wooded banks, where I should be quite concealed from view, recross the canal 6 miles higher up, and fall on the rebels in flank and rear. The 3 squadrons of the 9th Lancers were under Colonel Yule.[1] The artillery force was

[1] Killed before Delhi, 19th June 1857.

commanded by Major Mackenzie,[1] and consisted of Turner's, 6 9-pounders, and Tombs's[2] 4 light 6-pounders, from Meerut. The latter battery was incomplete, owing to want of transport. At one o'clock in the morning of the 8th June we began our march, advanced as quietly as possible as far as our foremost picket, took the turn to the right, and crossed the canal. The road along its banks was excellent, but was so narrow that, had we been attacked, our guns would have been useless. We therefore marched across the fields, and for about a mile our progress was easy; but then we came to a swamp which extended over a wide district of country, and had been formed by the bursting of the canal-bank. It was some time before we overcame this difficulty; and when we were still two miles from our destined point of attack, the guns of the main body, which had proceeded by the direct road, began to open fire, the preconcerted signal for us to commence operations. I therefore resolved to take to the canal-road, by which means we were enabled to proceed at a merry trot, recrossed the canal, and quickly came upon the rear of the enemy.

Then the ground once more became very diffi-

[1] Major Murray Mackenzie was wounded on the 30th June, from the effects of which he shortly afterwards died at Simla.

[2] Now Major-General Sir Henry Tombs, V.C., K.C.B., commanding a division in Bengal.

cult, and intersected with ditches. Turner's heavy 9-pounders stuck fast, but Tombs' light guns managed to make their way to the front, and opened upon the rebels with great effect. The 9th Lancers behaved gallantly, charged into the midst of the enemy, captured a 9-pounder which the mutineers were endeavouring to withdraw, sabred its gunners, turned the gun upon a village where the enemy had taken refuge, and dislodged them from it. Colonel Yule killed three men with his own hand. At the same time the main body successfully stormed the intrenchment in their front. The 75th Regiment suffered severely; and Colonel Chester, the Adjutant-General, was killed by a round-shot.

We now advanced in two columns against Hindoo Rao's house and the Flag-staff fort, which lay on a ridge overlooking the town, and 1200 yards from the nearest bastion. One column marched by the right, the other followed the road leading straight to the fort. The whole position quickly fell into our hands, together with 11 guns —18, 24, and 9 pounders. A heavy fire from the Moree Bastion in the town was then opened upon us, and we were forced to seek for shelter behind the ridge; but even there the shot fell among us, and we found it necessary to retire to the native infantry lines. It was sad to see all the bungalows burnt; and the scene of utter confusion and

destruction was indescribable. At last the officers of the 9th Lancers found a small house, somewhat less dilapidated than the others, where they obtained shelter from the burning sun, and where I likewise took up my quarters for that night. Our troops bivouacked on the position they had won.

Shortly after my arrival in this house I heard a waggon drive up to the door, and was told by the driver that Colonel Chester, the Adjutant-General, was in it. I had not as yet heard of his death, and supposed he had got into the conveyance for shelter from the sun. But what was my horror to find it contained his dead body.

The next morning, 9th June, the enemy came out and attacked us, but were driven back without much difficulty. On our side we established batteries at Hindoo Rao's house; but the town was out of our range, and we could do little damage—even failing in our efforts to silence the Moree Bastion. However, the 24-pounders which we had taken the previous day from the enemy were more effective, though we were hard put to it for shot, and had to pick up what were fired at us, and to return them. About this time we were joined by the Sikh Guides—a magnificent body of men, both horse and foot. They were under Captain Daly,[1] an excellent officer, and had come by forced marches from the Punjaub. The Goorka battal-

[1] Now Major-General Daly, C.B., Resident, and Commander of the Central India Force.

ion—stout, active little fellows, commanded by Major Reid,[1] than whom there was no finer officer in the Company's service—was in no wise inferior, and no regiment could have done its duty better. At the beginning of the siege they took up the most advanced post at Hindoo Rao's house, and maintained it to the very last, until the fall of the town.[2] I must here mention that during the terribly hot weather beer was my great stand-by. In fact, I scarcely think I could have existed without this balmy nectar—it put such vigour and strength into my sadly-exhausted frame. We were also very fortunate, during the first three months, in procuring an ample supply of Bass and Alsopp's best brew, as all the houses in the north sent as much as they could—knowing the uncertainty of being able to retain it in the state the country was in. I had as yet no A.D.C., when one day I received a note from Captain the Honourable Richard Curzon,[3] who had been military secretary to General Anson before his death, asking me if I would take young Augustus Anson,[4] who had lost his appointment as A.D.C. to his

1 Now Major-General Sir Charles Reid, K.C.B., commanding a division in Bengal.

2 This battalion arrived about 490 strong, and during the siege had 320 men killed or wounded. The day of the assault, 180 volunteered to come out of hospital to fight for the honour of their corps, still suffering from wounds and sickness, and were allowed by Major Reid to do so.

3 Now Major-General Curzon, C.B.

4 Now Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. A. Anson, M.P. for Bewdley.

uncle. I at once agreed to do so, and the young gentleman accordingly came to my tent to introduce himself to me. He was an intelligent, good-looking young fellow, with a look of honest determination in his countenance which pleased me greatly; but as he felt a natural diffidence on his first appearance, and looked rather pale and worn out, I proceeded to my bed, drew out from underneath a bottle of sparkling beer, and gave him a tumbler of the delicious elixir. He had scarcely quaffed it off when the change appeared marvellous—his diffidence departed from him, his countenance brightened up with a rosy hue, and a great friendship was soon established between us. On the morning of the 12th June we were attacked by a force of between 4000 and 5000 men. On our right rear was the village of Subzi-Mundi, while the numerous houses and trees which extended up to our lines gave cover to the enemy. Fortunately they were unsupported by guns, and we walked into them effectually, killing three or four hundred, and driving the rest back to the town in terrible confusion.

That night, at about 7.30 o'clock, Sir Henry Barnard sent for me, and the scene which ensued was very remarkable. He hushed me into a whisper, and asked me if I thought any person could possibly overhear us. On my replying "No," he said, "There is treason around us; our servants are treasonable—the 9th Irregular Cav-

alry[1] are treasonable; and I mean to attack the town." I was surprised at his manner, but I said I thought his determination a very wise one; that every day the rebel forces were increasing, and that the longer we delayed the smaller was our prospect of success. Soon after I quitted him, and at about eleven o'clock at night, a paper was put into my hands with directions for the attack; but scarcely an hour had elapsed ere I received a counter-order, stating that in consequence of the impossibility of drawing in the pickets within a reasonable hour, it had been determined to postpone the assault. This change of plan appeared to me unwise. However, had the attack failed, our situation would have become desperate indeed. The next day, 13th June, we were left unmolested. The weather was so fearfully hot that the gunners could not handle the shot wherewith to load the guns. On the afternoon of the 19th June we were informed by spies, whose intelligence was not always to be relied on, that the enemy was about to attack us in rear. The safety of the camp had been intrusted to my charge, and I immediately proceeded, with a squadron of the 9th Lancers, 2 guns of Major Scott's battery, 2 of Major Turner's, and 2 of Captain Money's troop of horse-artillery, to the right of the Ochterlony gardens, about a mile to our rear in a north-

[1] A part of this regiment had recently joined Sir H. Barnard's force.

westerly direction, in order to reconnoitre. To my surprise, I found the enemy in position half a mile further on to our proper rear. On seeing my small force they opened a heavy fire against us, to which we responded with equal vigour. It was wonderful to see how the shot and shell fell among us without doing much harm: a grape-shot tore a pistol out of my holster-pipe, and I never saw it again. Our little army in camp, aroused by the firing, quickly turned out to support us, and we had a hard tussle for the mastery until 11.30 at night. The remaining squadrons of the 9th Lancers and the Guides-horse charged a large body of the enemy on the Subzi-Mundi road; but with a ditch and houses on each side their action was paralysed, and our loss was severe. Amongst those who fell, I grieve to say, was Lieutenant-Colonel Yule of the 9th Lancers, as fine and gallant a soldier as ever lived. Captain Daly, too, was very severely wounded through the shoulders upon this occasion.

As long as daylight lasted we drove the rebels back; but when darkness ensued they got round our flanks, and two of my guns (Money's, I think) were in the greatest jeopardy. I therefore collected a few men together and charged the enemy. A sepoy within five yards of me fired at my horse, and put a bullet through his body, close to my leg. It was singular he did not aim at me; but in all probability he thought it best to make sure of

killing the horse, and that then, to a certainty, the rider would fall into his hands. I felt that my poor charger had received its death-wound; yet he galloped on fifty yards through the throng of rebels, and then dropped down dead. I was in rather an awkward predicament—unhorsed, surrounded by the enemy, and, owing to the darkness, ignorant in which direction to proceed—when my orderly, a native Sowar[1] of the 4th Irregulars, by name Rooper Khan, rode up to me, and said, "Take my horse—it is your only chance of safety." I could not but admire his fine conduct. He was a Hindostanee Mussulman, belonging to a regiment the greater part of which had mutinied; and it would have been easy for him to have killed me and gone over to the enemy; but he behaved nobly, and was ready to save my life at the risk of his own. I refused his offer; but, taking a firm grasp of his horse's tail, I told Rooper Khan to drag me out of the crowd. This he performed successfully and with great courage. I may here mention that the next morning I called him into my tent (he was a fine-looking fellow, of tall stature, about 25 years of age), and after praising him for his gallant behaviour, I offered him some little money; upon which he drew himself up with great dignity, salamed, and said, "No, Sahib, I will take no money; but if you will get my commanding officer to promote me, I shall be very grateful." I answered

1 Horseman.

him that I would make a request to that effect, but urged him also to receive the money. He reluctantly took it and left the tent; but the next morning I received a note from his commanding officer, Major Martin, returning the rupees, and stating that Rooper Khan could not be prevailed upon to accept them. Major Martin promoted him; and in consequence of my favourable mention of him, Sir Henry Barnard awarded him the second-class order of merit. There were likewise two men of the 9th Lancers who behaved with great gallantry, Thomas Handcock and John Purcell.[1] They stuck to me during the fight without consulting their own safety: the latter had his horse killed under him about the same time that I lost my own; and Handcock, seeing me dismounted in the midst of my foes earnestly besought me to take his charger. He was the same night wounded, and lost his arm. The enemy, however, did not persist in his attack, and by degrees the firing ceased. I don't think I ever felt so beat before. The weather was fearfully hot. I threw myself exhausted on the ground, and the only thing which revived me was a glass of beer, given me by Lieutenant Drummond, attached to the Rajah of Jheend's Horse, a Sikh who had recently joined us.

[1] Handcock was afterwards appointed by her Majesty one of the gatekeepers in Windsor Park. Purcell was killed before Delhi at a later period of the siege.

It was 11.30 P.M. before we returned to camp, and on our arrival an order was put into my hands desiring me to take out a force at daybreak the following morning to clear the neighbourhood of any of the enemy who might be still hanging about, and to bring in any guns or ammunition-waggons which they might have left behind them. We marched at 3.30 A.M., saw a strong picket of the enemy, which retired as soon as they perceived us, and came across a gun with two rebels on the limber fearfully wounded. The two horses attached were so badly injured from shot that they could scarcely move. Hamilton and I tried to put them out of their pain. One of them seemed to bear a charmed life. We fired seven shots from our revolvers into his head, but we could not make him drop, and we were obliged to leave him. He afterwards began to eat grass. Besides the gun, we picked up three ammunition-waggons.

We had scarcely got back to our tents, and lain down to get a little rest, when I again heard guns firing, and a couple of round-shot came right into camp. We turned out as quickly as possible, but again the enemy rapidly retreated; and after marching four miles under a burning sun, equally trying to personal appearance and constitution, we returned to the miserable shelter of our tents. I must confess that I was knocked up; but fortu-

nately we had no more alarms, and a good night's rest completely revived me.

A canal, or rather a watercourse, spanned by several bridges, which the enemy made use of when moving to attack us in rear, ran through our camp and crossed the Subzi-Mundi road and the road to Rotuck. We therefore caused most of these bridges to be blown up, and subsequently the rebels found great difficulty in carrying out their attacks against our rear. A reinforcement of 350 Europeans, a troop of artillery, 100 of the Punjaub Horse, and the 4th Sikh Regiment, arrived about this time.

The 23d June was the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Plassey, and a prophecy had for some time been current amongst the sepoys that on this day they were destined to annihilate the Feringhee power. At 7 A.M. they were seen coming out of the town in large numbers, and at eight o'clock we were attacked on our right flank, for since the destruction of the bridges our rear was tolerably well protected. At the point selected, we had thrown up an intrenchment on a hillock which commanded the vicinity. Here our heavy guns came into play, and inflicted great loss on the rebels. The battle lasted eight hours, and the firing was incessant. The enemy suffered very severely, as about the Subzi-Mundi village alone we found more than 400 dead bodies.

Fifty of the scoundrels had shut themselves up in a house into which the Guides forced their way. The mutineers threw down their arms and begged for quarter; but the hatred which existed between the Sikhs and Hindostanees put this out of the question, and every one of the latter was slain.

A sepoy was seen at the windows of a house by some Goorkas, who crept up and lay in wait underneath. As they expected, the unfortunate fellow again put his head out of the window to ascertain how matters stood, when the Goorkas seized him by the hair, and with a large "kookry," or knife which they carried with them, severed his head from his body in an instant. The rebels were at last driven back into the town, having lost at least 1600 men killed and wounded. It was terrible work for our poor fellows fighting for so long under a burning sun. Fortunately, all this time we were able to preserve our communications with the north, as it was from thence we drew all our supplies of food and ammunition. Scarcely a day passed without some fighting, and we also suffered much from cholera and fever. Our force was, of course, diminishing rapidly; and it was only wonderful that our poor men were able to perform their severe duties in the terrible heat they were exposed to. 350 men of the 8th and 430 of the 61st (Queen's) Regiments joined us on 1st July. To these were

added on 2d July Coke's[1] Regiment, 830 strong, as fine a Sikh corps as was in existence, 200 of the 9th Irregular Cavalry, mutinous Hindostanee scoundrels, and 100 of the Punjaub Cavalry. Our new Adjutant-General, Brigadier-General Chamberlain, arrived from the Punjaub. He was a first-rate officer to command Irregulars, and had gained a name in the 9th Regiment, in which he still placed implicit confidence. This, it will be seen, was misplaced. Colonel Baird Smith,[2] an excellent engineer officer, and a detachment of sappers, joined us from Roorkee.

Two guns in the Moree Bastion had been silenced and part of the parapet knocked down; but during the night the enemy remounted the guns, and repaired the breach by means of sand-bags.

No further fighting of importance took place until the 4th July, when at eleven o'clock at night we heard heavy firing about 10 miles to our rear. A force consisting of 1000 infantry, one squadron of the 9th Lancers, one squadron of the Carabiniers, and 12 guns, the whole under the command of Colonel Coke, was ordered to reconnoitre. They started at 2.30 on the morning of the 5th July, and as they proceeded received information that the previous day a body of the enemy had marched out of Delhi round to Alipore, and had attacked a troop of the 5th Irregular Sikh Cavalry,

[1] Now Major-General Coke, C.B.; retired.
[2] Since dead.

which had been stationed there under Lieutenant Younghusband[1] in order to keep up our communications with Kurnal and with the upper country. Colonel Coke was informed that the rebels were making their way back to the town by by-roads. He therefore attempted to intercept them in their retreat; but they had got the start of him, and he failed even to capture a single gun. On the other hand, the enemy had accomplished nothing beyond temporarily driving our little cavalry force out of Alipore. Colonel Coke, supposing that the rebels had definitively retired, allowed his jaded infantry to lie down to rest and eat. But ere long a fresh force of the enemy, having crept along the banks of a branch of the canal where they were concealed by woods, suddenly opened fire upon him. A message was brought to me in hot haste, and fresh guns and cavalry were brought out to support him. His troops ultimately returned in safety, though greatly exhausted.

On returning to camp, I heard a rumour that the canal bridge which had been intentionally left standing about 3 miles distant from the town, and by means of which Coke had crossed in order to attack the enemy, was to be blown up. I hastened to the general, and in the presence of the adjutant-general I stated that I thought this measure would be very inexpedient, since it would prevent us getting at the enemy should he again attack us

[1] Died of wounds received at Goorsaigunj, January 2, 1858.

in rear, and, by putting it out of our power to assume the offensive at the proper moment, would strike at the root of our defensive action. Chamberlain quite agreed with me; and Sir Henry having given the necessary permission, I galloped to the bridge, and fortunately arrived just in time to prevent its destruction. The sappers had sunk a shaft and placed in it the charge of powder to blow it up.

The next morning (6th July) I learned that poor Sir Henry Barnard had been seized with cholera, and had been carried off by it after an illness of six or seven hours. Like General Anson, he had little pain, and had wasted away, at the last quite unconscious. His son told me that after he was taken ill his mind wandered, and he kept continually saying, "Tell Grant to take out all the cavalry. Tell Reed I have sent up the 60th to support him." The following day we buried him in the old cemetery, which lay within our lines. We were unable to procure a coffin for him; the funeral service was rapidly though reverently performed, and the earth was thrown into the small space allotted to him as quickly as possible, for every moment we expected to be obliged to turn out to repel an attack by the enemy; but peals of musketry and the roar of cannon paid a grander tribute to poor Sir Henry than the usual formal discharges of blank-cartridge.

The trial had been too great for him, and the severe strain on his mind had brought on the illness of which he died. He was succeeded in the command by General Reed, who had joined us a short time previously.

At this time some most valuable reinforcements arrived in the shape of £20,000, 62 European artillerymen, and 82 fine old Sikh gunners. Very little confidence could be placed in the Hindostanee Irregular regiments, of which there were three in camp, the 4th, 9th, and 17th. On 9th July the 9th Regiment behaved treacherously, one of their pickets having allowed a force of rebel cavalry to pass their post, and to make their way within our lines on our right flank, which was undoubtedly our most vulnerable point. The Subzi-Mundi houses and trees extended close up to the post, thus enabling the enemy to creep up to it unperceived. In consequence of the fearful heat of the weather, I had endeavoured to save the European regiments as much as possible, and the 9th Irregular Cavalry (Chamberlain's) had been told off to furnish the above-mentioned picket. The enemy easily penetrated into our camp, took us by surprise, and drove in an inner picket of the Carabiniers, which I had been obliged to post nearer our main body. They galloped up to our tents, cut down two or three men, and endeavoured to persuade

a native troop of artillery to join them; but these men had thus far behaved loyally, having been well looked after and never suffered to move out, and they remained stanch. Our men quickly turned out in their shirt-sleeves, some with swords, some with rifles, and succeeded in killing 30 of the rebels. Young Hills of the artillery rushed out with his sword, and was attacked by a Sowar on foot who had lost his horse. The rebel was a fanatic Mussulman, and was too much for poor Hills, whom he wounded, got on the ground, and had raised his arm to deal the death-blow, when Tombs, the captain of Hills'[1] troop, rushed up, and while still 30 yards distant from the Sowar, fired at the latter with a revolver and dropped him dead. All the above took place in the space of a few minutes, after which the rebels were driven out of our camp, and I followed with our cavalry in pursuit. A little to our right rear we had established a battery of heavy guns, supported by a picket of the 9th Lancers, under the command of Lieutenant Martin, consisting of about 30 men. Had it not been for their services, the enemy would in all probability have cut down the gunners and spiked the guns. Captain Light,[2] the artillery officer in charge, afterwards wrote

[1] Now Lieutenant-Colonel Hills, V.C., C.B. Served with distinction in Abyssinia, and in the Looshai campaign. Is now in command of C Battery, F Brigade, Royal Horse-Artillery.

[2] Now Colonel Light.

to me as follows: "The bold front and steadiness of the troop of the 9th Lancers under Lieutenant Martin saved my guns. Nothing could be steadier; for the rebels came close up and circled round us, and Martin kept wheeling and facing them, at one time not 50 yards from them."

As we were following up the rebel raid, and when we had arrived to within a short distance of the Ochterlony gardens, we saw some 80 Sowars leisurely taking the same direction as ourselves. They were dressed exactly like our own men, and I could not believe them to be a hostile force; but to make quite sure, I sent my aid-de-camp, Augustus Anson, to ascertain their identity, and he brought me back word that they were a detachment of our own cavalry. Captain Hodson[1] also rode up, accosted them, and marched with them for some distance, under the impression that they belonged to one of the Hindostanee regiments in camp. They entered into most friendly conversation with him, and told him, I think, that they were a party of the 9th Irregulars. All of a sudden, however, they put spurs to their horses, galloped off like wild-fire, giving us the slip completely; and we then discovered for the first time that they were some rebel cavalry. I should state that Hodson had

[1] Major Hodson was killed at Lucknow, 7th March 1858.

formerly commanded the Guides. After Major Daly had been badly wounded, Hodson was replaced in command. He was a dashing, clear-headed, energetic officer; no man understood or could lead an Irregular regiment better, and at such a time his services in the field could not be dispensed with.

About the same time that we had been tricked by the rebel cavalry, a strong force of the enemy attacked us on the Subzi-Mundi road, and after a hard fight, lasting several hours, was beaten back with a loss of about 500 killed, besides those wounded. We lost 40 killed, and 183 wounded, which told severely upon us, as the latter rarely recovered.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 14th July, about 10,000 rebels attacked our right flank. The fight was not over until 6 P.M.; the enemy was driven back, but unhappily was followed up too far by our poor fellows, who suffered much from grape fired on them from the town. Our Adjutant-General, Chamberlain, was very severely wounded in the shoulder, the bone of his arm being shattered; and young Walker, an excellent engineer officer, was also severely wounded in the thigh. Our loss was 280 killed and wounded.

We were greatly tried by false alarms, and spies were continually coming in with rumours, sometimes true, sometimes fictitious, and pro-

bably set afoot by the enemy, so as to weary us by being constantly turned out. The weather was very wet, the neighbourhood of Delhi had become a swamp, and fever and cholera were rife among us. It was indeed sad to see our soldiers called out nearly every day, under a burning sun or pelting rain, to fight a most persevering enemy, who was determined to wear us out by fatigue if they could not conquer us in the field. It was marvellous they did not succeed, and our preservation was truly providential.

General Reed, whose health was very indifferent, was obliged to relinquish the command at the end of a week and to return to the Punjaub. Ere he left he took a step of great importance and service to us. He placed Brigadier-General Wilson, of the Bengal artillery, who did not happen to be the next senior officer present, at the head of our troops. Wilson was an energetic officer, had a sound head, and knew his work. As soon as he assumed command he strengthened our position, stationed a strong outpost in the Subzi-Mundi village, connected it by a chain of smaller posts with Metcalfe's house, which stood on the right bank of the river, and protected the infantry pickets with breastworks. We found some difficulty in furnishing the large number of men required for these posts, our forces having been much diminished by sickness and by losses in action.

On 18th, 20th, and 23d July we were again attacked. On the first occasion we lost 81 men killed and wounded, and we were deprived of the services of many good officers. Amongst others was Colonel Seaton,[1] a musket-ball striking him with some force on the breast, but glancing off; and poor Money of the artillery, who was shot through the knee. It was thought his wound would prove fatal, as injuries from shot were so difficult to heal.

Brigadier-General Wilson exerted himself to the utmost, never flagging for an instant; and though cautious, he lost no opportunity of pitching into the enemy whenever he had a chance. The rebels did not like the severe handling they had received, and though still constant in their attacks, were easily driven back.

On 25th July I left the camp, and, accompanied by my brigade-major, Hamilton, and some orderlies of the 4th Irregulars, proceeded along the banks of the canal in order to reconnoitre. On reaching the Rotuck road, I discovered that the bridge had been only partially destroyed, and could be easily repaired. On our way out we had come across country, but we resolved to return to camp by following up the canal-bank for the whole distance. An old ruined aqueduct, which had formerly brought water into the town,

[1] Now Major-General Sir Thomas Seaton, K.C.B.

spanned the canal, and we had great difficulty in getting over it, as well as over an adjacent cutting in the canal-bank, through which flowed a rapid stream of water flooding the adjoining field. We had not gone above 300 or 400 yards further on when we suddenly came across a native infantry patrol, which on our appearance turned tail and apparently fled. We galloped after them, but on turning an angle of the road we found they had taken up a position on the top of the bank about 80 yards in advance, and with levelled rifles were ready to give us a warm reception. The situation of our little party on that high narrow path, where on horseback we were almost powerless, was anything but pleasant. On one side was a broad ditch and marshy fields, on the other was the canal, while in rear the stream through the cutting and the boggy ground would have delayed us fatally under fire had we attempted to retreat. Hamilton said, "We must go at them, and run the gauntlet," when just as we were gathering our horses together to make a rush, one of our Sowars, whose suspicions had been excited, rode up to the patrol, and after exchanging a few words with them, discovered that they were some of our own corps of Guides.

We expected to be shortly reinforced by 1500 Europeans and 5000 Sikhs from the Punjaub. We stood in urgent need of this increase to our

force, for the number of our outposts, and the extent of ground we were compelled to cover, denuded our camp of all but an insignificant force, quite inadequate to repel any attack made upon it. The fearful heat, too, which was daily becoming more intense, had greatly increased the number of our sick; and our losses in action began to tell upon us severely. In fact, we could not have mustered more than 800 men had we been required to strengthen our advanced-posts or to resist any attack on our rear. Moreover, until the arrival of our long-expected siege-train, we could not carry on operations against the town with any vigour or prospect of success; but on this latter condition hinged to a great extent the loyalty of the Punjaub troops and the Goorkas, who had thus far behaved well. The Rajah of Putteeala, a powerful Sikh chieftain, whose estates lay about 30 miles from Umballa, was another great stand-by. He remained steadfast and true. Had he faltered, the Sikhs would have gone over to the enemy to a man. On the other hand, the rebels in the town were every day becoming stronger. After the fall of Delhi a return was discovered, from which it appeared that the mutineers' force amounted to 40,000 men, exclusive of the male adult population, principally Mahomedans, who must have numbered 70,000 or 80,000 men, armed to the teeth, and capable of

fighting even more desperately than the sepoys. It was manifest that, until we were reinforced, we were in extreme jeopardy, and Brigadier-General Wilson recognised the imperative necessity for caution.

The 2d August was the anniversary of the great Mahomedan festival, the "Buckra Eed," when it was customary for the King of Delhi, accompanied by crowds of Mussulmans, to proceed to a large Serai[1] a little beyond the Subzi-Mundi village, and there to sacrifice a camel or goat in honour of Ishmael, who, according to their creed, was offered up instead of Isaac. This was allowed to be a propitious day by all "true believers," and they determined to make a grand attack on our position. We were in the middle of the rainy season, when the country generally becomes nearly impassable. There had, however, been an intermission of rain for nearly a fortnight, and the ground, which had previously been a complete swamp, was now firm, and practicable for artillery and cavalry.

The attack was well planned. A strong force was destined to proceed up the opposite bank of the Jumna, which covered our left flank, cross by a bridge of boats at Baghput, take up a position in our rear at Rhye, and thus cut off our supplies

[1] A resting-place for travellers (man and beast)—generally a walled enclosure.

from and communications with the upper country, and in fact starve us out. Another force of 6000 men, with 16 guns, was to cross the canal about three miles to our right, and attack us in rear. Simultaneously, the main body was to force our position in front and on our flanks. The two first-named bodies marched on 1st August. The one told off for the attack on our rear advanced to the canal by the Rotuck road, and in a few hours constructed a bridge sufficiently strong to admit of the passage of artillery. Part of their cavalry had passed, and their artillery was on the point of following the example, when a black cloud suddenly appeared overhead, followed by a terrific downpour of rain, which converted the sluggish waters of the canal into a foaming torrent. The bridge was completely swept away, and the strong, powerful timbers of which it had been constructed, were washed down to our camp. The further advance of the enemy was now effectually put a stop to, not only on account of the destruction of the bridge, but because the surrounding country had become impassable. Their cavalry which had crossed were separated from the main body, and were in a terrible fright lest we should send out a force to cut them off. With difficulty they made their escape by marching about 16 miles up the canal, crossing by a bridge which we had not been able to destroy, from

whence, crestfallen and in disorder, they made their way back to Delhi. The most remarkable circumstance connected with the above is, that at the very time the rain descended in such torrents on the enemy, we had not a single drop in our own camp. This was a wonderful interposition of Providence. I was talking to General Wilson in his tent, when Captain Hodson, who had been sent out with a party of his own men to reconnoitre, rode up, drenched with rain, and reported that it would be impracticable for the enemy to carry out for the present any extended offensive movement against us. They were, however, resolved not to allow their great festival to pass without a fight. Late in the afternoon they sallied forth in large masses from the town, supported by numerous guns, and attacked our batteries and infantry positions with great vigour. The fight continued all night, and until a late hour the next day, when they finally retired, repulsed with a loss of about 1500 men. Our number of killed and wounded was comparatively small, as our infantry fought behind breastworks. Our cavalry was not engaged, but was kept in reserve in a handy position ready for immediate action.

We were constantly receiving terrible accounts of the atrocities committed in the low country on Europeans—men, women, and children. In many instances these statements were confirmed, and

consequently our men were roused to the highest pitch of exasperation.

There were originally three Hindostanee Irregular regiments incorporated in our little force. The fidelity of one of them, the 9th, was more than suspected, as shown in the rebel raid on our camp on 9th July. But Chamberlain, the Adjutant-General, could not believe in the treachery of the regiment with which he had served so long. He assembled all the native officers in his tent, where I happened to be at the time, and harangued them. They appeared to be a fine set of men, and entered into the most friendly conversation with their former colonel—joked, discussed in detail the serious turn which the Mutiny had taken, gave their advice upon certain points, and even *I* could hardly believe them to be disloyal. When the meeting broke up, Chamberlain made the head native officer a present of a beautiful horse, with which the latter rode away, expressing the greatest devotion and regard for the donor. That very evening the native officer galloped off on his beautiful horse, and together with several Sowars went over to the enemy.

Still Chamberlain remained sceptical, and when I had obtained General Wilson's permission to disarm the regiment; he persuaded the chief to reverse his decision, and in lieu they were ordered away to the Punjaub. The 17th Irregu-

lars were disposed of similarly, and there now only remained 90 men of the 4th Irregulars in my brigade. A detachment of this regiment stationed in the neighbourhood had recently murdered their officer, Lieutenant Smith, and gone over to the enemy. General Wilson therefore resolved upon disarming the remainder. It must be owned that thus far they had behaved well; and I felt particularly sorry for my two orderlies in that regiment, Peer Khan and Rooper Khan, who had both served me so faithfully, especially the latter, whose heroism on 19th June I have already described. Still, under the circumstances, it was absolutely necessary to take the course he had determined on. I therefore paraded the regiment in their own lines, and communicated to them the order which had been intrusted to me to carry out. They seemed surprised, but every man came forward and respectfully laid his arms down on the ground. I then told these poor fellows that they had been thus deprived, not by reason of any disaffection attributed to them personally, and that since they had been in camp their conduct had been perfectly honest and loyal, but that so many of their regiment on detachment had deserted, and behaved otherwise badly, that we had been forced to adopt every conceivable precaution. I concluded my speech by telling them that they were at liberty to proceed to their homes, and

that when order had been re-established in the country, they would be re-engaged by the British Government. One or two of them respectfully came up to me afterwards and said, "Don't send us away; most of us live on the other side of Delhi, and we shall be obliged to join the enemy, or we shall be murdered." I felt the truth of what they said, and I obtained General Wilson's sanction to their remaining in camp, where, unarmed, they acted as police, and performed their duties faithfully and well. My two orderlies also brought their swords; but instead of laying them on the heap, they handed their weapons to me, saying, "Take you our swords, Sahib, and don't humble us so; we have done nothing to deserve it." Their earnest and sorrowful look went to my heart. I felt it would be unjust to treat them as disloyal subjects. I took their swords, and the next day, with the approval of General Wilson, returned them to their original owners, giving them permission likewise to retain their horses—a great boon to these fine fellows. There was something truly noble in the character of Rooper Khan, who continued throughout steadfast and loyal, a bright exception to the generality of natives. In 1859, he and Peer Khan, both of whom had been promoted, paid me a visit in Lucknow, and I had the gratification of presenting to each of them a finely-tempered sword.

CHAPTER III.

COMMENTATORY.

COURSE PURSUED BY GENERAL ANSON, SIR HENRY BARNARD, AND BRIGADIER WILSON VINDICATED—DIFFICULTIES WHICH BESET OUR MODERN GENERALS—GENERAL HEWITT—DISREGARD OF THE RULES OF STRATEGY—CELEBRATED MARCH OF THE GUIDES, AND OF THE 1ST BENGAL EUROPEAN FUSILIERS — ENDURANCE OF OUR TROOPS—DRUNKENNESS.

MISFORTUNE has a tendency to render nations, like individuals, unjust; and a torrent of cruel and undeserved censure burst on the heads of the Anglo-Indian officials at the outbreak of the calamity — for the opening incidents were undoubtedly calamitous, though free from the nature of defeat, and subsequently brilliantly retrieved. Generals Anson and Barnard filled positions which rendered them peculiarly liable to the sweeping, and therefore imbecile, criticism which thoughtless mediocrity is wont to lavish on thoughtful ability. I may here mention that the characters of these two officers were thus recently described

to me by a general officer and a brother Guardsman,[1] who had served with both for many years: "Anson," he said, "was a good soldier, and a man of considerable ability and energy. Though apt to be indolent unless roused by what he considered sufficient motive, whatever he tried his hand at he did well. He was equally remarkable for his good looks and for his universal popularity. Barnard's mind was of a lower calibre, but he was a good plodding soldier, conspicuous from his earliest days, when we were cadets together at Sandhurst, for his strong religious principles."

Why, said "some of the 10,000 men in England who did no work that day," and who judge of the difficulties of the day by the light of the morrow, was General Anson recreating himself at Simla, 1000 miles from the headquarters at Calcutta, when the crisis came? Why, being at Simla, a central spot in the disaffected district, did he not instantly march on Delhi? Why did the two generals cause the capture of Delhi to be protracted by marching thither before they had collected an adequate siege-train? Why did they not capture Delhi by a *coup-de-main*, without any siege-train at all? They were heedless—they were over-cautious—they were rashly hasty—they were pedantically slow. Such were the petulant and unreasonable reproaches of contemporary opinion,

[1] General Sir William Knollys.

which appear to have been fostered in Calcutta by the Company's servants, proverbially even more ready to rejoice at the depreciation of Queen's officers than at commendation of themselves. It would perhaps be wisest to pass them by in complete silence, were it not that adverse criticism has been implied, if not openly expressed, by so eminent a man as Lord Canning, usually so graceful in praise and so equitable in censure, and by Sir John Lawrence, who, by reason of his great deeds in the Punjaub, cannot be regarded otherwise than with respect and admiration. The former wrote of the delay as "protracted" and "unwise;" and so little did he appreciate the military difficulties of the emergency, that he wrote of making "short work" of Delhi, and on the 31st May actually telegraphed to General Anson, of whose death he had not heard, desiring him in somewhat imperative terms, which came strangely from a non-military man, to detach some European troops—before the process of the siege had even begun, be it remembered—south of Delhi, in the direction of Alighur and Cawnpore, remarking, "Your force of artillery will enable you to dispose of Delhi with certainty." There cannot now be the smallest doubt that, had this injunction been complied with, the Delhi field-force, which formed the nucleus of the army which ultimately reconquered Bengal, would have been absolutely swept

from the face of the earth by the overwhelming masses of the insurgents. So difficult is it for a civilian at a distance, however wise and prudent, to judge correctly of the operations of war. Sir John Lawrence likewise urged on the Commander-in-Chief that "Delhi would open its gates on the approach of our troops," that he "did not think the country anywhere against us;" and he protested against European troops sheltering themselves behind breastworks, or "tamely awaiting the progress of events." That General Anson from the very outset fully recognised the paramount importance of instantly attacking the stronghold of the enemy, the capture of which was thought to be so easy to those afar off, and was known to be so difficult to those on the spot, we have evidence from his letters — that this recognition was followed up by strenuous exertion, we have evidence from his deeds. On 16th May he wrote to Lord Canning, "I have been doing my best to organise a force here ready for a move." On the 17th he explained to Sir John Lawrence why he had delayed, even for forty-eight hours, in advancing against Delhi; and on the 23d, four days before his death, he assured the Governor-General proudly, though in a tone of remonstrance, that "not an hour has been lost," replying thus to implied reproach. "You say that Delhi must be recovered, 'but the operations to be undertaken by a

strong British force.' We have not this in the country." Surely the general did not overstate the truth. On reaching Umballa on 15th May, he found that, owing to the civil policy which reduces our military preparations for emergencies to zero, neither siege-train, ammunition, tents, transport, nor supplies, were available. As regards the three latter items, it was officially reported that a minimum of sixteen days must elapse ere they could be collected in sufficient quantities by the commissariat, which in the present day, under another name, has not been more fortunate in escaping the animadversion of those whose wants it undertakes to supply—or neglects. The troops were deplorably scattered and miserably scanty, yet by 17th May he had concentrated 5 regiments of infantry, 2 of cavalry, and 2 troops of artillery—he had swept the country for provisions, had gathered in stores and transport, and had begun his march. The position of affairs was well summed up in a letter from Sir Henry Barnard to Sir John Lawrence: "I solemnly declare to you, on my character as an officer" (he wrote the day after Anson's death), "that not an hour has been lost in getting the small force now advanced as far as Paniput. . . . I cannot but hope that had he [Anson] lived, you would have taken a different view of his conduct, and not attributed any want of energy to him. . . . The European

troops were all in the hills. The general was met by protests against his advance by * * * *. Ammunition had to be procured from Phillour, for the men had not twenty rounds in their pouches and none in store, and the artillery were inefficient, as their reserve waggons were all at Loodiana," &c. &c.

Sir Henry Barnard shared—though to him fell a smaller share—the onus of public opprobrium, especially galling to a soldier whose Crimean laurels were still so fresh. As long as Anson lived, Barnard was no more answerable for measures as a whole, than is a sub-lieutenant answerable for the discipline of an entire regiment. His responsibility, therefore, can only be dated from 27th May. On that day he resolved no longer to wait for the siege-train on its way from Loodiana, and on 31st a 9-pounder battery came into camp —thus far he had only been provided with 6-pounders—and he began his march from Kurnal to Paniput. On 28th June we have seen that he completely defeated the rebels at Budlee-ka-Serai. Between that day and his death he established an admirable base of communications at Delhi. It is a recognised maxim that the force of a besieging army should far outnumber that of the besieged; but ignoring a useful principle for a useful purpose, he undertook a siege which ultimately proved successful—he struck at the heart of the enemy's

power. For weeks he not only repelled repeated attacks made by overwhelming masses, but by never ceasing to act vigorously on the offensive, though at one time the offensive was little more than an audacious show, he restored our prestige, which adversity had dimmed in the eyes of the natives. So much for the imputation of general inactivity. But it has been urged against him, that by pushing vigorously forward after Budlee-ka-Serai, he might forthwith have captured Delhi by a *coup de main*—that this might have been also effected at a later date—and that by his delay he committed a similar fatal error as that alleged against the Allies after the Alma. The project was carefully weighed by those who were on the spot, and whose opinions are most entitled to respect; but a reasonable prospect of success was found to be wanting.

Brigadier Wilson, the very man who succeeded in capturing Delhi when the conditions which appeared to him so formidable were modified, wrote with reference to the scheme: "I dread success on entering the town as much as failure. Our small force, 2000 bayonets, will be lost in such an extent of town; and the insurgents have shown . . . how well they can and will fight from behind cover, such as they will have in street-fighting in the city, when every man will almost be on a par with our Europeans." He added, that even

in a political point of view he would advocate waiting for reinforcements, which would enable us to pursue the rebels when they had been driven from their fortress. General Reed, who had recently joined from the Punjaub, expressed himself to the same effect; and Sir Henry Barnard, who had in the first instance been most eager for a *coup de main*, concurred, for he too was now "convinced that success would have been as fatal as failure," remarking prophetically that it "required moral courage to face the cry that will be raised against our inactivity." I find that Sir Hope Grant has remarked in his Journal that "General Barnard took too much advice;" but it must be remembered, in extenuation of this one defect noticed in him by a competent witness, that the operations before Delhi were attended by technical difficulties of an artillery and engineering nature, in solving which, few, if any, generals could rely on their unaided judgment; and Sir Hope, ever an advocate for immediate action, has himself frequently assured me that, though at the time he had some difficulty in determining between the *pros* and *cons* in the matter of an immediate assault, he afterwards had not the slightest doubt that the delay resolved on had been a wise one. Who then persisted in recommending that the 2000 English bayonets, supported by a miserably feeble though truly gallant force of artillery, should cast themselves headlong

against a regularly fortified town, with high walls, deep ditches, and formidable outworks, behind which lay in wait hordes of armed combatants, backed up by a powerful ordnance and an almost unlimited supply of ammunition? Four English subalterns, of whom we must remember that their fortunes would have been made by success, though not marred by failure. Now, it is a favourite theory of the present day, that if abilities be not matured at thirty they will not be improved at sixty; but there is also another valuable quality—that of experience, without which stripling *attachés* and lieutenants might be substituted for experienced politicians and generals.

The closing days of poor Sir Henry were marked by a very melancholy incident—the interview described between himself and Sir Hope Grant on 12th June. During the fortnight which had elapsed since he had been made responsible, humanly speaking, for the immediate retention of our power in Bengal, he had toiled both bodily and mentally day and night—he had exposed himself without stint to the perils of the enemy's shot, and to the still more insidious perils of a deadly climate. To these trials were added a total inability to obtain any sleep. No human intellect is capable of enduring such a strain; and Sir Henry's, there is every reason to suppose, became upset. Sir Hope Grant, judging from his chief's wild and

23160

painfully depressed manner and words, when imparting the secret orders for an immediate assault, is of opinion that the naturally strong mind of the noble old soldier was unhinged, and that the subsequent recall of the order was due to the restored balance of reason, and not to a misconception by one of the brigadiers, General Graves, as has been stated.

Of General Wilson's achievements I propose speaking in a later page. It can hardly be necessary to rebut seriously the imputation that the subordinate brigadier showed incapacity because he omitted to take the command at Meerut out of the hands of his superior general, because he did not organise a pursuit of the rebels, and because a few days after he declined to adopt the startling proposition of Lieutenant-Governor Colvin[1] at Agra, who in point of fact conjured him to snatch forcibly at the reins of military government and to march instantly against Delhi. The necessity for perfect subordination in war, of course to be distinguished from a weak-minded hesitation in assuming responsibility, is rather a self-evident truth than a rule of military pedantry. There have been, it is true, a few instances where its disregard has produced happy results. Lord Hardinge at Albuera, when directed to carry out instructions for a retreat, ordered instead an ad-

[1] Died, when hemmed in by rebels, at Agra, Sept. 9, 1857.

vance, and by his brilliant disobedience converted impending defeat into victory; but such exceptions would be fatal if recognised as a rule. It is not too much to assert that striking success very rarely *may* be achieved by a violation of orders, but that wholesale disasters *must* be inevitable unless a spirit of obedience from highest to lowest is resolutely observed.

I have dwelt thus long in my attempt at vindication, because the subject is one which gives rise to gloomy anticipations. In any future war an English general will, it is to be feared, find the increased facilities of communication a greater evil than has ever yet been experienced. In the midst, perhaps, of operations requiring the exercise of the clearest brain, and the hearty co-operation of subordinates, he will be assailed by a torrent of criticism and remonstrance. Can any one venture to predicate that under such a strain the powers even of a master-mind will not give way, that the mistrust of his agents will not be aroused and their efficacy impaired? The virtue of reticence is as applicable to the patriotism of individuals as to the successful policy of a government. Poor General Anson and Sir Henry Barnard struggled manfully, and were on the high road to success, when their spirits sank under the unjust trial.

Concerning General Hewitt, the *rôle* he appears

to have played in the important position he occupied was, to say the least, a singularly inactive one, especially with reference to the premonitory symptoms of the Mutiny. It is altogether opposed to reason to assert that the military officers of the Queen ought to have been aware of the discontent of a class necessarily, as a general rule, without the pale of their authority, and of whom they could have had no more personal knowledge than a Cornish miner has of a North Scottish gillie. Indeed, Sir Hope Grant readily admits that he "heard no mutterings or bad feeling—in fact, the mutineers kept everything as quiet as possible;" but it is strange indeed, and more than strange, that the Company's officers, of whom General Hewitt was one, who had spent the best part of their lives in intimate relationship with the sepoy, should have been utterly ignorant of the ferment of disaffection and conspiracy, which was confessedly as gradual in its rise as it was universal in its spread. In point of military ability, Hewitt did not seem to have ranked high. In reply to my inquiries, Sir Hope states: "I never saw him. There was a want of decision and energy when the mutiny at Meerut broke out, but it is difficult to say that he committed a great error in not sending a portion of the Europeans after the rebels. The outbreak was very sudden, and his European force small." On the whole,

the balance of evidence points to the conclusion that General Hewitt erred on the side of inactivity in having allowed the sepoys to betake themselves quietly to Delhi, and in not having instantly made arrangements, in conjunction with Sir Henry Barnard, for the offensive operations which were afterwards so effectually carried out by General Wilson.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Mutiny war was the systematic disregard of the principles of strategy, so essential to success when contending against a European army. It is easy to see, from Sir Hope Grant's Journal, how anxiously the thoughts of the Delhi field-force were turned towards the Punjaub, and how dependent they were on preserving their communications with Phillour and Umballa for the supplies and reinforcements, without which they could not have maintained their position. Yet the long line of road leading to those stations, extending over 200 miles, was almost denuded of troops, and had but few "Etappen" posts. It appears almost inconceivable that the rebels could not have put into operation the small amount of combination and enterprise necessary to have effectually isolated Sir Henry Barnard's army; but the absence of these military qualities, and the pressure of political emergencies, justified our generals, not only in the North-West Provinces, but throughout the whole of Bengal,

in violating the rules of strategy applicable to ordinary circumstances. With such violation, it is true, operations were most hazardous ; without it, success would have been impossible.

Frequent allusion is made by Sir Hope Grant to the " Guides," whose march from the Punjaub to Delhi is celebrated in the annals of Indian history. These troops, chosen from among the Punjaubees for their activity and intelligence, consisted of one small regiment of infantry and one of cavalry. At the first news of the mutiny at Meerut they set off, horse and foot, under Captain Daly, from Peshawur for Delhi, a distance of 750 miles. This they accomplished in twenty-eight days—a feat which, being performed under an Indian sun, would have been impossible had not the men been freed from every burden in their kits except their ammunition. Sir Hope has stated that throughout the whole of his Indian and China experiences he never saw a similar rapidity of march, and he is wont to quote it as an instance of what may be done when soldiers are absolutely without impediment to retard them.

Scarcely less noteworthy was the march of the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, a British regiment then belonging wholly to the Company, but since incorporated in the British army as the 101st Regiment. On 13th May it was quartered at Dugshai, near Simla, when it received an order to

march for Umballa. At five o'clock that very day the men started, burdened with nothing but some food in their haversacks and their ammunition, and reached their destination, sixty-eight miles distant, in thirty-eight hours. They afterwards pushed on to Delhi with even greater energy, but were more impeded in their advance, partly owing to sickness, and partly owing to some other inevitable obstructions. But, after all, the soldierly qualities of endurance, of a resolution to put forth their best energies, and of an eagerness to engage the enemy, were not restricted to one or two particular regiments or corps. Our British soldiers in India patiently toiled along their hot marches by night, and by day too if necessary, regardless of the scorching sun and of the devastations of dysentery, fever, and cholera—hurried onwards and worked up to frenzy by mingled feelings of bitterness, grief, and a burning thirst to avenge in blood the outrages perpetrated upon our country-people, fresh tales of which reached their ears day by day. Then during their trying life on the ridge before Delhi, they were cheered by tidings which came from afar, and which told them how gallantly the forces under Lawrence, Havelock, and Wheeler were fighting against an enemy the more hated because hitherto so heartily contemned, and how strenuously all were co-operating in the work of reconquest and retribution. Un-

happily there was the one sad evil against which an English army ever has to contend, and which in the present crisis made itself felt throughout the country. In order to fight to perfection, British soldiers must eat and they must drink. Would that they drank a little less. There never appears to have been any actual lack of provisions, and vast quantities of spirituous liquors fell into our men's hands. Drunkenness became fearfully rife, entailing with it increased sickness, as well as a relaxation of discipline which it was necessary to repress with an iron hand.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

HOT FIRE FROM THE ENEMY—TIDINGS FROM CAWNPORE AND LUCKNOW—SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON THE REBEL PICKET—REINFORCEMENTS—ENEMY'S DESIGN TO INTERCEPT OUR SIEGE-TRAIN BAFFLED—ARRIVAL OF THE SIEGE-TRAIN—DISPOSITION OF OUR BATTERIES—VISIT TO THEM—SERVICES OF 9TH LANCERS AS ARTILLERYMEN—PLAN OF ASSAULT—MORNING OF THE ASSAULT ON DELHI—BREACHING-BATTERY MANNED BY 9TH LANCERS—BLOWING OPEN THE CASHMERE GATE—THE ASSAULT—POSITION TAKEN UP BY CAVALRY BRIGADE—THEY ADVANCE UP TO THE MOREE BASTION—FIGHT AT KISSENGUNGE—NICHOLSON—THE 9TH LANCERS MAN GUNS OF THE MOREE BASTION—CAVALRY WITHDRAWN TO LUDLOW CASTLE—THE DAY AFTER THE ASSAULT—NICHOLSON'S DEATH-BED—FURTHER SUCCESSES—CAPTURE OF THE KING AND PRINCES OF DELHI—THE PALACE—NICHOLSON'S FUNERAL.

Journal continued.—The enemy had established a battery of heavy guns in the village of Kissengunge, whereby he completely enfiladed our position at Hindoo Rao's house, and the whole line of our works upon the hill. In fact, both from the town and from this battery, such a continual fire

was kept up that we found it no easy matter to go from one post to another.

One day, accompanied by my aid-de-camp Augustus Anson, I went up to the mosque which lay between Hindoo Rao's house and the Flag-staff fort, and where we had a strong picket. The moment I showed my head on the top of the mosque, a shot was fired at us from the town, which went through the building below us, and carried away both legs of Anson's unfortunate Syce, who was holding his master's horse at the back of the house. When I saw the poor fellow he did not appear to suffer much; and, strangely enough, there was not the slightest bleeding. He only survived his wound six hours. Sad accounts reached us of a fearful massacre which had taken place at Cawnpore.[1] There I lost my old friends Colonel and Mrs Ewart, whom we had known so well while we were stationed at Meerut in former days; she was a very clever person, and a beautiful musician. I used often to accompany her on the violoncello; and on one occasion, when she was playing Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," we were alarmed by a noise outside the door. We rushed out to ascertain the cause of it, and there we saw a tall handsome native woman, dressed in white costume covered with blood, and with her nose cut off. It ap-

[1] See p. 41.

peared that her husband, in a fit of jealous rage, had mutilated her in this fearful manner, to spoil her beauty and make her obedient. We also heard that General Havelock had reached Cawnpore with a small mixed force, and had there signally defeated the rebels. We were further saddened by learning of the death of that noble fellow Sir Henry Lawrence.

The rebels in Delhi, though very down-hearted, were sustained in their constant attacks on our batteries and outposts by the consciousness that there could be no ambiguous issue to the fight—either they must destroy us or be utterly annihilated themselves. On the night of the 12th August, a column consisting of 1200 infantry, a troop of 9-pounders, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, and the Guide cavalry, was ordered to be in readiness to turn out just before daybreak. Accordingly, at about 3.30 A.M. they crept up to within a short distance of Ludlow Castle, where a strong picket of the enemy was posted, succeeded in surprising them, killed many of their number, and took 4 guns. Unfortunately, the officer in command of the column, Brigadier Showers, a fine gallant fellow, was severely wounded; and Major Coke, who commanded Coke's Irregular Punjaub Regiment, a first-rate officer, was shot through the leg, and thus put *hors de combat.* This was a great loss. The

rebels, with more energy and determination than we expected, brought out more guns from the town to replace those which had been captured; but their previous losses had the effect of materially depressing their spirits and of encouraging our own men. Moreover, at this time we received an important reinforcement, consisting of the 52d (Queen's) Regiment, under Colonel Campbell,[1] an excellent officer; the other wing of the 61st Regiment, Green's[2] fine Sikh Corps, and the Mooltanee Horse. This force amounted to 1100 Europeans, 800 Sikhs, and 150 horse, and was under the command of Brigadier-General Nicholson, who bore a high reputation in the Punjaub, and whom the Sikhs looked upon as a sort of demi-god. The Mooltanee Horse were a fine independent race of men; and though they were almost totally without discipline, they proved a serviceable body when under Coke's management, to whose regiment they were attacked. However, they would obey no one else, and it was necessary to leave them entirely under his orders.

It was a happy circumstance for us that the rebels had no leaders in whom they could trust—each man went his own way, and was subject to no other authority. One day a deputation pre-

[1] Now Major-General Campbell, C.B.
[2] Now Major-General Green, C.B.

sented themselves to the King of Delhi and demanded money from him, threatening to sack the palace and the town unless their request were complied with. The Great Mogul coolly answered them, "If you are so courageous, why don't you go and annihilate the British, and loot their tents? I was a paid pensioner of their Government, and you have come and put black upon my face, and have brought this trouble upon me." It does not appear that these rebellious subjects either attempted to execute their threat or were roused to action by their sovereign's taunt.

On the 24th August, it was ascertained that a strong rebel force, supported by 18 guns, had left the town, intending to cross the canal fifteen miles distant at a bridge called Nujufgurh, with the ultimate view of attacking our siege-train on its road from the Punjaub, which we expected in a few days, and on which our final success depended. General Wilson despatched a force under Brigadier Nicholson, consisting of 1600 infantry, 800 of which were Europeans; 500 cavalry, composed of 100 of the 9th Lancers and 400 Sikhs; and 18 guns,—to oppose them. The country was very wet; a torrent of rain fell; our men had to pass through a swamp or jheel, and had the greatest difficulty in intercepting the enemy: but these drawbacks proved even more detrimental to the rebels than to ourselves, for

their progress was so slow that our force at length succeeded in coming up with them, shortly after they crossed the canal, on the afternoon of the second day's march. The mutineers had taken up an advantageous position between two villages, with a strong serai in their centre. One part of their line soon gave way; and the serai, which was garrisoned with a strong force, was stormed by a party of Coke's corps under Lieutenant Lumsden, a very fine officer, who fell in the conflict. The rebels fled in panic-stricken confusion, with the loss of 13 guns, their standing-camp, and quantities of ammunition. They managed to bring up 6 other guns from a reserve in their rear, and thus covered their retreat across the canal, which they effected successfully, our men being too much exhausted to pursue them. Coke's corps lost 40 men, and the 61st (Queen's) also suffered, but not severely. General Bucktowar Khan, who commanded the rebel troops, returned to Delhi much crestfallen; and when he entered the town, he was received with the greatest contempt, one man spitting in his face.

Our siege-train, which had been a little delayed crossing the Nerbudda, one day's march from Umballa, arrived at Delhi on 4th September. It consisted of sixty pieces,—fifteen of which were 24-pounders; there were twenty 18-pounders, and the remainder howitzers and mortars of

various calibres. A 9-pounder battery was established 300 yards in front of the Sami house, a ruined building to the right front of Hindoo Rao's house, in order to draw off the fire of the Moree Bastion. Against the latter it was designed to construct a counter-battery of heavy guns, 700 yards in front of the mosque. Two batteries were thrown up in front of Ludlow Castle, a dwelling which lay within 800 yards of the walls. Lastly, there was our principal battery, 140 yards in front of the Cashmere gate, formed among some houses on the river-bank. This was armed with heavy guns and mortars, and being concealed by the walls of the houses, was established without much difficulty. The battery was protected against a sortie from the town by a strong picket, stationed close at hand. At about 1.30 on the morning of 11th September, I proceeded, with my aid-de-camp Augustus Anson, and my nephew Frank Grant,[1] who was adjutant of the 9th Lancers, to examine the batteries on the river-bank. The moon was in the third quarter, shining beautifully; the night was calm and mild, and not a sound was to be heard, except an occasional shot from the ramparts of the town, or the challenge of a sentinel. Passing through our camp we crossed the ridge, and followed the road leading near Metcalfe's house. As we ap-

[1] Now Lieutenant-Colonel Grant, h.-p.

proached Ludlow Castle the scene changed: trees were riven asunder by shot, branches were lopped off, and an ammunition-waggon was lying in the road with two large bullocks still attached to it; they had been struck down by a round-shot. A little further on, strings of camels laden with barrels of powder, and groaning from time to time, as if complaining of their heavy burdens, were wending their way down to the batteries; while large massive 24-pounder guns, drawn by sixteen bullocks each, were being dragged into position, ready for the deadly strife. There was a solemn grandeur in the scene which appealed to every feeling of romance, and which was further heightened by the fine old Eastern arches interspersed in different places. We reached the heavy-mortar battery, where twenty of these formidable engines of destruction were ready to open fire, and then made our way to the advanced battery of 24-pounders, which were to play against the Water Bastion, close to the Cashmere gate. This work, which was nearly completed, was formed in rear of a wall, through which embrasures would be cut at the proper moment. All this we examined with much interest, while occasionally a shell or round of grape, fired from the town, and striking furiously against the walls or arches of the surrounding buildings, warned us of the danger of our situation. We returned

home by Ludlow Castle, where two other batteries were being established and were nearly completed. We should now soon be ready for the struggle; and we all felt that the present safety of India depended on the fall of Delhi.

Sir John Lawrence, Chief Commissioner in the Punjaub, and brother of Sir Henry Lawrence, had sent down every available man he could spare, both European and Sikh. He had also made arrangements with Goolab Singh to send his force from Cashmere. Our army now amounted to about 10,000 men, variously composed.

The Sikhs had thus far behaved well, but we could not expect this to continue much longer; and it was believed that had we not commenced successful operations, the whole of the Punjaub would in another fortnight have risen. Captain Hodson had, before he came to Delhi, begun, and with great success, to raise a regiment of Irregular horse in the Punjaub. Between five and six hundred men had by this time joined us, of which he forthwith assumed command—handing over the Guides to Captain Shebbeare,[1] a first-rate officer.

The batteries were completed twenty-four hours after we had visited them. Unfortunately,

[1] Died in the north of China in 1860, when in command of the 15th Punjaub Infantry.

when the embrasures were cut in the most important work on the river-bank, it was discovered that the Engineers had failed to construct it in a direction parallel to the Water Bastion, which it had been intended to breach; it was therefore necessary to remedy this defect.

I must here mention, that in consequence of the numerous casualties and sickness which had reduced the strength of our artillery, I had been requested by General Wilson to furnish some men from the cavalry to assist in the trenches. Consequently, ten of the Carabiniers and sixty of the 9th Lancers were sent, under Lieutenants Blair[1] and Evans of the latter regiment, who volunteered their services for this duty. The way in which the men vied with each other, day and night, in the performance of this arduous work, was beyond all praise. Major-General Wilson, in his despatches, wrote: "I should neither be fulfilling the repeatedly-expressed wishes of the artillery officers attached to the force, nor following the dictates of my own inclination, if I failed to acknowledge the valuable assistance which has, throughout the operations before Delhi, been most cheerfully given by the non-commissioned officers and men of her Ma-

[1] Afterwards recommended for the Victoria Cross. Died November 1857, in consequence of wounds received at Boolundshuhur.

jesty's 9th Lancers and the 6th Dragoon Guards in working the batteries. Without it, owing to the comparatively small number of artillerymen, I should have been quite unable to man the batteries efficiently, or keep up the heavy fire which, aided by these men, I have happily been able to do." Major Brind,[1] commanding foot-artillery, stated: "The coolness and bravery of officers and men (9th Lancers and Carabiniers) in situations of extreme danger, whilst engaged in a novel duty, called forth the admiration of all who witnessed it, and especially of those who had the satisfaction of serving with them."

I must also not omit to notice the gallant and distinguished conduct of three very fine young officers who commanded portions of the 1st and 2d Sikh Irregular cavalry regiments.

Lieutenant Watson[2] was an officer in whom I had perfect confidence when I intrusted to him any arduous or difficult duty. Lieutenant Nicholson,[3] brother of Brigadier-General Nicholson, was also a very good officer, and afterwards took command of Coke's corps. It would indeed

[1] Now Major-General Sir James Brind, K.C.B.

[2] Now Colonel Watson, V.C., C.B. Succeeded Probyn as Colonel-Commandant of Central India Horse, and Political Agent in West Malwa.

[3] Lieutenant Nicholson lost his right arm at the assault of Delhi, when in command of Coke's regiment. He never got over his brother's death, and a few months after died ratherly suddenly on his way to visit General Nicholson's grave.

be difficult to imagine a more brilliant, dashing, daring Irregular officer than Lieutenant Probyn,[1] though perhaps he was not quite so cautious as Watson.

It has often struck me as very singular that officers and men should apparently feel so little, and be so cool, on the eve of a battle, when so many fearful scenes are about to take place, and when no one can tell whether he will be carried safely through them or not. Such was the case on the eve of the storming of Delhi. Men seemed to regard the coming struggle as if it were a cricket-match, in which every one felt confident his side would win.

The batteries opened fire on the morning of the 13th September 1857, and by the evening two practicable breaches were made — one in the Moree Bastion, and the other in the Water Bastion. It was intended to direct the assault on the morning of the 14th July against the Water Bastion and the Cashmere gate only, which latter was to be blown in by gunpowder. The Moree Bastion was not to be attacked, but a constant fire was to be kept up on it.

Before daybreak on 14th September the assaulting parties were drawn up, ready for the terrible struggle; but ere the word was given to advance, it was discovered that during the darkness of

[1] Now Major-General Probyn, V.C., C.B., Equerry to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MAP OF DELHI

AND THE

BRITISH CAMP

to illustrate the

MILITARY OPERATIONS DURING THE SIEGE

the night the enemy had repaired the breach in the Cashmere curtain by means of fascines and gabions. It was therefore necessary to open fire again from the 24-pounder breaching-battery, in order to clear them away. All the artillerymen, however, with the exception of two sergeants, had been withdrawn for other duties. This battery was therefore manned by thirty men from the 9th Lancers, and the manner in which they performed their duties can be best judged of from the following extract of a letter written to me by Captain E. B. Johnson,[1] Assistant Adjutant-General of Artillery: "Through the zeal and intelligence of your men, who worked like trained artillerymen, I was enabled to accomplish this [the re-establishment of the breach] with perfect success; and Brigadier-General Wilson personally thanked them, when he came down to the battery, for the very admirable services they had performed."

The assault took place; the gallant European infantry carried everything before them, and crowned the breach. Two engineer officers,[2] in command of an explosion party, undertook to blow in the Cashmere gate. One of them, Sal-

[1] Now Major-General Johnson, C.B., Quartermaster-General, Bengal.

[2] Lieutenants Home and Salkeld. Lieutenant Home was accidentally killed at the blowing up of the fort of Malugurh, 28th September 1857. Lieutenant Salkeld afterwards died of his wounds received on this occasion.

keld, was severely wounded as he was in the act of firing the powder-bags; but he passed the match on to Sergeant Burgess,[1] who succeeded in firing the charge. Unfortunately only one half of the massive gate was driven in; the bridge was found to be partially broken away; and Brigadier Campbell, who at the head of his regiment led the storming-party at this point, was unable to bring up some 9-pounders which accompanied his column, and which would now have been of the greatest service. Bravely, however, the assaulting parties advanced, and captured the church, which was a great point gained. Thence Brigadier Campbell advanced against the large mosque; but it proved so strong a position for the rebels, who held it with a large force, that the attempt failed, and he was again obliged to retire to the church, after having been wounded in the hand by a musket-ball. I had been ordered by General Wilson to take 600 cavalry—viz., 200 of the 9th Lancers and 400 Sikhs—and to proceed to the battery in front of the ruined mosque on the ridge, there to await further orders, or until the success of the assault had been assured. I found a dip on the slope nearest the town which would effectually shelter about 200 men from fire. At this place I posted the 9th Lancers, leaving the Sikh cavalry at the back of the ridge. I had not been

[1] Mortally wounded by the explosion.

here long before a message reached me, purporting to come from Major Brind, commanding the battery in our front, to the effect that he required our assistance. We had scarcely emerged from our cover when a shot was fired at us from the Moree Bastion, which fortunately only wounded one man. The original message must have been a mistake; for Major Brind, on seeing my force advance, sent to say that as this bastion had not yet fallen we had better stay where we were. I did not therefore remain long in my new unpleasant position. In about half an hour, I received an order from General Wilson to advance, intimating that the Moree Bastion had fallen, and that no further annoyance was to be apprehended from the fire of the adjacent works. I marched the men down, and formed them up under the walls—a position of great importance, covering the whole of our batteries, which, with the exception of those in front of Hindoo Rao's house, where a small force of infantry was retained, were left unprotected.

A strong body of the enemy, consisting of about 5000 men, with artillery, had established themselves in Kissengunge, which completely outflanked our batteries at Hindoo Rao's house, and which was very strong. Early in the morning, a force, consisting of the Goorkas under Reid, Rajah Singh's men, detachments from the 60th

Rifles, and various other corps, was ordered to attack this position, and to capture the heavy guns posted there. The ground was very difficult, Reid was severely wounded, and the attacking force was beaten back with the loss of four guns belonging to the Rajah.

The rebels, elated with success, seemed determined to carry everything before them. Between the Kissengunge and the town numerous houses and gardens were interspersed, from whence a galling fire was opened upon us by the mutineers, who, after repelling the attack made on them in the morning, were evidently confident of being able to dislodge us without difficulty. Their numbers increased every moment; so I ordered up Captain Tombs' troop of horse-artillery, and opened fire on the detached houses at a range of 200 yards, which had the effect of forcing them to fall back some distance. A little in front of them was a battery of our own armed with two 18-pounders, but unmanned, of which they were evidently very anxious to gain possession. It was a matter of great importance to us to prevent this; when a few gunners dismounted, crept up to the ditch unperceived, scrambled over, spiked the guns, and returned unmolested—a gallant deed.

I now saw Brigadier Nicholson on the top of the Moree Bastion, leading on his brigade. He called out to me that the fighting was going on

well for us in the town, and that he was on his way to attack the Lahore gate and Bastion, about 500 yards further on. Forward he went; but the gate was defended so obstinately that he could not dislodge the enemy; he himself was mortally wounded, shot through the body; and his brigade was obliged to retire. A few men of the 9th Lancers who had learned to serve guns were dismounted; they scrambled up the breach in the Moree Bastion, and directed the abandoned guns with great effect against the rebels, who were at this time advancing to attack us. But the failure at the Lahore Bastion left its defenders at liberty to assume the offensive. They turned a 24-pounder gun against us, and with grape inflicted a terrible loss on our men, who were not more than 500 yards distant. Tombs' troop lost 27 men out of 48, and 19 horses. Two guns of a battery under Lieutenant Campbell suffered in proportion; the 200 men of the 9th Lancers had 42 men and 61 horses killed or wounded; and the Guide cavalry, which was in support, 15 men and 19 horses. Presently a rebel Sowar was seen galloping towards us. At first it was supposed he meant to give himself up as a prisoner; but with sword in hand, he rushed into the ranks of the 9th Lancers, cutting and hacking about him in a most determined manner, and before they were aware of his intentions he had wounded four men. He

was soon run through the body with a lance; but even when on the ground, in his death-struggle and apparently senseless, he seemed bent upon the destruction of all around him, madly striking at the air with his sword.

The conduct of all my force, both European and natives, was admirable—the unflinching coolness and steadiness of the 9th Lancers being especially conspicuous. Nothing daunted by their numerous casualties, these gallant soldiers held their trying position with a patient endurance; and on my praising them for their good behaviour, they declared their readiness to stand the fire as long as I chose. On this occasion they were most ably commanded by Captain Drysdale,[1] a gallant officer and a thorough Scotchman. His forage-cap was struck by a bullet, and he with 10 other officers of the 9th had their horses shot under them. Frank Grant's horse was killed; and he was struck by a grape-shot in the ribs, but it glanced off, only bruising him. Anson was hit in the hand. Captain Rosser, my acting aid-de-camp, was hurled senseless to the ground by a shot which lodged in his head; eventually he partially recovered.[2] Hamilton, my brigade-major, and young Jones,[3] Deputy Assistant-

[1] Now Colonel Drysdale, C.B., h-p.
[2] Major Rosser, however, ultimately died of this wound in 1869.
[3] Now Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, V.C., retired.

Quartermaster-General, lost their horses. My orderly, Peer Khan, of the 4th Irregulars, had one horse killed and two wounded. My own horse was wounded, and I was struck by a large grape-shot, which fortunately glanced off, though bruising me severely.

I had sent an aid-de-camp to General Wilson requesting to be supported by a few infantry, but at the moment none could be spared. At last about 80 men of the Guides arrived, and these were ordered to occupy a house near the 2-gun battery. The officer in command was struck down, but the party managed to force their way into the house. They were quickly surrounded, and could not make their way out again, when happily they were reinforced by some men from the Belooch battalion. I had sent away my A.D.C. Frank Grant to Hindoo Rao's house with a request for assistance, as I apprehended that I might otherwise have some difficulty in withdrawing the Guides. Though the officer in command of that post, Chamberlain, who had partially recovered from his wound, was himself short of men, he placed at my disposal 280 men of his little force, whom Frank conducted to the scene of action. They soon cleared the gardens, and made this position more secure. The fire of the enemy now began to slacken, and General Wilson sent up another battery, commanded by Captain

Bourchier,[1] directing me to withdraw the cavalry to Ludlow Castle as soon as the mutineers' fire should have still further abated. It ceased altogether towards the afternoon, so far as Kissengunge was concerned, which position they abandoned the following day, leaving their heavy guns behind them. The cavalry occupied Ludlow Castle, where we remained all night, ready to turn out at a moment's notice.

Early in the morning of the following day, 15th September, I went into Delhi to get my orders from General Wilson, whom I found a little in advance of the church superintending the placing of some heavy guns in position. I heard from him that only a small portion of the city had been taken; and he did not seem thoroughly satisfied with the result of the assault. He directed me to return to camp with the cavalry, and to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice.

This part of the town was reduced to a terrible condition. The Cashmere gate was nearly knocked to pieces, and the curtain of the Water Bastion was a mass of rubble; gun-carriages were riven asunder and the guns dismounted, trees broken down, and dead bodies lying in all directions. The church, instead of being reserved for purposes of religion, was filled with soldiers, and

[1] Now Major-General Sir George Bourchier, K.C.B.; retired f.-p.

riddled with shot. A prisoner was brought in by two of the men. I did not know what took place, or whether his case was heard by the commanding officer, but shortly after he was again brought out. One of the soldiers put his rifle to the prisoner's head and pulled the trigger, but the piece missed fire; then the other shot him through the body, and his comrade beat out his brains with the butt-end of his rifle. The poor wretch gave one suppressed groan, and his sufferings in this world were finished. I took the cavalry back to camp, and then visited all the wounded men in hospital. Among them was poor Purcell, who as my orderly had behaved so gallantly on the 19th June, when in the darkness of the night I was almost alone and riderless in the midst of the rebels. He had been shot through the chest, and could scarcely speak, but was full of hope. He died a few days later. Towards the close of the evening I went to Captain Daly's tent to inquire after his health—the wound which he had received shortly after our arrival before Delhi having troubled him much. There was an unearthly stillness about the camp, very different to the bustle and activity which existed previous to the assault. As I entered the tent, the gloomy darkness was made visible by one miserable, dimly-burning candle. On a couch I saw a figure lying stretched at full

length, with a native standing beside him. The ghastly look of death was upon his countenance, and on going nearer I perceived it was poor Brigadier Nicholson, whom I had last seen upon the walls of Delhi the day before, vigorous and animated, leading on his men gallantly. Everything was now changed for him,—ambition, the hopes of rising to greatness—all was vanishing from before his eyes. He was like a noble oak riven asunder by a thunderbolt. As I approached he looked towards me, and in a deep sepulchral voice said, "Who are you?" I told him, and spoke some kind words to him. He looked again, and after some time, with great difficulty said, "I thank you," and then closed his eyes. It was the last words I heard him speak, and the last time I ever saw him.

Our duties now became lighter. The enemy had completely abandoned their original position, and though we were constantly patrolling the neighbourhood, we never came across any of their detachments. We had possession of the town from the Cashmere to the Caubul gates, but the rebels still held the Lahore Bastion. A second attack made against it by a force under Colonel Greathed,[1] on the 18th September, proved unsuccessful. The college gardens, however, and some adjacent buildings, were captured on the

[1] Now Major-General Sir Edward Greathed, K.C.B., commanding Eastern District.

16th, and held in spite of an attempt made by the enemy to retake them. Our troops at length succeeded in forcing their way into the magazine, which was a great point gained. The Bank fell next (18th), and one or two houses in the "Chandney Choke" (Silver Street), one of the principal streets in the town. The Sappers now worked their way through the houses up to the Lahore gate, which became untenable; and on the 20th, the 60th Rifles, one of the finest regiments in her Majesty's service, rushed up to the bastion and drove the enemy away without losing a man.

On the morning of the same day I was ordered to make a demonstration with a strong force of cavalry to the right of the city, just beyond the Ede Ghur. On reaching this position, information was brought me by a native that the town was evacuated. I at once returned to camp, and despatched Captain Hodson to inform the chief of the news. General Wilson forthwith ordered a force to proceed to the palace gate, and to the gate of the adjacent fort, and to blow them open. Both were found deserted, with the exception of a sentry at each post. One of them was dressed and equipped according to regulation, and was marching up and down his beat armed with a musket. In the museum at Naples is to be seen the skull and helmet of a man who was found buried at his post in a sentry-box in the midst of lava. The inscrip-

tion states the occupant to have been a "brave soldat;" but nothing could have been braver or cooler than the conduct of these two sepoys, who must have known that their fate was sealed. Both were immediately put to death.

We now ascertained that Delhi had been evacuated during the night. India was saved; and the fearful struggle which had shaken the nation to its foundation was passing away like a heavy thunder-cloud from before the sun. There was no longer any danger to be apprehended from the Punjaub, and we heard that British troops were fast pouring into Calcutta.

A report was brought to us that the king and royal family had taken refuge in the Hummayoon's tomb, near the Kootub road, and about five miles from Delhi. Next morning, the 21st, Captain Hodson set off with a party in the hope of being able to effect his capture. He had only with him a few men of his own regiment, and it was necessary to act with the greatest caution. The native who had brought in the information was, I believe, one of the king's distant relations or followers, and, with true Eastern baseness, volunteered for his own ends to make the old man give himself up. Hodson had been told by General Wilson that he might promise him his life, but nothing more. The native was directed to communicate this to the king, while Hodson

himself rode into the courtyard with some half-dozen Sowars, leaving the remainder of his men a little distance off. Two or three thousand armed retainers had collected in the yard—a circumstance which looked anything but promising to his success. Hodson spoke the language uncommonly well, and with a commanding voice he ordered them to lay down their arms. They looked scowling and suspicious, but his confident manner and tone overawed them, and the greater part quietly obeyed. In course of time, the native who had been sent to confer with the king returned, saying that upon the promise of his life being spared he would give himself up.

Accordingly, the Great Mogul, accompanied by his favourite begum[1] and a few servants, came out. They were put into several small bullock-carriages; and Hodson, with a coolness and courage which deserve the greatest admiration, threaded his way with them through the crowd of retainers and trotted back to the town, where he lodged his prisoner safely in the palace.

Having ascertained that three of the king's descendants, one of them a grandson, Shah-Zada, or heir-apparent, and the other two younger sons, were still in the tombs, he again set off the next morning, hoping to effect their capture. Once more the native was sent in as an emissary, and

[1] Zeenut Mehal.

after much persuasion the three princes, who were fearful villains, surrendered unconditionally. Hodson had waited outside the gate for two hours in great anxiety as to the success of his bold stroke, and expecting every moment to be set upon by the lawless scoundrels who were prowling about. At length they drove out in one of the small bullock-gharries in which they had originally escaped from Delhi. Hodson lost no time, made his way with them as quickly as possible through the groups of natives, and never stopped till he got them to within a couple of miles of Delhi, where there was no one to interfere. Then he halted the carriage, made them get out, upbraided them with their shameful conduct towards our poor countrymen and countrywomen, and told them they must prepare to die. They tried to exculpate themselves from blame, and denied their guilt; but Hodson charged them with having killed the ladies and gentlemen who had taken refuge in the palace, or had been made prisoners; and taking a revolver from his belt, with his own hand he shot the three unhappy wretches dead on the spot.[1] This sad act was most uncalled-for;

[1] I asked Sir Hope Grant from what source he had obtained the details of this incident—whether, for instance, it was merely the version current in the camp. His reply was, "The story as I have related it was told me by Hodson himself. Within a few hours afterwards I wrote it down in my Journal, together with the events of the preceding twenty-four hours, as was my daily custom."—H. K.

for had they been tried by a commission, which would certainly have been the case, there is little doubt they would have been sentenced to death. War—and especially such a fearful war as we were waging—blunts the finer feelings of humanity, and prompts many to deeds which in cool blood the perpetrators would be the first to shudder at.

Later in the day I went to see the unhappy monarch in his prison, a small house, where he was strongly guarded, and the sight was indeed a sad one. He was an old man, said by one of his servants to be ninety years of age, short in stature, slight, very fair for a native, and with a high-bred, delicate-looking cast of features. Truly the dignity had departed from the Great Mogul, whose ancestors had once been lords of princely possessions in India. It might have been supposed that death would have been preferable to such humiliation, but it is wonderful how we all cling to the shreds of life. When I saw the poor old man, he was seated on a wretched charpoy, or native bed, with his legs crossed before him, and swinging his body backwards and forwards with an unconscious dreamy look. I asked him one or two questions, and was surprised to hear an unpleasant vulgar voice answering from behind a small screen. I was told that this proceeded from his begum or queen, who prevented him from replying, fearful

lest he might say something which should compromise their safety.

I also saw the three dead bodies of the king's sons and grandson laid out on an esplanade in front of the khotwallee, or police court. Their countenances all looked placid. The Shah-Zada was a short but powerful muscular man, about thirty-five years old, with handsome features. This was the scoundrel who shot with his own hand several of our poor country-people in the palace yard, on the first outbreak of the Mutiny. The other two were younger, one being about twenty-five and the other about eighteen. The entrance to the palace was stately and imposing; heavy, massive brass gates hung suspended in noble archways, imparting an air of grandeur to the place, which was encircled by a stone wall of handsome proportions. Long, sombre, arched passages led to a large court-yard surrounded by picturesque Eastern buildings. Another gateway led to the Hall of Audience, a beautiful building overlooking the river Jumna. The throne was placed on the largest block of carved spar I ever saw. Along the sides of the hall were the ladies' apartments, and a beautiful little marble mosque. In rear of these were gardens, and the quarters for the numerous retainers which swarm about Eastern royalty. A little to the left front, and separated by a branch of the Jumna, was Selim Ghur, the old fort, which for

years past had been allowed to fall out of repair; a bridge connected it with the palace. The grandeur and magnificence of the unhappy king had, however, long ago passed away. His territory had been confined to his palace, and his revenue to a pittance of £120,000 a-year, given by the British Government. He had still been allowed to retain the title of king, and when he appeared outside the gates of his residence was treated by British guards with all the honours due to royalty. Now he had lost even this poor semblance of state, and was considered fortunate to have had his life spared.

On 23d September poor Nicholson died, and on the 24th he was buried with full military honours in the new cemetery, just outside the Cashmere gate. I, with many others, attended his funeral. His loss was felt greatly. He was much esteemed for his uprightness of character, and much respected by all who knew him, especially by the Sikhs, many of whom were present at his burial, and who appeared to look upon him as a sort of superior being.

The town had fallen after six days' hard fighting, and with a loss of about 1000 men and 65 officers; but we had every reason to be truly thankful to God Almighty for our victory.

CHAPTER V.

COMMENTATORY AND EXPLANATORY.

GENERAL WILSON'S DIFFICULTIES — DISSENSIONS INSIDE DELHI — FEATURES OF THE ASSAULT — NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY CONTINUED FROM CHAPTER I.—DISAFFECTION IN BOMBAY AND MADRAS, AND THE INDEPENDENT STATES—SIR COLIN CAMPBELL APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—OPERATIONS OF HAVELOCK AND NEILL IN THE VICINITY OF CAWNPORE—ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS UNDER SIR JAMES OUTRAM—ADVANCE TOWARDS LUCKNOW—FIRST RELIEF OF LUCKNOW—MEASURES FOR DEFENCE ADOPTED BY THE ORIGINAL GARRISON—OUTRAM HEMMED IN BY REBELS—PREPARATIONS FOR THE SECOND RELIEF OF LUCKNOW—THE DINAPOOR MUTINY, AND DEFENCE OF ARRAH.

FEW generals have succeeded to the command of an army under circumstances so gloomy as those which attended General Wilson. The French Emperor made use of the phrase, now historical, "tout peut se rétablir," with a greater probability that it would be verified than could the British general have ventured to entertain for the ultimate success of the siege of Delhi. At the outset he had nothing to oppose to the

enemy's artillery, extraordinarily powerful, both in point of number and calibre, save a few poor field-pieces. To remark that he did not run short of ammunition would be little better than sarcasm; while on the other hand, vast as were the rebels' supplies of ordnance, their supplies of powder and shot were practically unlimited—for Willoughby's gallant attempt had destroyed but a small fraction of the whole store. The mutineers ensconced themselves behind massive walls; the English were forced to brave the pelting bullets in the open, or at least to seek for shelter behind their puny earthworks. Our troops were toil-worn, suffering from the effects of climate and sickness, pitifully few in numbers, and daily diminishing through losses; the rebels were fighting under their native sun, were as four to one to us numerically, and were daily adding to their strength. Every day which prolonged the conflict was a gain to them and a loss to us. But General Wilson never faltered in his resolution — never seriously contemplated retiring from the siege and falling back on Kurnal, although it is true the idea was mooted by others. With his feeble force of 6918 fighting men[1] he resolved to show a bold front to the 30,000 rebels behind their fortifications —though in reality he was the besieged rather than the besieger—and to play that most difficult of all

[1] See Appendix.

games for a commander, a waiting game. He may well be thanked for "not having despaired of his country."

At that conjuncture it was especially fortunate that the general in command was an artillery officer; he was thus the better able to realise the fact that for a short time "spades were trumps, not clubs." In addition, he displayed a practical knowledge of the other branches of the service which must surely weaken the arguments of those opposed to the employment of artillery officers to command armies. Sir Hope Grant himself bears witness to the skill with which he threw out the infantry pickets, strengthened our lines, and defended our vulnerable points—to the ability with which he disposed of his troops in masses, assigning to each their proper share of work—to the vigour he infused into all, and to his general aptitude for command. It was fortunate for him, indeed, that the siege was brought to a close by the 15th September, for he was then on the high-road to the same melancholy end which befell Generals Anson and Barnard. When the pressure of responsibility had been taken off him he was obliged to proceed to Mussoorie, in the Himalayas, to recover his health; and writing from thence about 10th October, he alludes more than once to his mind having suffered from a strain greater than he could bear in such a climate. Sir Hope

Grant, in reference to some unfounded depreciation of his old chief, writes thus: "Sir Archdale Wilson was an excellent officer, and was appointed over the head of . . . in consequence of his being a fit man for command. He at once strengthened our position, put life into us, and worked with a will. Towards the end he told me that if the attack on Delhi had lasted another fortnight he would have broken up. . . . The responsibility and anxiety, together with the fearful heat, were enough to break down any man's nervous system. He was in my opinion a good officer, with a trustworthy head on his shoulders."

Ability, courage, and endurance would, however, have been in vain, had not the enemy themselves played into our hands. What they might have effected at an earlier stage has already been pointed out. That they would not at a later date stretch out their hands to take what fortune had placed within their grasp, seems to have astonished even Indian officers acquainted with the defective powers of organisation which marks the native. Madmen, it is said, would be more formidable than wild beasts, were their powers of combination equal to their spirit of destruction. So with the insurgent army at Delhi. Amongst them, feebleness and divided counsels, irresolution, antagonism of party, and intestine commotions, only combined to bring about destruction to them-

selves. They had no leader in whose uprightness they could trust, or to whose ability they could look up. Each did what pleased him best—consequently their blows were feeble, ill-directed, and partial. Little is known of what took place inside Delhi at that time, but it is evident that their hopes declined daily. At last, by the 6th September, the final reinforcements had arrived, which raised our effective force to 9866[1] men; and the siege-train had been placed on a tolerable footing. The fighting on the day of the assault resembled more one of Wellington's old Peninsular struggles, than the half-hearted resistance usually offered by natives to Europeans. Our loss was severe, amounting to 1135 killed and wounded. Those who had prophesied—and they were not few in number—that the rebels would flee before the steady advance of our bayonets, had not taken into account that the insurgents were fighting with halters around their necks; and that the Bengalee, so effeminately timid in personal encounter, will often die with fortitude when he has to encounter a calamity for which there is no remedy. Unfortunately, the great proportion of the garrison were able to effect their escape a few hours before the assault, and went to swell the bands of insurgents scattered over the country.

No error marred the plan of attack, and by the

[1] See Appendix.

capture of the rebel fortress the Mutiny received a deadly blow, though for months afterwards it possessed sufficient vitality to be still formidable. If a plan of operations is to be judged of by its success, the delay in the assault was a master-stroke.

It is now necessary to proceed with the narrative of the general progress of the Mutiny throughout India, related in Chapter I., up to the middle of July. Thus far the two other Presidencies had continued outwardly tranquil, but there were grave symptoms of smouldering disaffection; and in August it was considered expedient to disarm the 8th Madras Cavalry, and the 21st and 27th Bombay Native Infantry Regiments. The spirit of insubordination then acquired no further consistency. As regarded the native independent States, many manifested a strong inclination to join the mutineers; but the all-important provinces of Nepal and Rajpootana professed a fidelity which subsequent events proved to be sincere.

As soon as the news of General Anson's death had reached Calcutta, Sir Patrick Grant,[1] commander-in-chief of Madras, was summoned to Calcutta to take the deceased general's place provisionally. This appointment was not, however, afterwards confirmed by the Home Government;

[1] Now General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Colonel 78th Highlanders.

and the latter nominated Sir Colin Campbell to the vacancy, who, setting out at twenty-four hours' notice to assume command of the European troops, who were being hurried out to the scene of action, landed in Calcutta on the 13th of August.

On 15th July, Neill, now promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, left Allahabad with 227 men of the 84th Regiment (Queen's), leaving 645 English soldiers for the defence of the town, and on the 20th arrived at Cawnpore. Havelock in the meanwhile having there constructed a strong field-work on the banks of the Ganges, and manned it with 300 Europeans, charged Neill to maintain the position; while he himself set about the pressing task of endeavouring to relieve Lucknow, closely besieged by the insurgents. By 25th July he had transported across the river, by means of a small steamer and a few boats, which had been with great difficulty collected, his force, consisting of 1500 men, inclusive of 60 of the Volunteer horse, with 10 guns imperfectly equipped. On the 28th he reached Mungalwur, six miles from the Ganges; and on the 29th he advanced to Unao, three miles further on, where he found the rebels posted in force in a strong position. Havelock instantly attacked and defeated them, gained the village, and captured their guns. After pursuing them for some distance, our troops rested for about three hours, and were supplied

with food. They then marched six miles further on to a walled town called Busseerutgunj, which they took by storm. On the morning of the 30th July, Havelock ascertained that one-third of the artillery ammunition had been expended during the previous day's fighting, and that his loss amounted to 88 men in killed and wounded, besides a similar number of invalids. It was necessary to provide a considerable amount of transport for the men who were thus laid up. He had only accomplished one-third of his journey to Lucknow, while his communications with Cawnpore were threatened by the enemy. He was therefore compelled to fall back on Mungalwur until the arrival of reinforcements. On 3d August he received an accession in force of 250 men and 5 guns. They were sent by Neill, who at the same time begged for permission to march against Bithoor, where the rebels had congregated in considerable numbers. Havelock, chiefly intent on the primary object of relieving Lucknow, withheld his permission, pointing out that he held Neill responsible for preserving the communications with Cawnpore until the army had marched to and returned from the beleaguered city. On 4th August, Havelock resumed his march in that direction, and on 5th he again defeated the enemy at Busseerutgunj. But finding that 30,000 rebels, with 50 guns, interposed between him and his

destination—that his rear was threatened by a powerful force under the Nana—that the mutinous Gwalior contingent, a complete little army composed of the three arms of the service, was marching from Kalpee against Cawnpore—and that his own troops, now decimated by cholera, numbered only 1000 men,—he once more fell back on Mungalwur, having first of all communicated with Inglis, and having exhorted him as a last resource to cut his way out at any loss rather than capitulate. On 11th August, Havelock having ascertained that 4000 rebels had reassembled at Busseerutgunj, advanced and defeated them there for the third time. He then fell back, and transported his whole force across the Ganges; for it was known that 4000 of the enemy, with 5 guns, had collected at Bithoor, and threatened to attack Cawnpore. On 16th August he attacked the rebels at Bithoor and dispersed them, returning to Cawnpore the following day. He now found that, exclusive of the detachment required to garrison the intrenchment, he had only 685 bayonets at his diposal; while around him were about 37,000 of the enemy—viz., 5000 men of the Gwalior contingent in his rear, in the direction of Kalpee, 20,000 Oude troops on the north side of the Ganges, and 12,000 on his left, near Furruckabad. On the 21st he announced the possibility of being obliged to abandon Cawnpore, and to

fall back on Allahabad, to which station he had already despatched his sick and wounded. He was, however, determined to maintain his position until the last extremity; and on 15th September the long-expected reinforcements arrived, consisting of 1700 Europeans from the 5th and 90th Queen's Regiments, under Major-General Sir James Outram, who had been appointed to the command of the united Dinapoor and Cawnpore divisions. With a generosity, however, which was the brightest characteristic of the "Bayard of India," he waived his rank as superior to that of Havelock, now created a major-general, and served as a private in the Volunteer horse, resolving that the honour of relieving Lucknow should be reaped by one who had already fought so gallantly towards the attainment of that object. On 19th September, the English force, numbering 2500 men, crossed the Ganges, feebly opposed by the enemy on the opposite bank; and on 21st they again came up with the rebels at Mungalwur, dispersed them with severe loss, and captured 4 of their guns. On 23d September, Havelock arrived within six miles of Lucknow. He found the enemy, about 10,000 in number, occupying a formidable position in and about the Alum Bagh, a large pleasure-garden, containing a substantial palace and several outhouses, surrounded by a wall. The place was stormed, and

the insurgents driven therefrom in the direction of Lucknow. On the 24th the British force were allowed one day's halt, that they might gain their sorely-needed rest. On 25th September they resumed their march, leaving their baggage, their wounded, and their sick at the Alum Bagh under an escort of 400 men, advanced towards the canal, driving the enemy from a succession of gardens and walled enclosures, and crossed by the Char Bagh bridge, after the rebels had made an unwontedly firm stand in their endeavour to bar this entrance to the town. From thence to the Residency the distance in a straight line was about two miles, and the intervening space was difficult and much intersected. The troops were therefore deployed along the left bank of the canal, and then pushed forward until opposite the Kaiser Bagh, where they suffered severely from the fire of the enemy, posted in its vicinity. Darkness was now coming on, and it was proposed to bivouac for the night under the shelter of the palace buildings; but Havelock, unwilling to prolong the sufferings of the garrison even for a few hours, urged an immediate resumption of the contest. A desperate street-fight took place throughout a considerable portion of the city, in which the 78th Highlanders and the Sikhs bore the most prominent parts, and in course of which Neill was shot dead. That night Havelock and Outram, at the head of their

troops, pushed forward to the Residency through a storm of fire poured on them through the loop-holed houses, and marching into the enclosure, joined Inglis and his beleaguered garrison—thus accomplishing what is generally known as the first relief of Lucknow.

The sufferings of Inglis's troops had indeed been severe. We have seen, page 48, that after the disaster of Chinhut on 30th June, the whole garrison of Lucknow had been compelled to retire within the Residency, and that the place was regularly invested on 1st July. Though this step was at the end forced upon them somewhat suddenly, they had for some time foreseen the contingency, and in anticipation of it had fortified their stronghold, armed and organised into well-disciplined bodies all capable of taking part in its defence, and above all, had accumulated vast quantities of ammunition, food, and stores. The strength of the garrison on 1st July was, according to Mr Gubbins, 927 Europeans and 765 natives. The force of the revolted regiments stationed in the province he reckons at 7000 men —exclusive, of course, of the mass of Irregular insurgents swarming around. On 4th July, Sir Henry Lawrence died from the effects of a wound received on the 2d, and the command devolved on Colonel Inglis of the 32d Queen's Regiment. For the detailed accounts of the siege, which lasted

for twelve weeks, and which formed one of the brightest episodes of the many bright episodes of the Mutiny war, the reader is referred to the numerous publications written on the subject. The besieged were unanimous in putting into practice the principle which their first gallant leader, when dying, requested might be inscribed on his tombstone—they "tried to do their duty." Officers did the duty of private soldiers, civilians that of military men. The rebels unceasingly subjected them to bombardment and musketry-fire, and assaulted their defences; but the inmates, though suffering fearfully from cholera, dysentery, fever, and smallpox — overworked, and, as the siege progressed, straitened for the comforts of life, which in India become necessaries—gallantly held out in reduced numbers against overwhelming masses. Every one who could handle a musket or load a cannon did so, while others helped to repair the fortifications and to construct stockades and earthworks; and when the rebels sought to compass their destruction by mining, they were baffled by countermining. The sufferings of all, but especially those of the women and children, gradually increased to a fearful extent. From time to time efforts were made, both on the part of Havelock and Inglis, to communicate with each other. In a few instances the messages reached their destination, and en-

couraged the receivers of them to fresh exertions. At last the hope which deferred had rendered the heart of the garrison so sick, was fulfilled, and on 25th September the relieving force made good their entry. But even then the "relief" was one rather in name than in substance. Outram, who on 26th September resumed the command he had so chivalrously laid down, ascertained that the rebels, instead of escaping from the city, were again hemming it in. Since the English had crossed the Ganges on 19th September, they had lost 535 in killed and wounded, or rather over one-fifth of their entire strength; and Havelock's and Inglis's forces combined, were too feeble to render it practicable for them to transport so many women and children, sick and wounded, to Cawnpore, according to Outram's original design. He therefore caused an enlarged area of the town to be fortified, bringing many important outlying buildings within the radius of defence; and the siege was once more continued, until another relieving army could come from Cawnpore to set them free. The enemy renewed his former system of firing day and night into our position, and Outram retaliated by making frequent sorties. Throughout October this state of affairs continued. On 10th November, as we see in Sir Hope Grant's Diary, Sir Colin Campbell arrived at the Alum Bagh, where was assembled

a miscellaneous force of 4000 men. Since he had landed at Calcutta, he had not ceased making every effort to collect an army at Cawnpore, sending thither the liberated Delhi field-force, and reinforcements from England as fast as they arrived. He himself joined at the rendezvous on 28th October.

Meanwhile the position of the small detachment left at the Alum Bagh was equally trying and unexpected. When Havelock left 300 soldiers there with the sick and wounded, the baggage and the transport, he never anticipated that he would be cut off from them. But after he entered the Residency, he was so hemmed in that all communication with this outpost was found to be impossible. Several attempts made with this object failed. The place, however, being well fortified and supplied with provisions, made good its defence, until it was relieved by some detachments forwarded by Brigadier Wilson[1] from Cawnpore; and the defenders afterwards took part in the subsequent operations under Sir Colin Campbell for the second relief. The main element of the force which relieved Lucknow was the column for the first few days under Greathed, but afterwards placed under the command of Sir Hope Grant. Originally it was one of those despatched from Delhi about 24th Septem-

[1] Brigadier Wilson was killed at Cawnpore, 28th Nov. 1857.

ber in pursuit of the rebels. Greathed crossed the Jumna and advanced to Boolundshuhur, where on the 28th he defeated a body of fugitive mutineers. He next proceeded *via* Allygurh and Hathras to Agra, where he arrived on the morning of the 10th October. That same day the enemy succeeded in surprising his camp; and though they were repelled with great loss, the circumstance gave rise to a good deal of criticism and animadversion, into which it is not here necessary to enter. On 19th October, Sir Hope Grant, having been specially summoned from Delhi for the purpose, superseded Greathed in the command of the column.

During the summer months numerous minor operations were carried out throughout Bengal, the most noteworthy of which, perhaps, were those connected with the outbreak at Dinapoor, a large military station on the Ganges, about ten miles distant from the important city of Patna. Throughout July the insolence of the three sepoy regiments stationed there, numbering 2500 men, and the terror of the Europeans, grew greater, until at last it attracted the attention even of General Lloyd, the officer in command, an old Company officer, who, like many of his comrades, was proud of his sepoys, and persisted in trusting them to the last. On 25th July he directed that the copper-caps in the men's possession should

be returned into store; and though the order was carried into effect, the disaffected soldiers had nine hours' grace allowed them to pack up their effects and to make a rapid exit with their arms, feebly pursued by a small force of the 10th Queen's Regiment and some English gunners. The rebels took the direction of Arrah, a small non-military town twenty-four miles west of Dinapoor, where, on the morning of 27th July, nearly all their number arrived. They first released all the prisoners (about 400) in the jail, then looted the treasury of 80,000 rupees (£8000), and finally proceeded to attack the building where the Europeans had taken refuge. This was a detached two-storied house, which a resident civil engineer, Mr Boyle, had strengthened and put in a condition of defence weeks before, when the aspect of affairs began to look gloomy. The tiny fortress was now garrisoned by 66 men, consisting of 15 European civilians, 50 Sikhs of Captain Rattray's police battalion, and a faithful Mahomedan deputy-collector, Synd Azimoodeen —the whole under the command of the collector, Mr Herwald Wake. They had collected a motley supply of arms, a limited quantity of provisions, and an inexhaustible amount of ammunition. Though there was not a military man among them, for seven whole days and nights they gallantly held out, until relieved by their countrymen,

against the Dinapoor mutineers, now strengthened by an addit ional body of insurgents under Baboo Koer Sing h—in all, amounting to about 3000 men and 2 small field-pieces. Meanwhile Gene- ral Lloyd had remained quiescent from 25th to 27th July. On 29th, a mixed force of 415 men, Europeans and Sikhs, was despatched in a small steamer to relieve Arrah. As they were advanc- ing towards the post at eleven o'clock at night, they suddenly fell into an ambuscade. Mown down in the darkness by the fire of the rebels, they were first of all scattered in various directions, then they managed to reassemble, and at daybreak com- menced their retreat. Pursued by the mutineers, and running short of ammunition, they at last broke up into a disorderly rabble, and ere they reached the steamer they had lost 290 men—the saddest misha p of our operations during the Mu- tiny. The ne ws of the investment at Arrah had reached Majo r Vincent Eyre,[1] of the artillery, as he was at Gl azeepoor, *en route* for Allahabad. Without waiti ng to hear whether an expedition had been des patched from Dinapoor, he at once steamed back to Buxar; and having there col- lected a force c onsisting of 154 English bayonets, 12 mounted vo lunteers, and 3 field-pieces with their proper con mplement of gunners, he started off to relieve the b esieged, fifty miles distant as the

[1] Now Major-Ge neral Sir Vincent Eyre, C.B., K.C.S.I.

crow flies. He reached his destination on the 3d August, and was at once attacked by large bodies of the enemy; but he instantly charged and dispersed them, and the same day relieved the gallant little garrison in Boyle's fortification.

The effects of the Dinapoor mutiny were deep and widespreading. It may be said that it threw into agitation about 25,000,000 Europeans and natives, along and south of the whole line of the Ganges and the great trunk-road from Calcutta to Allahabad.

Of the events in the Punjaub it is unnecessary to say more. Sir John Lawrence, by his energetic measures, had not only there maintained quiet, but had been able to send a large amount of reinforcements to the more troubled districts.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

SIR HOPE GRANT'S ANXIETY TO REJOIN THE ACTIVE FIELD-FORCE—ORDERED TO TAKE COMMAND OF THE MOVABLE COLUMN AT AGRA—THE FIGHT AT BOOLUNDSHUHUR—THE SURPRISE AT AGRA—STARTS TO OVERTAKE COLUMN—ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD—ASSUMES COMMAND—RECEIVES LETTER IN GREEK CHARACTERS FROM OUTRAM IN LUCKNOW—ENGAGEMENT AT KALLEE NUDDEE—REACHES CAWNPORE—VISITS THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE, AND THE INTRENCHMENT—ADVANCES TO ALUM BAGH.

Journal continued.—Every part in the neighbourhood of Delhi was now comparatively quiet, and the large force of rebels against whom we had been fighting were on their way, it was believed, to Lucknow, which now seemed to have become the headquarters of the Mutiny.

A movable column of 1500 infantry, 900 cavalry, of which my good old regiment formed a part, and 18 guns, under command of Colonel Greathed of the 8th Regiment (Queen's), was sent out in a direction south of Delhi.

Another force, which included all the remaining available cavalry, was despatched under Brigadier Showers.

Sir Hope Grant in his Journal here dwells keenly on the regret which he felt at being separated from his own regiment, with nothing but an empty camp to look after, and narrates the measures which he took to convey to the superior authorities his extreme anxiety to be once more employed with the fighting force. He therefore stated his case to General Chamberlain, whom he describes as "a right fine honest Englishman;" and also applied to General Wilson, who wrote, as Sir Hope expresses it, "with a straightforward and gentlemanlike feeling which proved the general worthy of the command which he had so successfully carried through." But General Wilson had gone to Mussoorie, in the hills, on sick certificate, "quite broken down with hard work and anxiety of mind," and could not forward his wishes. General Penny[1] from Meerut had taken up the command of the district, but was not invested with the necessary authority to assist Sir Hope Grant. At last, in the middle of October, he received the following letter from Mr Muir, secretary to the Government, North-Western Provinces, which explains itself:—

[1] Major-General Penny was killed at Kurkerowlie fort, April 1858.

"AGRA, 10*th October* 1857.

"MY DEAR GRANT,—This was written before our fight, for we have had a fight since 11 A.M. The enemy came on our camp with artillery from three sides. Greathed's force had hardly got the camp into order. The surprise, however, was only momentary, and the sound and smoke of the artillery discharges show that we have followed them up three or four miles. We have yet, however, no intelligent report of what has been done—only reports of guns being taken. With four troops of horse-artillery, three 18-pounders, and above 3000 infantry and cavalry, it ought to be a most decisive action. The 3d Europeans did not go out till the fight had been going on half an hour. They had a couple of miles to walk. It was a most complete surprise in one sense to us, but a greater one to them. They could have had no idea that we had so large a force. It entirely justifies the urgent messages we have been sending for Greathed, but his fellows must have been wretchedly tired. They had marched some forty-two miles within thirty or forty hours. You are to come on as sharp as you can. . . . You are to come on at once in the mail-cart if possible. Hoping to see you soon, am, yours sincerely,

W. MUIR."

Journal continued.—How the secretary to the political agent could expect me to come to Agra

on his order, to take command of a movable column, puzzled me not a little. However, a drowning man clings to a straw. I showed the letter to Chamberlain, and then, by his advice, took it to General Penny. Upon the strength of it he directed me to proceed to Agra, and gave me a written order there to assume the command of the movable column.

At this time I had no aid-de-camp, for Augustus Anson, my former A.D.C., who was a regular fire-eater, had been allowed to march with the 9th Lancers. So Hamilton, my brigade-major, and myself, started off alone that evening for Meerut in a shiggram, a small four-wheeled van, drawn by one horse. The distance was only thirty miles, and horses were to be obtained at the different stages along the road. We accomplished our journey in a short space of time.

At Meerut we were most hospitably received by the artillery. The officers were a fine honest set of fellows, and I have never before in the army seen a finer body of men. On arriving there I at once went to the post-office, and inquired if the mail-cart had commenced running. They told me that the country was still so unsafe that horses had not been laid along the road, but that they hoped to be able to give me a conveyance in a couple of days.

I heard here that the movable column, which

had been sent out from Delhi under Colonel Greathed, had had a severe fight at Boolundshúhur, where their success was due to the magnificent conduct of the cavalry, especially of the 9th Lancers, who advanced and charged into the town, cleared the streets, and captured a number of guns. I was grieved to learn, however, that four of my best officers had been wounded. Captain Drysdale, who commanded the regiment, had his horse shot under him, and had broken his collar-bone in the fall. Lieutenant Sarel[1] was on the point of running a sepoy through with his sword, when the man fired his musket at him without bringing it up to his shoulder, and shot off the forefinger of his right hand, the bullet afterwards passing through his left arm. Lieutenant Blair, who had behaved so gallantly at Delhi, had been sent some little distance in advance with ten men of the 9th Lancers to bring in an abandoned ammunition-waggon. They rode up to it, supposing none of the enemy to be at hand, when fifty or sixty Sowars suddenly galloped out upon them from behind some adjacent houses and surrounded the little party. Blair saw that his only chance was to dash at them and cut his way through. He gave the order to his men, and bravely they obeyed him,

[1] Now Colonel Sarel, C.B., h.p., private secretary to Mr Cardwell.

killing nine rebels. The only one of our detachment who was injured was Blair himself, who, when in the act of running a man through the body, received a severe sword-cut from his antagonist on the top of the shoulder, severing the joint. I saw the poor boy in the Meerut hospital on my way down, to which place he had been sent, full of spirits and on a fair way to recovery. I obtained the Victoria Cross for him, which made him quite happy; but he died some time afterwards from consumption, brought on, in all probability, by his wound. Lieutenant Thonger[1] was also wounded in the arm by a musket-ball.

After staying at Meerut two days, I was informed that the road to Agra was open, and Hamilton and I started off in the mail-cart on our journey, which was 130 miles long. Our conveyance was a rough, queer-looking, two-wheeled vehicle, drawn by one horse, and having one seat beside the coachman and another behind. There were scarcely any springs to it, and the shafts were thick and straight. It took us along, however, at a fast gallop, accomplishing the first twelve miles in four minutes under the hour, including the time occupied in changing horses at the end of the sixth mile.

These changes were very troublesome, as we were obliged to descend each time, owing to the

[1] Now Captain Thonger, retired.

difficulty of getting the horse into the shafts. Moreover, we had to hold on like grim death to our unpleasant conveyance, which had no cover to it. Galloping all day under a hot sun, and all night, for a distance of 130 miles, without stopping to rest, was indeed no joke; but good constitutions and excitement carried us through it all, and we performed our journey in sixteen hours in safety, though we had been travelling through part of the most disturbed district in the country.

On arriving at Agra we were conducted to the fort, where all the Europeans had taken refuge, never venturing outside until this last fight. Proper precautions had not apparently been taken by our force when it marched in, by at once posting pickets and sending out cavalry patrols to examine the country in the vicinity of the camp. The consequence was, that before the camp was pitched the enemy opened fire with their guns upon us from three different directions. A little while previously, four men, disguised as musicians and beating tomtoms, approached the advanced-guard of the 9th Lancers. Sergeant Crews, the non-commissioned officer in charge, went up to them and ordered them away, when one of the villains drew a concealed tulwar, and with it struck poor Crews a blow which killed him. Sergeant Hartigan, who was not on duty, but who happened to be standing by, immediately rushed

up, and, though he received a severe sword-cut on the head, wrenched the weapon out of the scoundrel's hand, killed him with it, and wounded another. The other two were soon despatched by the guard, which had turned out.

Two round-shot struck the tent of our good quartermaster, House. The troops fell in as they best could, many of them in their shirt-sleeves. The 9th Lancers were soon in the saddle, with gallant Drysdale at their head. Poor French was shot through the body at the head of his squadron, and died before he could be carried into the town. Jones[1] was struck down from his horse by a shot, and when on the ground was fearfully hacked about by some rebel Sowars with their tulwars; he had twenty-two wounds about him. The squadron to which these two officers belonged met a large force of the enemy's cavalry, charged, drove them away, and retook one of our guns which had been captured by the rebels. Our troops now concentrated their strength; the three arms went at the mutineers with a will; they could not resist our attack, and gave way, pursued by our cavalry and artillery as far as the "Kallee Nuddee" (Black Stream), about seven miles distant. They lost twelve guns, their standing-camp, and 500 or 600 men killed.

[1] Now Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, V.C., retired.

This success rendered Agra secure, and cleared the country about it of the rebels. Lieutenant Jones and Sergeant Hartigan were in the Moti Musjid (Pearl Temple), which had been turned into a hospital, where I visited them, and found them well taken care of. Jones was a fearful object; his head and face were swollen up, one of his eyes was cut out, and a piece of his skull severed from his head, besides numerous wounds all over his body. Nevertheless he bore up well, and ultimately entirely recovered—with the exception, of course, of his eyesight. Hartigan was also badly wounded, and had his skull fractured. Both obtained the Victoria Cross through my recommendation.

While we were at Agra we stopped with Muir,[1] the secretary to the Government, whom I asked to help us to overtake the force, which had marched several days before our arrival for Cawnpore. He promised to send us on with a shiggram and a good horse, and to despatch a Chuprassie, or Government servant, before us, who would procure either horses or bearers, to enable us to reach our destination. On the afternoon of the same day on which we arrived, a four-wheeled conveyance with a cover to it, drawn by a very tolerable horse, was brought to the door. Therein

[1] Now Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., Lieutenant-Governor N.W. Provinces.

we placed our traps, our swords and pistols—for it was necessary to be well armed, as we had to pass through a country filled with rebels—and set off on our journey. We travelled the first stage, a distance of ten miles, at a merry pace; but at this point we found everything deserted, no fresh horse, no attendants, not even the Chuprassie whom Muir had promised to send to look after us. After waiting some little time, like patience sitting on a monument, we determined to make the same horse do duty for another stage, at the end of which we arrived late at night; but here we were even worse off than before—every house was empty, and everything was in disorder. Our case appeared hopeless, and Hamilton strongly advised me to return. However, I was not to be beaten in this way. I wrote a note to Muir telling him of our unpleasant predicament, and sent it off to Agra by a native, whom with difficulty we managed to catch and to engage with the aid of a handsome bribe. Then with apparent stoical indifference we laid ourselves down in the shiggram, intending to sleep out the interval which must elapse before we could receive an answer; but we had scarcely made ourselves comfortable when the long-looked-for Chuprassie galloped up, saying he had met our coolie with the note and had stopped him. He begged us not to send it any further on, as it would be the ruin of him—a request we readily complied with.

He then dismounted, transferred the harness to his own horse, which he put to the carriage, and drove us to a place five miles on, where he expected to be able to get bearers. In this he failed. Once more we started off with the same horse, and after driving four miles arrived at a large town, where we hoped to be more successful. The Chuprassie set out on his search, but in a quarter of an hour returned, saying it was utterly impossible to procure bearers, and that the Daroga or head man would not take the trouble to rise off his bed to help him. "Where is the fellow?" said I; "take me to him:" and with the driver's large whip in my hand I followed him to a serai, or courtyard, where he pointed out to me the Daroga lying asleep on a charpoy. It seemed hard to disturb him from his peaceful slumber; nevertheless I began to belabour him with all my might with the whip, which soon dispelled his pleasant dreams. He jumped up, and with a look of inexpressible terror turned round and bolted like a greased flash of lightning, as the Americans say. It was useless to follow him in the dark, and we were in as great a fix as ever. We went poking about the yard in a despairing sort of way, when to our delight we discovered a good-looking horse tied to a manger, and doubtless belonging to the absconded Daroga. We instantly harnessed him to our carriage; but before getting in ourselves, we decided to try whe-

ther he would work in draught, as somehow he did not seem quite at home in the shafts. The bridle, which was very old, unfortunately did not fit, and we had scarcely set him in motion when the whole affair tumbled from his head, and the noble animal, finding himself free from restraint, started off with the shiggram, our swords, pistols, traps, and in fact all our property except ourselves, and the darkness of the night prevented our seeing the way he had gone. We started after him in our hopeless search, up one street, down another, but in vain. Then we followed a very narrow road, flanked by a deep muddy ditch, into which we expected to find the quadruped and all our property precipitated; but fortunately we were spared this mishap. Onwards we stumbled in the pitchy darkness, until at last, to our unspeakable joy, we came across the carriage in a lane with one of its wheels locked in a tree, and the horse standing patiently in the shafts, having apparently had enough of his lark. We found the cover of the carriage injured and the shafts broken; otherwise no damage had been done. We unlocked the wheel, and managed to trundle the vehicle back to the serai. Our momentary satisfaction was, however, fast evaporating, when the Chuprassie, in breathless haste, came running up to us and informed us that he had succeeded in procuring coolies. Then we lashed together the broken pieces of our carriage, and in

great delight started afresh on our journey. The coolies took us on safely and steadily, though not quite at race-horse speed. We found no difficulty in obtaining fresh bearers, and eventually we caught up the column encamped at the roadside. I went straight to Colonel Greathed's tent, and showed him General Penny's order directing me to take command of the column, which he treated as a good soldier ought, and everything went on smoothly.

The column proceeded on its march as quickly as possible, and arrived at Mynpoorie, where we expected to have met with resistance, but the Rajah and his followers had bolted. We there discovered 4 small guns and a gun-foundry. Our next point was Buddhee, near Futegurh, on the Ganges, and twenty-five miles out of our direct road to Cawnpore. Futegurh had been seized by the Nawab; but as I had received instructions to make the best of my way to Lucknow, I did not consider myself at liberty to devote any time to its capture. One morning, when I was having breakfast by the roadside, a coolie put into my hand a quill, which he had ingeniously fitted into a hole made in his cudgel, the aperture being so carefully closed up with a piece of wood that it was scarcely perceptible. Inside the quill was a small roll of paper, on which was written a despatch traced in Greek characters, so that, had

it fallen into the hands of the mutineers, they would have been unable to have discovered its meaning. I had almost forgotten my Greek, and I employed several young gentlemen lately from school to decipher the missive. It proved to be from Sir James Outram, written from the Residency at Lucknow, and requesting that aid might be afforded to his force as speedily as possible, as they were running short of provisions,[1] and would not be able to hold out much longer. This made it the more necessary for me to hurry on. We therefore passed Futegurh, reached Gussengunj, twenty-nine miles distant, in one day, and the next day pushed on twenty-five miles further. At length we arrived at Kanoge, where we ascertained that a small party of the enemy, with 4 guns, had left the town shortly before we reached it. I immediately sent Major Ouvry, with 200 cavalry and 2 guns, in pursuit. In a short time I heard sharp firing, and thinking they might be hard pressed, I proceeded with another squadron and 4 more guns as quickly as possible to the scene of action, threading my way through tortuous lanes outside the town, which would have been nasty places wherein

[1] Owing to the difficulties of taking stock, the garrison were apparently mistaken in their idea of the scarcity of their provisions. It is stated that when Sir Colin Campbell withdrew from the Residency he carried away a remnant of 160,000 lb. of corn. The gun-bullocks also furnished a good supply of meat rations. —See Marshman's Life of Havelock, p. 429.—H. K.

to have encountered a determined enemy. After a sharp trot of two miles, we reached the Kallee Nuddee, a stream which flowed across the road, and where we found a small party of our men in charge of the 4 guns belonging to the enemy, some of which had stuck in the river. Our cavalry had followed in pursuit over a magnificent country lying between the Kallee Nuddee and the Ganges. The poor-spirited rebels having abandoned their guns, broke up and fled, followed right up to the river by our men, who killed numbers of them. A few horsemen plunged into the Ganges; and one of them, pursued by a man of the 9th Lancers, dismounted and took to the water. The lancer called out to him to stop; and for some unaccountable reason—I suppose because he considered himself in the hands of fate—he came out of the river and calmly walked up to the English soldier, who presented a pistol at the sepoy's breast and fired. The bullet must have dropped out during the pursuit, for the man remained unscathed. No sooner did he perceive this than he once more plunged into the river, dived down, rose some distance from the shore, and amidst showers of bullets fired by the great portion of the cavalry, which had by this time come up to the bank, succeeded in crossing and in effecting his escape. Major Ouvry[1] told me that at least 1000 shots were fired at the man.

[1] Now Colonel Ouvry, C.B.; retired.

On 26th October we arrived at Cawnpore, and I immediately went to report myself to General Wilson, the officer in command. I intended to proceed as soon as possible to relieve the force in the Residency at Lucknow, and Wilson promised to give me every available man at Cawnpore. Accordingly, 390 men of the 93d Highlanders, under Colonel the Honourable Adrian Hope,[1] brother of Lord Hopetoun, part of the 53d (Queen's), a portion of the 5th Madras Fusiliers, and 50 or 60 artillerymen, were attached to my brigade at the Alum Bagh, a private native residence about four miles from Lucknow, and surrounded by a high wall, in which a portion of Sir James Outram's force had been left when Havelock entered the town. I was also to be reinforced by about 1200 Europeans, which would make up my brigade to nearly 5000 men.

Cawnpore was in a more deplorable state than any town I had yet seen—almost every house was a heap of ruins, knocked to pieces, or burnt to the ground. I visited the house in which the poor women and children had been murdered; it was a fearful sight. There was the tree on which, as I was told, children were found hanging when our troops marched in. There was the well, now covered with a sprinkling of earth, into which the dead bodies of our countrymen had been indis-

[1] Killed in the attack on the Roowah Fort, 14th April 1858.

criminately cast. Ladies' and children's shoes, pieces of dress, letters, portions of music, and leaves of the Bible, were strewed about—piteous tokens, enough to make one's blood "grue." I afterwards visited the artillery-hospital on the plain, where General Wheeler had made his gallant defence for twenty-two days. A small parapet with a ditch had been thrown up, partially surrounding the building. It was wonderful that, with the heavy artillery-fire which was kept playing on them for so many days, any of the ill-fated defenders remained alive to capitulate. I was told that Miss Wheeler, the general's daughter, was in the act of fanning her poor wounded brother when a round-shot pierced the wall and took off his head. On the walls, inscriptions were traced stating the deaths of many of the poor inmates, and the terrible nature of the wounds they had received.

The rebels displayed a strange want of confidence in themselves and in each other. As we marched into Cawnpore—a small force of under 3000 men—vast masses of the enemy surrounded us in every direction. The Gwalior contingent, amounting to about 5000 men, had left Gwalior, and had taken up a position on the banks of the Jumna, a few miles distant. They had with them a siege-train and beautifully appointed field-guns, in all amounting to thirty-six pieces.

They had, however, broken down the bridge of Kalpee, and we therefore had nothing to fear from them. Then there was the Nawab of Futegurh in our rear, with another 5000 men, and several of our own guns with them. There was also a large force at Lucknow, as well as numerous other small detachments scattered all over the country. But we were mercifully preserved by the Almighty Ruler of all.

On the 30th October I crossed the Ganges at Cawnpore, and pushed on until we arrived at Bunnee, where the bridge was destroyed. We found, however, a good ford close at hand; and as the stream was very low, we easily passed it. I had ordered the column to march for the Alum Bagh at four o'clock the next morning; but during the night a telegram arrived by express from Sir Colin Campbell, dated Cawnpore, where he had arrived from Calcutta, directing me to halt on the best position I could find, and there to wait till he joined me. The ground we then occupied being ill adapted for encamping, I determined to advance four miles further on, where there was a fine plain. The hour for marching was consequently changed to 7 A. M., a providential alteration, as in the middle of the night a force of the enemy, well-armed Zemindaree men—who could not be considered rebels, as the kingdom of Oude had only lately been annexed, and

they supposed they were only fighting in defence of their country—entered a village called Buntheera, two miles ahead of us, and in the darkness of the night might have caused us great trouble, especially as we had a convoy extending over a length of two miles. Our guns made it too hot for them to remain in the village; we easily drove them out of it, and following them up, captured the only gun they possessed, one of our own 9-pounders, with its waggon. After this little fight we encamped on the plain, where for several days we awaited the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

ARRIVAL OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL—COLONEL ADRIAN HOPE'S COLUMN ATTACKED BY BEES—RELIEF OF THE ALUM BAGH—CAPTURE OF THE DILKOOSHA—MONSIEUR MARTIN—CAPTURE OF THE MARTINIERE—ATTACK ON THE CITY—STORMING OF THE SECUNDRA BAGH—SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AT THE CAPTURE OF THE SHAH-NUJEEF—CAPTURE OF THE MESS-HOUSE AND MOTI-MAHAL—MEETING OF THE FOUR GENERALS—REMOVAL OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO CAWNPORE.

Journal continued.—Sir Colin Campbell at last arrived on 9th November, and I went out to meet him: We were old friends, having sailed together on board the Belle Isle to China in 1841, when he was only Colonel of the 98th Regiment. Since then a wonderful change in his fortunes had taken place, he having been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, as the fittest man to direct the operations in quelling the mutiny. Some years before, when he was in command at Peshawur, letters had occasionally passed between us, in

one of which he wrote, "I have now one foot in the grave, and I am just remaining to scrape together enough of money to close the remainder of my days at home." On this occasion, after we had exchanged a cordial welcome, I said to him, "You little expected when I last heard from you that you would be appointed Commander-in-Chief in India." He answered, "I should as soon have thought to be made Archbishop of Canterbury." He was accompanied by his Chief of the Staff, General Mansfield,[1] a clever, good-looking, gentlemanlike man; two sons of Sir Archibald Alison—one of whom, Major A. Alison,[2] was Sir Colin's military secretary, and the other, Captain Frederick Alison,[3] his aid-de-camp; Captain Forster,[4] a son of Major-General Forster, Military Secretary at the Horse Guards; and Sir David Baird,[5] likewise aid-de-camp; together with many others. Sir David was the son of my kind old friend, to whom, in a worldly point of view, I owe my present prosperity. A first-rate rider across country, he had been killed by the kick of a horse out hunting.

[1] Now General Lord Sandhurst, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., commanding the Forces in Ireland.

[2] Now Colonel Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., C.B., Assistant Adjutant-General at Aldershot.

[3] Lieutenant-Colonel F. Alison retired, died 1872.

[4] Captain Forster died in India, 1858.

[5] Now Captain Sir David Baird, Bart., retired.

Sir Colin now assumed command, and directed me to forward to the Alum Bagh the supply of provisions I had brought with me, and then to send back to Cawnpore all the elephants, camels, and wheeled transport. Accordingly, I ordered the convoy forward with an advanced-guard, the force consisting of a troop of horse-artillery, 200 cavalry, 1000 infantry, and some sappers, the whole under command of Adrian Hope. They started early in the morning; and though, as will be afterwards seen, they were attacked by an enemy, they ultimately succeeded in conveying the large supply of stores to their destination in safety. On the way, an incident of a singular, and it might have proved of a serious, nature befell them. In a tope[1] of trees, through which our force passed, Lieutenant Evans of the 9th Lancers perceived a nest of bees hanging from a branch: in thoughtless mischief he ran the point of his lance—with which weapon most of our 9th Lancer officers in those days provided themselves—into the brown-paper-looking bag. The infuriated miscreants rushed out of their dwellings in myriads, and attacked their aggressor and the whole of the advanced-guard with such resolution as to send them to the right-about, bolting as if a whole army of demons were pursuing them; indeed, had such been the case, I believe they

[1] Indian expression for clump.

would have stood their ground with more determination. Colonel Hope, seeing the flight of these brave soldiers, and not knowing the cause of it, formed up his men ready to resist an attack of cavalry, supposing the enemy was coming down in force on him; but when he saw the poor fellows with their faces and hands covered with the little black bees which would not be shaken off, his amusement was unbounded. I am sorry to say, though, that for some days afterwards one poor artillery officer was in danger of his life from the effects of the stings.

On the morning of the 12th November, the main body marched for the Alum Bagh.[1] Sir Colin had previously raised me to the rank of Brigadier-General, and he very kindly told me that he would consider the whole force under my command, he himself merely exercising a general supervision over the operations.

As we approached to within a couple of miles of the Alum Bagh, the enemy, who had taken up an intrenched position about 1400 yards on our right flank, opened on our advanced-guard with round-shot. Sir Colin immediately galloped forward, and went in at them on their left with Hope's force, leaving me to bring up Bourchier's battery and 700 infantry. In course of time I attacked their right flank with some horse-artillery and cavalry, but

[1] See Appendix, p. 351.

an intervening swamp prevented both the Commander-in-Chief and myself from taking them completely in enfilade. After we had fired on them a few sharp, well-directed shots, they limbered up and retired. Thereupon young Gough,[1] a fine fire-eating Irregular cavalry officer belonging to Hodson's Horse, managed to find a way across the marsh, and attacked the retreating enemy, killing about twenty of them, and gallantly capturing two of their guns. The following morning we found the old fort of Jelalabad evacuated; it could not have made any resistance, as in many places the walls had toppled over. Our troops advanced without further molestation to the Alum Bagh.

The poor fellows were very glad to see us. They had intrenched themselves; but the enemy had constructed a battery in a strong position, 1700 yards distant, armed with heavy guns, the fire from which had greatly annoyed them, striking the house wherein the sick and wounded had been placed, and killing several of them. On 14th November, reinforced by as many men as the Alum Bagh could spare, we marched for the Dilkoosha Palace, which was situated on the bank of the Goomtee, two miles below Lucknow. We advanced through fields of grain and over a plain, nearly due east, for about three miles. Every now

[1] Now Lieut.-Colonel Gough, V.C., C.B., Bengal Staff Corps.

and then we had hard work in getting our heavy guns along; but with the help of some sappers we overcame all our difficulties, and reached the park wall of the palace, whence a heavy fire of infantry was opened upon us. The enemy was, however, soon driven away, and a few shots fired into the building quickly cleared it of an advanced party of the rebels who were in possession. Our next move was against the Martinière, where the enemy was in force with guns in position. This building was an asylum for soldiers' children, and had been founded by a Monsieur Martin, a clever French adventurer, who had commenced business at Lucknow by cutting and polishing diamonds, and getting into great favour with the king and nobles of the country, had soon acquired an enormous fortune. He was on especially intimate terms with King Wajid Ali; and one day, when he had the honour of dining with him, he told his majesty, in the course of conversation, that he hoped to sell him a magnificent palace for a crore of rupees (£1,000,000)—alluding to the Martinière, which he intended fitting up in a costly and magnificent manner.[1] The king laughed, and said, "What would be the use of my giving you so large a sum of money for a building to which I must naturally succeed on your death?" The

[1] This story was told me by the Nawab Moosum Ooddowlu, a near relation of the king's.

knowing Frenchman answered, "I hope your majesty will not get possession of it on such easy terms;" and forthwith caused a mausoleum to be constructed underneath the building, containing a handsomely embellished tomb, with four marble sepoys, one at each corner, leaning upon their reversed muskets, and a bust of himself. In course of time the worthy Frenchman died, and was placed in the tomb he had built, thus effectually preventing Wajid Ali from taking possession of the palace; for no Mahomedan would inhabit a dwelling wherein the body of an infidel had been buried.

The Martinière was situated near the river-bank, and was a handsome building, constructed like an Italian villa on a very large scale. The rebels had not expected to be attacked from this side, as General Havelock's force had entered the town and Residency by the main Cawnpore road, when the English loss in officers and men had been very severe. The mutineers had not consequently intrenched the south Martinière side with sufficient care, and it was evident that the building itself could not hold out long. Our heavy guns were brought to bear on it from the plateau opposite the Dilkoosha; and after an hour's pounding, a general advance was ordered. The position was easily carried, and several guns captured. We halted at the Martinière for a

short time, and made a reconnaissance to ascertain whether the canal, which flowed on this side of the town, were passable for artillery. We discovered a practicable ford at a spot where the canal approached the river, there being little water in the former, and the banks being low. It was necessary to throw out strong pickets, and to post two heavy guns close to the road leading to Banks' house; for in this neighbourhood the enemy had lined the canal-banks with riflemen. These two guns belonged to her Majesty's ship Shannon, and were manned by some of the crew. They were under the command of Captain William Peel, R.N.,[1] son of the former Prime Minister, and one of the finest, most gallant fellows in the navy. In the first instance, I posted 200 infantry and some cavalry in support; but I afterwards withdrew the latter, finding that men on horseback would be too exposed. The following day we occupied the same position to enable a fresh supply of ammunition (Enfield) to be brought up.

At 8 A.M. on the morning of the 16th November, the troops were got under arms, and we marched towards the ford, which we had before reconnoitred, and which to our surprise we found undefended. We crossed without much diffi-

[1] Captain Sir William Peel, K.C.B., died at Cawnpore, 27th March 1865, from the combined effects of a wound received at the reconquest of Lucknow and an attack of small-pox.

culty; and then following the winding of the river, we reached a low suburb composed of mud huts, through which we were obliged to pass. Here again, strange to say, we encountered no opposition, every dwelling having been deserted—a fortunate circumstance for us, as, if these houses had been tolerably defended, our loss would have been severe. On reaching the end of the village, we perceived through a gap the Secundra Bagh, about 150 yards in front of us—and, to judge from the heavy fire which proceeded from it, garrisoned with a strong force. It was surrounded by a high wall with two gates, the rear one of which had been built up. We could not make out any guns in that part of the wall which faced us, and every sepoy kept well under cover; but the instant any of our force showed themselves, a heavy fire was poured on us from behind the shelter.

Sir Colin Campbell, seeing how dangerously we were situated, hemmed up in the narrow street, rode to the front, utterly fearless of danger, and called for an officer to take a company of infantry and to line the banks of a narrow road which ran past the building. He had scarcely spoken when young Lord St Maur,[1] son of the Duke of Somerset, a volunteer on Sir Colin's staff, offered his services, and waving his

[1] Since dead.

sword over his head, rode to the front. Sir Colin could not stand this, and went after him to stop him. It was fortunate, indeed, that neither of them were touched, for the bullets from the Secundra Bagh flew thickly about them. The infantry was soon stationed in the required position by the company officer, and a 9-pounder was placed in an opening in the bank, and opened fire on the rebels in the garden behind the walls with terrible effect. Sir Colin then immediately pushed on with some heavy guns to the end of the street, whence the whole of the Secundra Bagh was visible, and opened fire on it with two 18-pounders. At the same time he directed Captain Blunt's [1] troop of horse-artillery to come into action on our left front, in order to keep down a heavy fire of musketry which was opened on us from the barracks and some adjacent buildings. This troop behaved very gallantly, and hard work they had to maintain their position. Men and horses were knocked over right and left. I was riding beside Sir Colin, close to one of the guns, when a musket-shot killed a gunner, passing completely through him and striking the Commander-in-Chief with great force in the thigh. We thought at first he was wounded, but he escaped with a severe bruise.

We now returned to where the two 18-pounders

[1] Now Major-General Blunt, C.B., retired.

were concentrating their fire upon a point in the wall where it was intended to effect a breach. In half an hour's time an opening was formed sufficiently wide to admit the passage of two men abreast. The 93d Highlanders and the 4th Sikh Regiment were lying down behind an embankment, ready to rush up to the building at the word of command; but before the order was given, a native Sikh officer started forward, sword in hand, followed by his men. The 93d, determined not to be outdone, ran towards the breach, and a race ensued which of the two parties should reach the goal first and join in the fearful slaughter about to take place. The Sikhs had a few yards' start; but a sergeant of the 93d—Sergeant-Major Murray, a fine active fellow—outstripped them, jumped through the opening like a harlequin, but had scarcely landed on the other side when he received a shot in the breast, and fell dead. An officer of the 93d, Captain Burroughs,[1] succeeded in getting up with the Sikhs and some of his own men as they crossed the breach, and then the deadly strife commenced. A number of the soldiers also rushed up to the gateway, a little to the left, at the other angle of the wall, and without much trouble burst it open. Here the ground was obstinately contested, and the dead and dying lay in heaps at the entrance.

[1] Now Colonel Burroughs, C.B., commanding 93d Highlanders.

I sent my aid-de-camp, Augustus Anson, into the garden to ascertain how the attack was succeeding, when he perceived a poor old native woman lying still alive amongst a crowd of dead bodies. In *very* moderate Hindostanee he told her to get up and make her escape as quickly as possible through the gate. She followed his directions; but shortly afterwards he saw a Highlander, rifle in hand, as if stalking a deer, stealthily creep behind a hedge, take a deliberate aim at something in a tree, and fire. Down fell a large black object; and when the Highlander rushed up, he found to his mortification that he had killed an old woman, the same poor creature whom Anson had befriended, and who in her bewilderment had scrambled into the tree as the surest place of refuge. The Highlander had of course mistaken her for a sepoy, and so thus ended the poor old woman's sorrows in this world.

Death held his fearful sway in the beautiful garden. The despairing rebels fought with desperation; but after the gate had been forced in, our troops poured in in such numbers that the mutineers had no chance, and heaps of slain cumbered the ground in terrible confusion. Upwards of 2000 bodies were afterwards counted in this fearful charnel-house. Roses and other flowers were scattered amongst the dying rebels, as if in derision. We, too, suffered severely. Captain

Blunt's troop lost nearly one-third of its men and horses. He himself had shot under him a singularly beautiful grey Arab, which he had bought from me before the Mutiny, when I was expecting to be sent home with my regiment.

The same evening a curious accident befell my nephew, Frank Grant, of the 9th Lancers. He had gone into the Secundra Bagh, and had left his horse, with an orderly, standing near a small building which was adjacent to the wall, and which had been set on fire. A quantity of powder had been concealed therein by the rebels, and when the flames reached it, it exploded with great violence, scorching the horse very severely. The poor animal broke away at a gallop, and never stopped until he reached the place where the veterinary surgeon of the 9th Lancers kept his wounded horses, as if he felt that here alone he had a chance for his life. He died a day or two afterwards.[1]

[1] This incident is thus related in detail by Lieut.-Colonel Grant: "I had been sent to the front once or twice with orders by Greathed, and I remarked that though the Secundra Bagh was in our hands, I was always fired at from the walls when I passed it. I at last went to the Secundra Bagh, gave my horse to a Sikh soldier to hold, and went inside. The post was held by a detachment of Sikhs under Paul. We searched about and found that there were a number of sepoys on the top of the wall. Paul got some ladders, and some of his men were preparing to attack them, when they came down and gave themselves up. They were all shot or sabred. As I was leaving the building I heard a loud explosion. The man who was holding my horse was killed dead,

After the Secundra Bagh had fallen, we proceeded to attack the Shah-Nujeef—a tomb surrounded with high walls, situated on the bank of the Goomtee, in an open space between the river and the old palace. Several 18-pounders were brought up to within 300 yards of the tomb; but as they were not successful in dislodging the enemy, Captain Peel was desired to advance one of his guns, under cover of some outbuildings, to a point within 20 yards of the object, from whence it was expected so close a fire would cause the expulsion of the rebels. One of the latter, firing from the top of the wall, was causing considerable loss among Peel's men, and he called out that any one who would climb up a tree which was close at hand and shoot the fellow, should be recommended for the Victoria Cross. One gallant sailor immediately clambered up with his rifle, but was at once shot dead, and fell to the

and the horse was frightfully burned. The cause of the explosion was a European soldier, a straggler, who had fired accidentally into a barrel of powder, and a quantity of loose powder about the place was exploded. Paul was so severely scorched that he died a few days afterwards, and a good many men were killed. My horse was so badly burnt that he had to be destroyed; but the farrier who performed the task did it so awkwardly that he shot him in the wrong part of the head, and the horse, instead of falling down dead, galloped off towards a picket of the enemy which was on our right, all of whom fired at him as he dashed through them. We heard nothing more of him till next morning, when, to my intense surprise, I learned that he had gone direct to the 9th Lancers' sick-horse stables at the Alum Bagh (five miles distant in a straight line). He was then destroyed."—MS. Correspondence.

ground. The fire of the one gun produced no results; and Peel, seeing his men falling fast around him, sent to Sir Colin to say it would be necessary for him to retire. Sir Colin, knowing the bad effect such a course would cause, instantly ordered the 93d Highlanders, who were lying under cover close at hand, to the front, and in the most gallant manner led them, sword in hand, up to the wall. As they advanced, Adrian Hope, of the 93d, had his horse killed under him. The 93d now attempted to storm the building, but could not effect an entrance, owing to the high walls. The enemy, seeing these men approach with such resolution, thought it high time to be off, and thus the building fell into our hands. Two or three men of Hope's regiment crept round to the right of the building, and discovered a small opening in the wall, through which they entered and found the enclosure deserted. Hope then led a part of his corps through the same passage. But for the existence of this little gap, Sir Colin would have been obliged to have withdrawn the force. The two Alisons on Sir Colin's staff were wounded in the attack on the tomb; Major Archibald Alison, the military secretary, very severely. His left arm was shattered by three bullets fired from a wall-piece, and he afterwards had to undergo amputation. Captain Frederick Alison, the aid-de-camp, was also

knocked over by a musket-shot, which struck him on the left side, glanced round and came out at his back. He fell from his horse, and was insensible for some time. The Commander-in-Chief and myself, with our respective staff, took up our quarters in the Shah-Nujeef, where the occasional welcome of a round-shot through the building warned us that our work was not yet ended.

The "Mess-House," a large native building in the shape of a castle, and surrounded by a moat, was on our left front. On the banks of the river, and opposite, was the Moti-Mahal, or Pearl Palace, an imposing structure with a high wall round it, handsomely fitted up, with large mirrors fixed round the rooms and immense crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceilings. The heavy guns were in the first place directed against the Mess-House, which, after five hours' bombardment, was taken by Hope's brigade. Afterwards, the 90th Regiment forced open the gate of the Moti-Mahal and captured the place. An entrance was now effected from it to the Residency, and we had gained our principal object.[1]

Shortly after we entered the Moti-Mahal, General Havelock came from the Residency to meet us, and I had the satisfaction of being the first to congratulate him on being relieved. He went up

[1] See Appendix, p. 342.

to the men, who immediately flocked round him and gave him three hearty cheers. This was too much for the fine old general—his breast heaved with emotion and his eyes filled with tears. He turned to the men and said; "Soldiers, I am happy to see you; soldiers, I am happy to think you have got into this place with a smaller loss than I had." Hearing this, I asked him what he supposed our loss amounted to. He answered that he had heard it estimated at 80; and was much surprised and grieved when I told him that we had about 43 officers and 450 men killed and wounded. We went together to Sir Colin Campbell at the Mess-House, where Sir James Outram also joined us. This was a happy meeting, and a cordial shaking of hands took place.[1]

It was arranged that all the women and children should be sent to the Secundra Bagh, with such married men as were civilians, and that further arrangements should then be made for their departure for Cawnpore. On the evening of the 18th November, therefore, they were quietly sent by twos and threes out of the Residency, so that the suspicion of the rebels might not be excited, and arrived at the Secundra Bagh. Elephants, camels, 150 doolies taken from different regiments, and all the wheeled transport that could be col-

[1] This meeting of the four generals formed the subject of Mr Barker's well-known picture, "The Relief of the Residency."

lected, were then assembled in motley confusion opposite the gate. While these conveyances were being got ready, I went into the Secundra Bagh to prepare the poor people for their departure to the Dilkoosha Palace; and in many instances it was curious to see how little pleasure the fact of their being no longer prisoners caused them—they appeared to be almost wedded to the Residency, and to be sorry they were called on to leave it. Yet the misery they had endured must have been intense. Ladies, having the charge of children, had been obliged to wash their clothes, clean their apartments, cook their miserable meals, attend the sick and wounded, and often watch over a husband who had received his death-wound. Many of them had been killed by shot. I saw one little girl run up to her mother, saying, "Oh, mamma! there is a loaf of bread upon the table. I am certain of it; I saw it with my own eyes." The poor little thing had seen nothing so good for a long time. I asked one gentle delicate-looking lady if I could do anything to assist her. She replied, "Oh, yes; if you could procure me a piece of cheese, I should be so thankful—it is for a poor sick lady." I thought the remedy rather a strong one, and I confess I was rather taken aback. I ventured to say it would be a difficult matter to find what she asked for; but she told me that if I could only find a gentleman of the

name of Captain Ximenes, she knew he would give me some. I therefore proceeded on my delicate errand, and at length found the individual in question, who at once supplied me with a large piece of high-flavoured, strong-smelling, greasy-looking cheese, wrapped up in a dirty old newspaper. To the commander of a fine force relieving a large number of his countrywomen from a terrible imprisonment, and under the influence of highly-wrought feelings of sublimity, it was rather a come down, both in dignity and in sentiment, to be the bearer of the nasty strong cheese; and I must own that I very reluctantly went about, in the darkness of twilight, seeking the lady who had made the request. For some time my inquiries were fruitless; when, just as I was about to throw away my unpleasant burden in despair, the lady appeared, and relieved me of the cheese and my anxiety.

The doolies and other conveyances being now ready, I proceeded to hurry off the ladies and children, who were to pass the night at the Dilkoosha Palace, the cavalry headquarters, and where also my good regiment, the 9th Lancers, was posted. I had great difficulty, however, in getting them to move, until I warned them that at any time a round-shot might fall in their midst, when they all jumped up and made for the doolies, with the exception of one nice gentle-looking lady who was seated on the floor.

"Really, madam," I said to her, "you must get up, or you will lose your conveyance." "I cannot move," she answered, in a melancholy tone of voice. My heart warmed towards her, and fancying she was suffering from a severe wound, I said, in equally doleful accents, "Have you been wounded?" "No," she replied, "it's rupees;" and I then discovered, under a cloak which she had judiciously disposed over her knees, a huge bag of money, which from its weight naturally kept her a close prisoner. With a benignant smile I stooped down and raised with difficulty the ponderous treasure. I then put her arm in mine, conducted her to the doolie, wherein I placed the lady, her wrapper, and her rupees, and sent her off. I should state that she told me the money was Government property, which her husband had charged her to deposit in the treasury at Cawnpore.

The poor people arrived in safety at the Dilkoosha Palace, where Colonel Little,[1] commanding the 9th Lancers, had prepared for the half-starved creatures a sumptuous repast, which they devoured with famished appetites.

All the crown jewels of the King of Oude, together with about 25[2] lacs of treasure, taken from the Residency, were sent with them.

[1] Now Major-General Sir Archibald Little, K.C.B.

[2] About £250,000.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL RESOLVES TO RETIRE TO CAWNPORE —TROOPS WITHDRAWN FROM LUCKNOW—DEATH OF HAVELOCK—WINDHAM ATTACKED AT CAWNPORE—SIR COLIN CROSSES THE GANGES—POSITION OF THE ENGLISH CAMP—WOMEN AND CHILDREN SENT TO ALLAHABAD—ATTACK ON THE REBELS ON 6TH DECEMBER—SIR HOPE GRANT DEFEATS ENEMY AT SERAI GHAT—NARROW ESCAPE.

Journal continued.—Sir Colin, with great judgment, now determined, before undertaking any further offensive operations, to return with his army, and with the civilians, women, and children rescued from the Residency, to Cawnpore, and from thence to forward the latter down country. This course, which subsequent events proved to be so wise, was resolved on in opposition to the opinions of many senior officers, and of which I was one of the number, who recommended an immediate attack on the disheartened rebels in the town. Orders were given for the force to

retire, and the troops were directed to abandon the intrenchments in the Residency by successive regiments, commencing at 3 A.M. All our heavy guns in the Residency were first destroyed by being burst. The men were to move out by sixes and sevens, as quietly as possible, and not in a compact body, lest the enemy might become aware of our intention. The force under the immediate supervision of the Commander-in-Chief was instructed to form up opposite the Secundra Bagh, facing the direction in which they were to retire. Two troops of horse-artillery, with their guns loaded and port-fires lighted, were to be ready to open fire on the shortest notice. All this was accomplished with admirable precision. Rockets from Peel's brigade, placed to our left front, were sent blazing into the town to divert the attention of the enemy, who themselves expected to be attacked; while the troops moved off in so stealthy a manner that no suspicion of our intentions was entertained.

As soon as the Lucknow force had passed the Secundra Bagh, the regiments belonging to Sir Colin's original force began to move off one by one, followed by the artillery and a rear-guard, which covered the whole operation. The troops on our left, which had occupied the houses on the road leading to Banks' house, retired by a

covered-way which had been formed by the sappers, protected by Bourchier's battery, and likewise effected their retreat without causing any alarm. The whole of this delicate and beautiful movement was executed before daybreak. The troops arrived at the Dilkoosha safely; and as we were in a comparatively open country, we could defy any attack the rebels might make.

The next day we occupied our former position round the Martinière; and, in addition, I threw forward a picket to occupy Banks' house. But the officer in command, a nervous young gentleman, though he had 100 Sikhs with him, withdrew his men in opposition to my orders, partly owing to some misunderstanding, during the night, and the post was quickly occupied by the enemy, who did not, however, discover until eight o'clock the next morning that we had vacated the Residency, and had begun our retreat. We could then afford to laugh at them; for though they might have annoyed us on our way back to Cawnpore, they could not have done us any serious injury.

Banks' house having been abandoned, I was obliged to remove a picket I had previously placed near the canal bridge, which had been destroyed by the enemy. Moreover, the guns posted there were Peel's heavy 18-pounders, which, with their numerous bullock-teams, were very difficult to move away. I therefore ordered

Bourchier's 9-pounder battery to cover their retreat, and then stationed the heavy guns upon a commanding hill about 1000 yards to the rear. We were only just in time, as the rebels had commenced to line the canal-banks.

On the morning of the 20th November, the troops were ordered to march for the Alum Bagh; and it would be impossible to describe the confusion and difficulty caused by the transport of of 500 women and children, about 1500 sick and wounded, treasure, parks of artillery and ammunition, commissariat stores and hackeries of every description.

Poor General Sir Henry Havelock had been taken seriously ill at the Dilkoosha with dysentery, and I thought it well to visit him in his affliction, and say a few kind words of comfort. He was lying in a miserable doolie under some trees, and on my asking him how he felt himself, he said, "The hand of death is upon me. God Almighty has seen fit to afflict me for some good purpose."[1] He died, poor fellow, soon after, and was buried in the square of the Alum Bagh, a sincere and good Christian. Nothing was put over the grave at the time. A mound of earth, and a cross on an adjacent tree, alone marked his last resting-place. The enemy were too elated with their success at getting possession of the Residency, and too busy

[1] On 24th November.

ooting the silver plate and articles of value, of which a great quantity had been left behind, to trouble themselves with our march, and we arrived unmolested at the Alum Bagh. That fine noble fellow Sir James Outram was left with 3500 men to hold this position, until the return of the Commander-in-Chief to capture the town of Lucknow. On 29th November we marched to a point two miles beyond Bunnee Bridge. The following morning we heard distant firing in the direction of Cawnpore, and a note was delivered to Sir Colin by a kossid, or messenger, from General Windham,[1] commanding the force there, wherein he stated that he had been attacked by the Gwalior contingent, and that he was sore pressed. We therefore made a forced march of thirty-five miles on that day, and encamped four miles from Cawnpore. From thence the Commander-in-Chief rode into the fortification, and learned that Windham had been attacked [2] on three successive days by the rebels, who were well provided both with siege and field guns, and with abundance of ammunition. His force, consisting of about 2300 men, had advanced against them in two divisions: one, in which was included the 60th Rifles, had debouched by the right flank on the plain, and had captured two 18-pounders, two 8-inch howitzers, and a 6-pounder;

[1] Lieut.-General Sir Charles Windham, K.C.B., died in 1870.

[2] For a further account of this engagement, see *post*, p. 240.

but the other division had advanced up the main road by the church, and had been beaten back. Brigadier Wilson, together with several officers and men, had fallen, and numerous strong positions had been abandoned. Amongst the latter were the assembly rooms and the theatre, where an immense quantity of stores, men's clothing, camp equipage, and private property had been stowed away. Everything of value had been robbed by the rebels, and the buildings burnt. The officer to whom these posts had been intrusted had withdrawn his men without authority, and was severely censured by the Commander-in-Chief. The next day Sir Colin returned, and we were ordered to cross the river Ganges.

The bridge of boats, of which we still retained possession, lay close to a small round fortification which had been erected there; but the fire from the enemy's guns could reach it, which made the operation of crossing a hazardous one. Our 18-pounders were therefore placed on the banks of the river on our right flank, thus keeping down the rebels' fire; then Adrian Hope's brigade, with Remington's[1] troop, Bourchier's battery, and a strong force of cavalry, were sent over, encountering only a few long-range shots, which did no damage whatever. The poor ladies crossed at night, and when half-way over the bridge an

[1] Since dead.

alarm was raised—whether true or not we never ascertained—that the rebels were about to attack us. Hope's brigade opened fire on the far side, and I went over to learn the state of affairs. I there discovered that the enemy had abandoned any possibly contemplated attack on finding our troops on the alert. The firing soon ceased, and the ladies got over safely. The artillery-park and magazine stores then crossed, covered by Greathed's brigade. Brigadier Inglis, who had commanded in the Residency previous to the arrival of Sir Henry Havelock, protected the rear. The operation occupied twenty-six hours.

Our camp was pitched on the ground formerly occupied by the old barracks. Unfortunately, the right was thrown so far forward that the enemy were able to pitch shot and shell into it at long ranges. This defect it would have been impossible to remedy, unless we had left the mud fort to take care of itself, and had taken up fresh camping-ground a long way off. Moreover, it was absolutely necessary that the ladies should be comfortably taken care of until everything was ready for their departure, and that they should be lodged in the artillery buildings, which alone had not been destroyed by the rebels.

The 93d was posted as an outlying picket in some houses on our left front. On one occasion a shell burst over their heads, killing or wound-

ing an officer and four men; and another time a round-shot took off the arm of Colonel Ewart,[1] of the same regiment. The enemy also discovered which was Sir Colin's tent, though it was a common bell one, and in no ways calculated to attract attention. He had desired me to pitch mine alongside his; and though shot and shell constantly fell around us, wounding his orderly's horse and two bullocks, and passing through the tent of one of his aids-de-camp, he would not move an inch; but it is surprising how used one gets to these little occurrences. We brought up a 24-pounder, and succeeded in silencing the fire of the enemy; but till the ladies were sent off, we could take no steps to dislodge the rebels, and were obliged to wait patiently for a few days.

At ten o'clock on the night of the 3d December, the ladies and women, with their husbands (civilians), the children, and the sick, numbering in all about 2000, were despatched to Allahabad, and from thence to Calcutta, under a strong escort, and with every regard to their comfort which was possible under the circumstances. Several of them were dissatisfied at not being provided with better conveyances than covered carts; but we had done our very best for them, and told them that they should be more than satisfied—they should be thankful. I took leave of my poor

[1] Now Major-General Ewart, C.B.

nephew Frank Grant, who started off with the rest of the sick. He had suffered much during the Delhi campaign from constant attacks of fever and liver, and was now fairly prostrated.

On 4th December the rebels unsuccessfully attempted to burn our bridge of boats by floating fire-rafts down the stream. On the afternoon of the 5th, they attacked our pickets on the left. Our force turned out to resist them; and a 24-pounder under that admirable officer Captain Peel, who had so accurately adjusted his sights that he was able to pitch his shot among the enemy with great precision, did great execution. I also took a couple of guns up a lane on their left flank, which enfiladed them and obliged them to retire. On Sunday morning, 6th December, Sir Colin determined to attack the rebels by the plain which lay on their right flank. This was traversed by the main road leading from the town across the canal by a bridge which the rebels had omitted to destroy, and about which were a number of lime-kilns, where they had posted a strong picket and numerous guns. Their camp was pitched three miles to the rear on the road to Calpee. The enemy, with their usual want of foresight, did not expect to be attacked on this side, and had in consequence omitted to break up the bridge, or to defend it with any outworks. Their force was, however, prepared to dispute

our advance to some extent. General Windham was instructed to hold the mud fort on the bank of the river, and to make a feigned attack from this quarter. Brigadier Greathed was ordered to occupy a village on our right flank, whereby the rebels would be unable to get round our rear, and after the true attack had succeeded, to advance. Brigadier Walpole[1] was, if possible, to take the enemy in reverse on their left flank. The brigade under Adrian Hope had been formed up *en masse* behind some buildings facing the plain. He now advanced in column of companies; then took ground to his left, and wheeled into line to the right,—the 93d, 53d, and Sikh 4th Punjab Regiment being in front; the 42d in the second line; and Inglis's brigade, in line of contiguous columns at quarter distance, in reserve. The Sikhs were thrown forward in skirmishing order, with the 53d in support. The cavalry and horse-artillery were directed to cross the canal by another bridge about two and a half miles to the left, and to be in readiness to follow up in pursuit. Peel's 24-pounders advanced by the high-road, and the two 9-pounder batteries took the left front. All these guns opened with terrible effect on the sepoys, who, however, seemed prepared to offer a stout resistance, and held the lime-kilns in our front with obstinacy for some

[1] Now Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Walpole, K.C.B.

time. But our men, full of ardour, were a conquering force—the others were a defeated one; and nothing could withstand the impetuous attack made by the Sikhs and Europeans. The bridge was carried, the lime-kilns were abandoned, and the rebels driven away in full retreat. We captured a 9-pounder gun after crossing the canal bridge. I pushed on with the cavalry and artillery, and took the enemy's camp, in which we found three 8-inch and two 5½-inch mortars, a great number of excellent Brinjaree bullocks, clothing which had been plundered from the assembly rooms, bedding, and property of a varied description.

The cavalry and horse-artillery after this had been sent to turn the right flank of the retreating rebels, but had been delayed in their advance for some time by the difficult nature of the ground. At last they came up, and we were enabled to pursue the enemy in great form. Soon we came across a deserted 24-pounder, and then gun after gun drawn by magnificent bullocks. Several men were sitting on the limber-boxes of another 24-pounder; and when Colonel Little, commanding the 9th Lancers, rode up with one of his regiment, a sepoy fired his musket at the lancer and killed him. The wretched fellows were soon cut down; and some of the Irregulars who had come up, discovered two bags of gold in the boxes. As

may be imagined, the gold was not left long in so unsafe a place. For fifteen miles we pursued the enemy, up to the Kalla-Nuddee, capturing a great many guns, which we brought back with us when we returned to camp at nightfall. Sir Colin, who had followed up with the cavalry and artillery, did not slacken in the pursuit. He had informed me that two 24-pounders had been captured, but one of these was missing, which appeared to me strange, as so heavy a piece of ordnance would be a cumbrous weight to move away.

One of my acting A.D.C.'s, who had loitered a little behind, was found with his throat cut, and a terrible gash across his chin. The poor young fellow must have met with some of the enemy who had been lying hid till the force passed, and had murdered him in this shocking manner. No doubt the same individuals had carried off the missing gun.

General Mansfield, who had also been appointed to command a force on this occasion, penetrated with some infantry into the town and cantonments, where he found a strong body of the enemy with some guns still holding the position. After considerable difficulty he succeeded in driving them out, killing many of their number, and capturing several guns.

We bivouacked on the ground where the battle had been fought. The night was cold; we had

no tents, and little to eat. Sir Colin was the most thorough soldier of us all. When his force was required to sleep in the open air, a very common occurrence, he always made a point of stopping with the men. His courage and judgment were unsurpassed. Cool and good-humoured in action, always in his place when most wanted, he could not fail to win the confidence of those under him.

Two days after this fight, I was ordered to take Hope's brigade, consisting of the 42d and 93d Highlanders, and the 4th Sikh Regiment, with 400 cavalry and 11 guns, to Bithoor, the residence of the Nana; but I had discretionary power allowed me to change my course to a ferry twenty-five miles up the river called Serai Ghat, if I could ascertain on the road that the rebels had conveyed any guns in that direction.

At one o'clock P.M. on the 8th December I began my march. On the road I questioned every native I came across. Some gave me no information at all; others said that several guns had passed two days previously; and one man told me, more particularly, that five brass guns and a 24-pounder had been conveyed by that route. Here, then, I had a clue of the missing captured piece of ordnance. I therefore halted my men, had them fed, and resolved to make for Serai Ghat. At nightfall I started afresh, and

a little before daylight arrived at Surajpoor, about three miles from the ferry. Having collected all encumbrances which were not absolutely necessary for my further expedition, I placed them in a safe position, with an escort of 100 infantry, 2 guns, and a squadron of cavalry, and with the remainder of my force advanced by a cross country-road in the direction of the river. As I approached it, I halted the main body, and with a detachment of cavalry went out to reconnoitre. After we had proceeded about half a mile, I saw two cavalry Irregular soldiers, without their horses, sauntering quite leisurely towards us, and apparently mistaking my Sikh escort for some of their own people. At last they discovered their mistake, turned round, and cut away like wild-fire; but the Sikhs easily overtook them. One of them was killed on the spot; the other told us of guns being on the banks of the river. I therefore pushed on, and at last saw groups of men collected round what appeared to be artillery carriages. I instantly sent back orders for the cavalry and horse-artillery to hurry up as quickly as possible, and for the infantry to follow. The narrow road ran sometimes parallel to, and sometimes through, a sort of quicksand. Under a high bank, and close to the river, we found the long-sought-for 24-pounder embedded up to its axle-trees. We had great difficulty in getting our own guns over this bad

ground; but at last we reached sounder soil, and then we advanced rapidly. As soon as we came within 1000 yards of the enemy, a tremendous fire was opened upon us; but Lieutenant Warren,[1] a fine young fellow, who commanded the leading guns, never stopped until within 500 or 600 yards of the rebels, when he opened fire on them. In a few minutes Captain Middleton[2] joined him with the remainder of the battery. Captain Remington now galloped up with his troop, and came into action in an excellent position behind a bank, at a range of 200 yards or less. This concentrated artillery-fire told with such terrible effect upon the enemy, crowded into a mass with their guns, bullocks, and baggage, that they gave way, and retreated as fast as possible along the river-bank, where it would have been difficult to have pursued them in force, owing to the marshy state of the ground. However, the Irregular cavalry managed to overtake and to cut up some of them. My gallant regiment, the 9th Lancers, was in support of our batteries. We captured 15 of the enemy's guns, with the finest bullocks I ever saw, belonging to the Gwalior contingent. We were only just in time; for as we came up to the ferry, we found the rebels preparing to embark the guns in some boats

[1] Now Major F. Warren, com. B Battery, D Brigade, R.H.A.

[2] Now Colonel Middleton, C.B., Deputy Adjutant-General, Horse Guards.

which they had collected for that purpose. They occupied a very cramped position, the ground around being marshy—so much so, indeed, that we had some difficulty in taking possession of our capture. After the enemy had bolted, a single rebel continued to load and fire a gun, until at last he too was killed.

I was struck with a grape-shot in the foot, but again, most wonderful to say, without being wounded. At the time, I was close to Remington's battery; but the shot must have been a ricochet.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

DIFFICULTY IN EXTRICATING GUNS — DESTRUCTION OF BITHOOR PALACE, AND SEARCH FOR TREASURE—FIGHT AT GOORSAIGUNJ — INDIVIDUAL ENCOUNTERS—CAPTURE OF FUTEGURH AND FURRUCKABAD — EXECUTION OF AZIM KHAN — TEN DAYS' LEAVE — MUTINY AT SHAHJUHANPOOR—REJOINS THE FIELD FORCE—MAKES FOR CAWNPORE—PIG-STICKING—DIRECTED TO TAKE COMMAND OF FORCE BETWEEN BUNNEE AND CAWNPORE—MARCH TO FUTEHPOOR — THE 53D REGIMENT AT BANGURMOW—ATTACK ON MEEANGUNJ—MURDER OF VILLAGERS — HARROWING SCENES — LETTER FROM NAWAB MOOSOM.

Journal continued.—By the successes I have described, we had effectually drawn the remaining teeth of the Gwalior contingent. In the two fights we had captured thirty-seven guns, numbers of magnificent draught-bullocks, and great quantities of ammunition.

We had great difficulty in dragging the guns over the quicksands, and many of the bullocks who had tried to get away were tightly embedded in the swampy ground, some of them nearly over

their heads. The Sikhs were of great assistance; and, stimulated by the goodly reward promised for every animal rescued, they worked like dray-horses, hauling the bullocks out by their heads and tails. Captain Middleton was also of great service; and by means of drag-ropes manned by gunners, succeeded in extricating the large 24-pounder, which at one time I had feared we should be compelled to destroy and abandon.

I reported our success to Sir Colin, who was greatly pleased, and directed me to proceed to Bithoor, the residence of the infamous Nana, and there to perform the work of destruction. We started on the 11th December, and on our arrival lost no time in destroying everything we could lay our hands on belonging to the low villain, blowing up his pagan temple and burning his palace. It was reported that a quantity of treasure had been concealed in a deep well, in which was forty-two feet of water. With much difficulty we managed, by the aid of bullocks, to reduce this to two feet, and then we drew up a heavy log of wood. After further search we found two pewter pots. Nowise disheartened, we renewed our efforts, and this time we discovered a number of gold and silver articles, which, to judge from their shape, must have been of extreme antiquity. There were some curious gurrahs or pots, lamps which seemed of Jewish manufacture, and spoons of a

barbaric weight. All were of the purest metal, and all bore an appearance of antique magnificence.

On 24th December we started for Mynpoorie, leaving a small force at Bithoor to prosecute the search for treasure. Chabepoor was our next destination, where we halted for Christmas-day, and where we were joined by the Commander-in-Chief with the Cawnpore force.

On 26th December we marched to Poorwah, and thence to Goorsaigunj. We found that the rebels had broken down the suspension-bridge over the Kalla-Nuddee, and had taken up a position on the road in rear of it, in order to prevent our advance on Futegurh, which was at no great distance. Sir Colin sent on Hope's brigade to drive them away; and at the very first appearance of the column, the cowardly rascals made off. The bridge was repaired; and on the morning of 2d January 1858, the Commander-in-Chief and General Mansfield rode down to the river to inspect the progress of operations, when, to their surprise, a heavy fire was opened on them from a village on the far side. It appeared that during the night the whole force from Futegurh, amounting to about 5000 men and numerous guns, had marched down, and were now prepared to resist our advance.

Sir Colin at once ordered up the troops from

Goorsaigunj, only four miles distant. They quickly arrived, crossed the bridge, which the rebels had foolishly allowed us to repair, and threw out skirmishers wherever cover could be obtained, from whence they might keep down the enemy's fire.

Bringing our main body across the single bridge was a protracted operation, and we were a good deal annoyed by a gun which was almost masked. It was posted at the toll-house in front of the village, and one shot alone killed or wounded eleven men of the 8th (Queen's) Regiment. Thereupon Captain Peel brought up two of his guns to the left flank, under Lieutenant Vaughan, R.N., who managed to make out the muzzle of the obnoxious piece, and with great skill sent a shell from an 8-inch howitzer which passed through the wheel and body of the carriage, and completely disabled it. The naval brigade worked their heavy guns in a thoroughly efficient manner. They were rendered doubly serviceable by the improved accurate sighting with which they had been fitted by Captain Peel.

The 53d (Queen's) Regiment, principally composed of Irishmen, were a fine-looking set of fellows, and equally good hands at fighting. Their discipline, however, was not by any means perfect, and it was difficult to keep them well in hand. They had been lying under the bank of a

road which afforded but an inadequate protection, and had in consequence lost a good many men. All of a sudden, without a word from any of their officers, they rushed forward, and utterly heedless of all efforts to stop them, made their way into the toll-house, in a few instants clearing out the enemy. The Commander-in-Chief was terribly annoyed, and riding up to the regiment, pitched into it well. But these wild Irishmen were incorrigible; whenever he began to speak, a lot of them exclaimed, as loud as they could, "Three cheers for the Commander-in-Chief, boys!" until at last he himself was obliged to go away laughing.[1] Just before this, Sir Colin had been struck in the stomach by a spent rifle-shot, which nearly doubled him up, but did not otherwise injure him. By a like shot, when talking to him and Mansfield, I was hit in the side with such force that for some moments I could not speak. Happily I was only bruised.

The whole force now advanced, and we soon captured the village, as well as the guns in it. I took the cavalry at a trot round to the left, and came upon large bodies of rebels retreating in hot haste. The 9th Lancers charged and cut down a

[1] Sir Colin Campbell, in his despatch to the Governor-General, dated 5th January, writes: "All the troops engaged behaved remarkably well, and the only fault I had to find was their too great eagerness for attack."—H. K.

number, but several jumped into the deep ditches on the roadside, and fired at us as we passed. One sepoy took a deliberate pot shot at me, when within a few yards of him, but providentially he missed me. Probyn's fine Sikh Corps and Younghusband's men now coming up, pitched into the mutineers scattered about the fields, in great form. But a sad accident happened to poor Younghusband during the pursuit,—a rebel, lying concealed, shot him through the lungs, and he died two days afterwards. Some time before, during the fight at Agra, when riding at a man in a field of growing cotton, his charger fell with him down a small deep well, which had been dug for irrigation purposes; directly after, a rebel, with his horse, fell on the top of him. The mutineer and both the horses were killed. Younghusband was at length with difficulty extricated, and though dreadfully mauled, was not materially injured, and was soon in the saddle again.

My 9th Lancer orderly, Corporal Caine, who was carrying a bamboo lance for me—a fine rider, and a plucky young fellow—saw a rebel a little ahead of us with his musket cocked and levelled, defying any one to approach him. Caine, putting his lance in rest, rode at him. When within five yards of his antagonist, the latter pulled the trigger, but providentially the cap snapped, and Caine ran him through the body. At another

time, as a squadron of the 9th Lancers were advancing at a trot, a dismounted rebel Sowar, wearing a red coat, and armed with a splendid long gilded lance, turned round, and with a defiant gesture, presented it towards the cavalry. When they had approached to within a few yards of him, he hurled the lance into the ranks with all his might, striking a horse to the ground. The Sowar was instantly killed. On our way back to camp, which we did not reach until after dark, to our surprise we came across one of the guns which we had captured in the early part of the day, quietly proceeding along the road, drawn by two bullocks, and driven by two rebel artillerymen, one of whom seated on the limber, with his musket and tulwar, was acting as a guard. Lieutenant Martin, of the 9th Lancers, rode up to him, and when within a few yards, the two exchanged shots—Martin with his revolver, the rebel with his musket,—but in their excitement both missed their aim. The sepoys were at once despatched, whereupon the bullocks became unmanageable, would not allow any Europeans to approach them, and eventually capsized the gun into a broad deep ditch, falling themselves on the top of it. We were obliged to destroy them both; and it was only owing to Peel's able assistance, who came up at that moment, that we were enabled to drag the piece out.

A serjeant-major of the 9th Lancers by chance rode up to one of the numerous deep holes which had been dug by the wayside, when, to his astonishment, a shot, which killed his horse, was fired from it. Three sepoys had concealed themselves therein, hoping to escape observation.

The next morning we marched for Futegurh, where we originally had an arsenal, workshops, steam-engines, guns of every description, and a large store of very valuable old gun-carriage wood, which it was supposed the enemy had destroyed. Great resistance was expected from a large strongly constructed mud fort, which stood on the banks of the Ganges, in the midst of the town which it commanded; but when we arrived there, it was found to be completely deserted, and not a rebel was to be seen in the neighbourhood. Thereupon we marched close up to the walls, and burst open the main gate. Inside we found one of our own large 10-inch howitzers, double charged with grape, and with the muzzle directed towards the entrance, so it was fortunate for us that the enemy had not mustered up enough courage to make any resistance. None of the Government property had been destroyed; steam-engine and guns were in good order, and not a plank of the valuable timber had been removed.

Furruckabad was about three miles distant, and it was reported that a Mussulman of the name of

Azim Khan, a great villain who had been released from prison by the Nawab on the breaking out of the Mutiny, was determined to hold out to the last, with some Patans, a tribe of Mussulman hillmen, and heavy guns. Sir Colin sent a message to the inhabitants that if his force were molested, or any sort of resistance were offered, he would knock the town about their ears. So they very wisely made this scoundrel a prisoner, and handed him over with his guns to us. Azim Khan was a stout, sensual-looking fellow, a fit leader of Dacoits, and had committed fearful enormities on the unhappy Christians who had been murdered by order of the Nawab. He was sentenced to be hanged in the town, and as the inhabitants were principally Hindoos who had suffered a great deal of tyranny, they were not sorry that the Mussulman agent was to be executed. He was hanged, and was left for several days, a spectacle to overawe evil-doers.

The Nawab, previous to the Mutiny, professed great admiration and respect for Europeans; but subsequently coming out in his true colours, his conduct to the poor Christians had, by all accounts, been brutal and disgusting. Previous to taking flight with his brave army, he had set fire to his palace, or rather mansion, which was situated in the town, on a hill commanding a beautiful view. In his menagerie were two fine tigers, one of which broke out of his cage while we were

there, much to the discomfort of numerous lookers-on, and had to be destroyed.

One day a native carrier handed to me three little notes, one of which was intended for me, another for Captain Anson of the 9th Lancers, and another for Major Turner of the Artillery, a great friend of mine. They proved to be letters which each one of us had received from his wife, and had been conveyed a great distance, concealed in the bearer's hair, or in a hollow in his stick. At this time the Commander-in-Chief was making preparations for the capture of Lucknow, and we should not be able to march for another month; Norman,[1] who was also a great friend of mine, said to me in a joke, "Suppose we take a run up to Umballa to see our wives,"—who had come down to the latter place. "Why not?" said I; and Turner, who was also in the tent, added, "Let me go too." I felt that my best plan would be to face the Chief boldly at once; so I went straight to him, and though a little doubtful of success, asked for leave point-blank. Sir Colin instantly accorded it in the kindest manner, saying I had deserved it. Emboldened by success, I put in a petition for Norman. "Well," he said, laughing, "going to see his wife too, I suppose." Finding all so smooth, I tried it on again for Turner. Sir Colin looked at me for some little time, and then said,—"You

[1] Now Major-General Sir Henry Norman, K.C.B., Bengal Staff Corps.

are pretty fellows—you are going to leave me when perhaps I may have to fight the enemy or march away. I see how it is; those fellows have not had the courage to ask it for themselves. Well, you may all go for ten days." This was cheering. I was allowed to take my A.D.C., Augustus Anson, and between us we managed to borrow a dog-cart, in which, with three of our own horses, we drove to Bewar, a distance of forty miles. We were now on the grand trunk road, and proceeded on our journey by hired mail-carts. At last we arrived at Allygurh, where, the road being open, we procured a shiggram, which carried us on famously to Delhi, now peaceable enough. Kurnal was our next destination, where we once more had recourse to mail-carts, and finally arrived at Umballa, our journey having occupied altogether fifty-two hours.

(Sir Hope here speaks of the meeting with his wife and other relations, describes the anxiety, hardships, and trouble endured by those separated from their families during the perils of the Mutiny, and alludes to various other family matters.)

Journal continued.—At Umballa I saw my poor sister-in-law, who had lost her husband at the beginning of the Mutiny. He was in the Civil Service, quartered at Shahjuhanpoor, and some time before the outbreak, feeling uneasy, had sent his wife to Nynee Tal in the hills. The 28th

Native Infantry Regiment was quartered at Shahjuhanpoor, and the officers were in daily dread of open rebellion. At last, one Sunday morning the church was surrounded by sepoys during divine service, and all who were in it were killed, and amongst the number, her husband. Some of the better disposed men in the regiment at this juncture came to their officers and informed them of the outbreak. They declared that they could not help it, but that they would stand by them, protect them, and conduct them to wherever they might wish to go. Seeing there was no time to be lost, the officers determined to throw themselves under the protection of the Rajah of Powaen, who lived near the hills, fifty or sixty miles distant, and with their wives and children started off under the escort of these good men. After a toilsome march in the hot weather, and when within a few miles of Powaen, they sent on a message to Mr Carnac, the Civil Servant stationed at that place, to ascertain whether they would be received: an answer was returned in the affirmative, with the assurance that the native regiment quartered there was still true. They accordingly continued their advance, when some sepoys from the town coming up, required the 28th escort to hand over their charge, and our poor people were conducted to the Rajah, who took them in, and treated them

with kindness for a day or two. At the expiration of that time, however, the Hindoo chief, probably fearing that his own safety might be compromised, told them they could no longer remain in his territory, and sent them under the same escort to Seetapoor, from whence it was possible they might make their way to Cawnpore. After the first day's march, two young officers, mere boys, who had only just joined, being excessively fatigued and footsore, lagged behind, whereupon some of the sepoys began pricking them with their bayonets. One of the captains remonstrated with these brutes; the two poor lads, however, could not get on any faster, and then the villains immediately put their muskets to their heads and shot them. One of the party, a lady whom we had known very well at Umballa, was expecting her confinement, and was quite upset by all the horrors she had been forced to pass through. Her husband, in desperation at the fate which was evidently impending over them, shot her; another officer followed his example with his wife; and then the sepoys fell upon their prisoners and murdered them all.

We had left Furruckabad on the 14th January 1858, and our leave was up on the 24th of the same month. Our happy stay at Umballa, therefore, lasted but a short time; for in our return journey we had to travel 318 miles over

a troubled country. I will not speak of the sorrow of parting. We were all well supplied with every sort of necessaries; and on the 22d January, Anson and I started off across country on horseback to a place five miles distant, where we found our four-wheeled conveyance and the other gentlemen waiting for us on the road. We rattled on at a quick rate to Delhi, travelling *via* Meerut, where we broke fast with our good old friends the Artillery, who gave us a cordial welcome. Kind Sir Archdale Wilson, who had been created a baronet, came to see us, and we talked over old scenes at Delhi. At three o'clock the same day we resumed our journey, and arrived in camp on the night of the 24th January.

A few days after our arrival, Adrian Hope was sent with a force to attack a body of the enemy which had taken up a position near a ford across the Ganges, called Suraj Ghat. He captured all their guns, four in number, and killed about 300 men. Captain Steele, of my regiment, was very severely wounded, having received five sword-cuts, one of which was across the waist, and another deep into the thigh. His reins were cut, and it is wonderful he escaped with his life. Willis, also of the 9th Lancers, received a sword-cut on the arm. Captain Hodson was wounded in the hand and arm. Macdowell, in Hodson's corps, lost his leg by

a round-shot, and died shortly after; and young Gough, in the same regiment, was wounded by a lance, and was also shot in the shoulder by a sepoy not ten yards distant. The charge of powder must have been very small, for the ball bounded off, only bruising him. Hodson's men were raw levies, and though Sikhs, were not good soldiers — consequently, in charging, the officers were not properly supported, and their losses were severe.

On 31st January, Sir Colin ordered me to march with the main body to Cawnpore. He himself intended to proceed by forced marches in advance, taking with him a troop of horse-artillery, the 9th Lancers, and Probyn's Horse; and he reckoned on being able to accomplish the journey, which was 84 miles, in three days. I was directed to leave behind me some artillery and cavalry for Walpole's brigade, which had been detached to the Ramgunga on an expedition against a force of the rebels, and which was afterwards to follow us on to Cawnpore. Sir Colin resolved to cross the Ganges as soon as possible, and then to invest and take Lucknow. The Goorka, Jung Bahadoor, was on the march to join us there with a strong force; so that when all were assembled we should have an army of about 30,000 men. On the 3d February, I arrived with my force at Mee-

rum-ka-Serai, near Kanoge, and situated on a large island formed by the Kallee Nuddee and Ganges. Here we were told we could get some good pig-sticking, on the very ground where, on coming down, my cavalry had captured the four guns and cut up the enemy so severely. Armed with my bamboo lance, usually carried by Corporal Caine, and which had already been proved so trusty a weapon, I started off, accompanied by various young gentlemen, amongst others by Captain Jones,[1] R.N., a volunteer who was very fond of fighting, and had joined my force. He was an excellent fellow, and we afterwards became great friends. We took with us all the elephants, thirty-five in number, belonging to the force, and beat the country for pigs. The ground was completely covered with long grass, high above horse and man, every stalk offering resistance like a young tree, and hiding the inequalities of the surface. It was therefore equally difficult to make our way or to see the pigs, which we occasionally heard scuttling off in all directions. At last we singled out a young boar, and I was on the point of spearing him when Augustus Anson, my aid-de-camp, and Roberts,[2] Deputy

[1] Served afterwards in the China campaign of 1860 in command of H.M.S. Furious. Now Rear-Admiral on the retired list.

[2] Now Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts, V.C., C.B., Deputy Quartermaster-General, Bengal.

Assistant Quartermaster-General, full of ardour, dashed up at a gallop, as if they were riding for their lives, and simultaneously cannoned against both flanks of my horse, fairly lifting him off his legs, and shutting me up completely. However, strange to say, the horse did not roll over. After all, the young gentlemen did not spear the pig; he was run into by some dogs which held him fast—as he was not full grown—until we came up and despatched him. We afterwards put up a large fox, which gave us a fine chevy. Three greyhounds followed him up splendidly for about a mile and a half, until one of them caught him by the brush and rolled him over, but could not hold him. Reynard then doubled and escaped.

We continued our march and arrived at Surajpoor, where Sir David Baird met us from Cawnpore with a message from the Chief desiring me to ride into headquarters, 27 miles distant. Accordingly I started off after breakfast, accompanied by my two A.D.C.'s and Roberts. Sir Colin told me he meant to take a run down to Allahabad, where the Governor-General, Lord Canning, had taken up his quarters, and that I was to cross the Ganges and assume command of the whole force between Cawnpore and Bunnee. It consisted of four entire infantry regiments, wings of two others, two European cavalry regiments,

the 1st Punjab Cavalry, and several batteries of artillery. The road was to be kept open on both sides of Cawnpore. On the 8th February, I proceeded to take up my command at Unao, where I had a fine little force of 3500 men; and there was reason to expect that I should shortly have a body of 4000 horse under my command. General Mansfield, the chief of the staff, handed me over a paper fully empowering me to make what changes I pleased in the distribution of the troops. I was also appointed Major-General from home for "distinguished service," and General of the Cavalry Division. Time brings about strange changes. In the first China expedition in 1841, a nice-looking young boy of the name of Anderson, who was in the artillery, had gone out in the same ship with me. He was now a fine stout burly-looking fellow, with a wife and five children, and in command of a troop forming part of my little army.

There was no finer cavalry regiment than the 7th Hussars; and the officers were a gentleman-like set of fellows. Their horses were not yet thoroughly broken in, as the men had not been long in the country, and having been at once called on to take the field, had had very few opportunities of schooling them. The 79th Highlanders and the 38th Regiment were also in excellent order. I sent a force on to Nawabgunj, a position of importance on the road to Cawn-

pore. I also received an order from General Mansfield directing me to make a daur[1] to a small fortified place called Futtehpoor Churassie, where the Nana was supposed to have taken refuge, about 25 miles north of the Cawnpore road, and on the banks of the Ganges. The troops I took with me were of the 34th, 38th, 53d Regiments, two squadrons of the 7th Hussars, two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, two troops of horse-artillery—viz., Anderson's and Turner's—two guns of position, an 18-pounder gun, and an 8-inch howitzer, and a company of sappers. On the morning of the 15th February I marched with this beautiful little force, making our way almost entirely across country, and occasionally delayed for some time by interposing Nullahs and watercourses, over which a route had to be constructed by the sappers.

In two days we reached our destination, and found the Nana flown. We here picked up two small field-pieces, with which a party of rebels were making off. After having destroyed the fort and burnt the buildings, we marched to Bangurmow, and encamped our whole force under a beautiful large tope of trees. The town was large and well built, and a body of the most respectable inhabitants came out and begged me to spare the place, urging that they were loyal, and promising

[1] A rapidly-executed expedition against an enemy.

to bring us out whatever supplies we required. I at once sent in 100 men of the 53d Regiment, with orders to the officer in command to patrol the streets, and to make prisoner of any man, civilian or soldier, found plundering. A short time after, another deputation waited on me in a great state of excitement, saying that they were being pillaged, not only by the camp-followers, but by the guard, who were looting everything they could lay their hands on. I galloped into the town as fast as possible, and I found that nearly one-half of the 53d were absent from their post. I pitched into the officer, and then rode through the streets. There I found several men scattered in twos and threes amongst the different houses, and robbing right and left. I made them all prisoners, handed them over to the guard I had brought with me; and then returning to the main picket, which I had directed to confine every man who returned, I ascertained there were altogether 25 men in durance. These wild Irishmen were marched out in front of the house. I had them tied up, and twelve of their number were flogged on the spot. I placed two of the officers in arrest, and caused the guard to be relieved by a party from another regiment. The next morning I paraded the whole of the 53d, and gave it to them most handsomely over the face and eyes. I told them, in the words of Sir Charles Napier, that without perfect obedi-

ence "an army is an armed mob, dangerous to its friends and contemptible to its enemies." This had a capital effect, and the regiment and myself afterwards became great friends. On the line of march, whenever they saw me approaching, they were overheard saying to one another, "Now, boys, take care of your backs. Here is the provost-marshal coming."

On the 21st February we marched to Sooltangunj, where a letter was shown me written by a man of the name of Forman. Therein it was stated that he had been protected by Khan Singh, an old Zemindar, to whom he had given himself up on the outbreak of the Mutiny. The kind old man had taken the greatest care of him, and had hidden him in a corn-field and in holes dug in the ground, and even in his own house. The rebel authorities at Lucknow had heard of this, and threatened to kill the noble Hindoo unless the fugitive were handed over to them; but he managed to evade their demand, and thus to save the Englishman's life. I sent for Forman, and his delight at seeing us knew no bounds. He was an Eurasian, a clerk in the Deputy Commissioner's office in Mulaon.

On the 23d February we arrived before Meangunj, an old, moderate-sized town, with a rectangular loopholed wall around it. The rebels who held it were prepared to resist us, and one of the

two Sowars sent on ahead of the advanced-guard had been allowed to approach too near, and had been shot from the walls. As soon as I discovered we were to be opposed, I changed the direction of the columns from the Rohilcund road, along which we had been marching, to the left, and soon discovered a spot for my two guns of position, from whence I saw the wall could be breached. I posted Turner's 9-pounder troop a little further back to play on the town, and divert the attention of the enemy. Four guns of Anderson's troop, with the 7th Hussars, were ordered to proceed along the Cawnpore road, in order to keep in check a body of the enemy which manifested a disposition to attempt to get round our flank. The other two guns, with the 34th Regiment and a troop of cavalry, were left to cover the baggage on the Rohilcund road. After an hour's firing, the guns had effected a practicable breach, and the 53d were ordered to advance and storm the town. It certainly could not be said of these fine fellows that they were "contemptible to their enemies;" for in a few minutes they were pouring through the wall like wildfire, carrying everything before them. The miserable rebels had no conception that we had forced an entrance. Numbers were shot on the spot, and numbers rushed out through the gate; but when they got outside they were overtaken by dire destruction. The Lancers

ran them through; the 7th Hussars and Irregulars cut them down without quarter. 500 were killed, and 400 made prisoners.

Major Bruce,[1] political agent, had been ordered to accompany me on this daur, and the prisoners were brought before him for examination. No important evidence was forthcoming; and being principally townspeople and Zemindaree men, they could not be called rebels in the strict sense of the word. I therefore directed that they should be set at liberty; and the inexpressible surprise and delight evinced by these poor people, who expected to meet with an untimely end, was truly touching. They gave a shout of joy, and started off through some trees, where I lost sight of them. Presently a sergeant came running up in breathless haste, and reported that some of the soldiers were murdering these men. I started off as fast as possible, and saw three poor wretches strung up to trees, quite dead, and several scoundrels belonging to my force making off. I tried to ascertain their names, but failed, as they soon mixed with other men in the tents, who probably knew nothing of their evil deeds. It was a brutal and disgusting outrage.

War is always fearful, but a civil war of this nature was most terrible even to think of. A very

[1] Afterwards Colonel Bruce, C.B., Inspector-General of Police, which appointment he held up to his death.

old man, a Hindoo, was sitting in a house in the town when some officers entered. He clasped his hands in supplication, and begged that they would not burn his dwelling, as he had no other roof to shelter him. In one corner of the room lay three dead men, to whom the old man pointed, saying, "There are three of my sons, who have been killed. I have yet two more, but whether they be alive or dead, I know not." On being asked why they had joined the rebels, "They had been forced to do so," he replied; "no one was allowed to go away." The young officers assured him that they would not harm him or his property, but pointed out that he could not be surprised at what had happened. He answered, "Yes; I know well your women have been destroyed and abused, and I am not surprised that vengeance has been taken."

During the fight in the town, a sepoy stood at bay in a house, with his wife beside him, firing at whoever came near him. He was at last shot down by a man of the 53d, when the woman with desperate courage snatched up the musket, which had dropped by her husband's side, levelled it, and pulled the trigger; but the piece missed fire, and her brains were dashed out the next moment. In another house a poor woman was tending a wounded child who had been shot through the side, while a young man, her nephew, was lying

dead by her side. Elsewhere, a workman was sitting at his loom dead, with his hand in the act of arranging the threads. He had been suddenly killed, and remained in this attitude. In another room a widow was found in bitter anguish leaning over the dead body of her husband, a sepoy, who had been killed.

On 25th February we marched for Mohan, situated on an eminence on the Lucknow side of the "Sye," a small stream which in wet weather becomes a rapid river. We crossed by a beautiful old bridge having fifteen arches on the 26th, and encamped on a fine plain between Neelgunj and Maharajgunj. In the latter town was a handsome temple, covered with gilded figures of monkeys and tigers; the inside was occupied with disgusting marble gods and Brahminee bulls, and the floor was beautifully inlaid with black and white marble.

While here, I one day received a letter from Nawab Moosom-ood-Dowlah Bahadoor, who was married to the former King of Oude's sister. This chief had always shown marked attention to Europeans, and when the Mutiny broke out continued loyal. The rebel government at Lucknow had treated him with the greatest disrespect, doing all they could to gain him over, but without effect. He was deprived of all his property; and at last he made his escape, and remained con-

cealed in the house of some friendly Zemindar, until my arrival in the neighbourhood. I sent an escort about four miles along the Sundeela road to conduct him into camp, where I allotted tents for himself and his family. He had always borne the character of a thoroughly upright honourable man, and unlike most natives, had remained faithful to his own wife, though the poor creature was weak in intellect. He was a fine, handsome, gentlemanlike-looking man, bearing no traces, mentally or bodily, of debauchery.

The Nawab was very grateful for the attention I had shown him, and the next day I sent him and his family with an escort to Cawnpore.

On 1st March I received instructions from the Commander-in-Chief to march into Buntheera. This order had, owing to some mistake of the messenger, been delayed. We could not get under way till late in the day; and as the march was long, and we had to cross a deep, narrow, sluggish river, the moon had risen before we reached our encamping ground. We then found that Sir Colin had returned from Allahabad, and had pitched his camp at Buntheera.

CHAPTER X.

COMMENTATORY AND EXPLANATORY.

RULES OF STRATEGY AGAIN DEPARTED FROM—DIMINISHED RESOLUTION ON THE PART OF THE REBELS—WINDHAM'S ENGAGEMENTS AT CAWNPORE ON 26TH, 27TH, AND 28TH NOVEMBER—LUCKNOW FORTIFIED BY REBELS.

IN a former chapter, the habitual violation of the rules of strategy, practised with such impunity by the English during the siege of Delhi, was dwelt on as a remarkable characteristic of Indian military operations. As the war progressed, this disregard became still more striking. Sir Colin Campbell, Sir Hope Grant, and their various subordinates despatched on "daurs" under their supervision, wandered about vast tracts of the country extending over 120 miles in length and 40 miles in breadth—from Lucknow to Cawnpore, from Cawnpore to Furruckabad, from Furruckabad to Mynpoorie—with a far larger train of baggage and camp equipment than Europeans are accustomed to, without, as a general rule,

being disquieted for their communications.[1] Though their forces, numerically so weak, were sometimes encompassed by as many as 37,000 of the enemy, their retreat was never seriously impeded, and they never found any difficulty in rejoining the main body, or in recovering their base of operations. This immunity from what is generally accounted a grave source of danger, was partly due to a want of military knowledge and combination in the rebels, but still more to the moral effect produced on them by the mere appearance of a white face. This influence of mind over force, which can scarcely be realised except by those familiar with the country, became at last so great, that the sepoys, however numerous their masses, became as incapable of resisting, in a fair stand-up fight in the open, Europeans, however small their number, as our own countrymen would be of withstanding the smallest assemblage of beings gifted with supernatural or demoniacal powers; and once beaten, the same men never regained heart.[2] Hence it becomes indisputably clear that the crisis of our fate in India depended on the success of our earlier operations. That insured, the work of

[1] Except for a short time during the operations connected with the second relief of Lucknow.

[2] To a certain extent, an exception must be made to this statement in the case of the attack of the Gwalior contingent on General Windham, *vide post*.

reconquest, though demanding the best qualities of valiant soldiers, and involving a great expenditure of blood and treasure, was never for a moment doubtful. At Ghazeeoodeen-Nuggur, at Budlee-ka-serai, and during Havelock's first engagements in the vicinity of Cawnpore, the enemy made some show of carrying out offensive operations in the battle-field, which called into requisition the best tactical abilities of our generals. Later on, in the siege of Delhi and during Havelock's first relief of Lucknow, they fought well whenever they could fight behind masonry walls or earthen parapets. Last of all, as we have seen, they became incapable of seriously resisting our troops, even when they cowered behind formidable fortifications.

When Sir Colin Campbell went with his small army, at the beginning of November, to relieve Lucknow, he left General Windham in command at Cawnpore with a force of little over 2000 men, and instructed him not to fight, but to keep open the communications with Lucknow and Allahabad. On 25th November, Windham learned that 20,000 rebels, from the Gwalior contingent and other revolted regiments, were within 20 miles of him on the Kalpee road; and on the 26th he sallied forth to attack them with 1200 infantry, 100 Sikh cavalry, and 8 guns, leaving his baggage and camp equipage with a small guard outside

the city. He encountered, immediately attacked, and defeated the mutineers at the Pandoo Nuddee river, eight miles west of Cawnpore; but as he was following them up, he became aware that he had engaged their advanced column only, and that the main body was near at hand. He therefore hastily fell back and encamped outside the town.

At about mid-day the next day, 27th November, his camp was surprised by a fierce attack of the rebels in immense masses, who, supported by a powerful force of artillery, issued forth from some adjacent brushwood. Assailed from three sides simultaneously, and finding after five hours' fighting that his flanks were being turned—that the enemy had penetrated into the city, and were about to attack the intrenchment near the bridge—he resolved to fall back on it; but his men were hardly pressed, and suffered severely from the fire of their pursuers, and the rebels captured our camp, burning 500 tents. Early the next morning, 28th November, Windham decided to make no attempt to recover the ground he had lost, but to remain strictly on the defensive; and with that view one portion of his force, under Brigadier Walpole, was directed to hold the part of the town adjacent to and north of the canal; another portion, under Windham, was to defend the city near the Ganges, and likewise north of the canal,

and was to be in readiness to assist Walpole if required; a third detachment, commanded by Brigadier Carthew,[1] was ordered to hold the Bithoor road, in which operation he was to be supported by Brigadier Wilson, who garrisoned the intrenchment with the remaining troops. Thus it was hoped that the bridge of boats, so necessary to preserve our communications with Sir Colin Campbell, would be effectually protected. The Gwalior contingent—now joined by a fresh body of rebels, said to be commanded by Nana Sahib in person—amounting in all to 21,000 men, flushed with victory, pressed the English hard. Walpole alone was successful in repelling their attack. Carthew, after struggling for many hours, was obliged to withdraw; and Wilson, who sallied forth to assist him, was driven back with great loss—he himself being killed. That night the rebels held possession of a great part of the city, looting everything belonging to the British they could lay their hands on. They captured mess plate, treasure, officers' baggage to an immense amount, and 10,000 rounds of Enfield cartridges —the Hohenzollern of the war,—and on the morning of the 29th November began to bombard the intrenchment and the bridge of boats. At this crisis, however, Sir Colin Campbell reached the scene of action, and, as Sir Hope Grant tells

[1] Now Lieutenant-General Carthew, C.B.

us, quickly restored the position of affairs to a more satisfactory state.

It is here necessary to explain, that in the interval between Sir Colin Campbell's return to Cawnpore and his final advance on 2d March 1858 for the reconquest of Lucknow, the rebels had fortified their stronghold to the utmost extent of which they were capable. The greater part of this enormous city, the circuit of which comprised about 20 miles, and which, it is estimated, contained 300,000 of civil population, besides the military, had been surrounded by an exterior line of defence extending from the river Goomtee to Banks' house. The canal formed a wet ditch, and in rear of it had been thrown up an earthen parapet. The second line was formed of earthworks, connecting the Moti-Mahal, the Mess-House, and the Emanbara. The Kaiser Bagh constituted the citadel. Moreover, stockade works and parapets had been erected across the streets, and every house had been loopholed and placed in a state of defence. The computed strength of the insurgent troops amounted to 30,000 sepoys, in addition to 50,000 volunteers, and they were supported by 100 pieces of ordnance, guns and mortars.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

SIR COLIN'S FORCE MARCHES TO LUCKNOW—GOLD MOHURS IN A REBEL'S SKELETON—FAILURE OF ATTEMPT TO REMOVE LIMBER-WAGGONS—FORCES UNDER SIR JAMES OUTRAM AND SIR HOPE GRANT CROSS GOOMTEE—CHARGE OF THE BAYS—REPEATED ATTACKS BY THE REBELS—CAPTURE OF THE MARTINIERE AND THE BEGUM'S PALACE—GALLANT CONDUCT OF WILDE'S SIKHS—DEATH OF SANDFORD—ARRIVAL OF JUNG BAHADOOR—CAPTURE OF THE KAISER BAGH—DEATH OF HODSON—ATTACK ON REBELS IN TOWN, AND CAPTURE OF MOOSA BAGH—ENGAGEMENTS AT KOORSIE, AND ON THE BAREE ROAD—JUNG BAHADOOR'S GOORKAS—DISQUIETUDE AT BUNNEE—A NIGHT PANIC—SIR HOPE GRANT RETURNS TO LUCKNOW.

Journal continued.—On 2d March 1858, Sir Colin determined to march from Buntheera to Lucknow, and to occupy the Dilkoosha with a strong division of infantry, 4 troops of horse-artillery, and 1300 cavalry. I, of course, took command of the cavalry. As we marched by a tope of trees near the fort of Jelalabad, where Sir James Outram had had a skirmish with the rebels, inflicting on them

considerable loss, a bugler of the 60th Rifles, on passing a skeleton, gave it a kick. Hearing something rattle, he stooped down and found nine gold mohurs rolled up in a rag. This was very strange, as after a fight the dead were rifled of everything about them, even to their clothes, by camp-followers and country people, and so large a sum was not likely to have escaped observation. The only way of accounting for it was, that the man, seeing himself in danger, had swallowed his treasure—a common practice among natives when they fear being robbed—and that the money had fallen out when the corpse had become decomposed. It is true, it is difficult to understand how he could have thus disposed of it when wrapped in a rag; but I do not conceive even this impossible. He might have gulped it down in extreme nervousness.

On our march to the Dilkoosha we had a skirmish with a strong picket of the enemy, from whom we took a gun, and easily got possession of the palace. The outposts having been intrusted to my care, I posted some 18-pounders to command the Martinière, and drew up the batteries along the banks of the canal. I was again struck by a spent bullet, but was not wounded.

On our left front there was a large garden surrounded by a wall. Here in an opening I posted two 6-pounders, with some cavalry and

infantry. In the further corner were two deserted ammunition-waggons, and as the ground was to all appearance clear of the enemy, I ordered the artillery officer to send some men and horses to bring them away. Sir Colin, Little of the 9th Lancers, who had been appointed a cavalry brigadier, and I, rode up to watch the operation. The waggons were found to be loaded with ammunition, and the horses sent were insufficient for the purpose, and were unable to move them. All of a sudden, fire was opened upon us from outside the wall, in which were gaps at different spots, and skirmishers began to make their appearance. Unfortunately we had only a small cavalry escort with us; and thinking "discretion the better part of valour," and that it would not be judicious to sacrifice the Commander-in-Chief, the general in command of the cavalry, and a brigadier, for a paltry ammunition-waggon, we thought it wiser to withdraw. The artillery-driver was therefore desired to abandon his horses and to make the best of his way back, and we were on the point of retiring when poor Brigadier Little was struck by a shot which went through his elbow-joint. He was, however, able to ride off, and fortunately Sir Colin got off unhurt.[1]

[1] After General Little was wounded at Lucknow, he was compelled to relinquish his command, and Colonel Charles Hagart

Brigadier Franks[1] had been doing good service in the south of Oude, and was reported to be within a short distance of our camp with 6000 men, 3000 of whom were Goorkas belonging to the Rajah of Nepal. On his arrival on 5th March, every preparation having been made for the attack, Sir Colin ordered two bridges of boats to be constructed across the Goomtee, half a mile below the Dilkoosha Palace. Unfortunately, the Engineers made a mistake. The position occupied by the bridges lay under the fire of the Martinière, and though the range would have been about a mile, it was undoubtedly undesirable for an army to cross a river at a spot so exposed. However, delay was to be avoided, and Sir James Outram was ordered to cross with his division at three o'clock in the morning of the 6th March. I was sent as second in command, and was directed to superintend the passage of the river.[2]

The night was very dark, the ground where we were encamped was much broken and full of watercourses, and the troops had great difficulty in finding their way. It was some time, therefore, before they could be got together. Sir Colin, being anxious to get his men across before the

of the 7th Hussars, an excellent officer, was appointed brigadier-general of cavalry in his place.—J. H. G.

[1] Afterwards Major-General Sir J. H. Franks, K.C.B. Since dead.

[2] See Appendix, p. 354.

enemy could discover our intention and open upon us, rode down to the river-side and pitched into everybody most handsomely, I catching the principal share. But this had a good effect, and hastened the passage very materially—everything was got over in safety just as daybreak appeared. Sir James Outram, one of the finest fellows in existence—the "Bayard" spoken of by Sir Charles Napier before any unpleasant feeling sprang up between them—drew up his force in three lines. At first we marched up the banks of the river for about a mile, then threw our right forward until we were parallel with the Fyzabad road, and finally advanced straight towards Lucknow. We had not gone far when we perceived a picket of the enemy's cavalry, consisting of about 400 men, posted close to a village. I sent a party round each flank, composed of artillery and cavalry, hoping to cut them off. Amongst our men were two squadrons of the Bays, young fellows full of ardour and zeal, but who required keeping in hand. The enemy took to flight; and these fine lads, determined to catch them up, started after them at score. It was impossible to check them, and they pursued the retreating rebels till they came up to some infantry posts, where the ground was broken and difficult for horses. Their major, Percy Smith, an excellent officer, was killed.

His body was not brought in till the next day. The men likewise suffered severely.

Sir James Outram's force encamped within four miles of Lucknow, with his left resting on the Fyzabad road.[1] The next morning we were attacked by a body of about 12,000 men, with 12 guns; and as the ground was intersected with ravines, the rebels were able to bring up their artillery without being seen. As I rode to the front to reconnoitre, a round-shot was fired down the road which nearly annihilated me and my A.D.C., and fell right into our camp. Our men soon turned out. I took the cavalry and two troops of horse-artillery to our right flank, where we had a tussle with a large body of men on some honeycombed ground, and we had to pitch into them with grape, which in the space of an hour completely dislodged them. Sir James Outram also succeeded in driving back the guns which had attacked him; but as we had had orders not to advance, the retreat was not followed up. We remained in our present position, throwing the pickets much more forward. The following day, the 8th March, the enemy fired at our advanced-posts from a battery of heavy guns formed up on the race-ground, but without doing much execution.

On the morning of the 9th March, the Com-

1 Sir Colin, with the remainder of his army, remained on the other side of the river, on the right bank.—H. K.

mander-in-Chief sent us an order to attack and capture the position on the banks of the river. During the night two batteries had been constructed within 600 yards of the enemy's works on the race-course, and had been armed with 12 heavy guns, ready to open fire at daybreak. Our right was protected by cavalry. I directed Brigadier-General Walpole to advance with his infantry brigade and a 9-pounder battery, under cover of a wood and village to cross a stream, bring his right shoulders forward, and take the rebel position in reverse. The horse-artillery, formed up in rear of the main picket, were to wait until the infantry had reached a certain point, and then were to advance with the picket along the main road.

At daybreak, the heavy guns opened a terrific fire, the infantry on the right threw out a cloud of skirmishers from the Rifle brigade, and the 23d Regiment and the 79th Highlanders formed the main body of attack. After advancing some distance, the skirmishers threw their right forward, passed through the wood with little opposition, and got in rear of the enemy's battery, which had been annoying us so much during the two preceding days: the guns, however, had been removed.

On the other side of the race-course, near the river, was a yellow house which had previously

been occupied by the enemy, and which now appeared to be deserted. We had hard work marching over the heavy sandy country, and I had halted my column to rest, and to give time to Sir James Outram to bring up his force on the left, when suddenly a large number of the enemy who had been concealed in the yellow house emerged from it; but instead of showing fight, they bolted along the banks of the river, and before I could get my guns into action they were out of reach. Nine scoundrels stuck to the building, and gave us a great deal of trouble, killing and wounding three officers and nine men. It was only by firing salvoes from a troop of horse-artillery into the house that we eventually succeeded in driving them out.

Sir James Outram advanced up to the iron bridge, scattering the enemy before him and taking several guns. On 11th March, we were ordered by Sir Colin to take the upper stone bridge likewise; but Outram, finding he had not enough infantry to hold it permanently, was obliged to abandon it, throwing up batteries which commanded it.

The rebels had constructed strong works round the town on the right bank of the river; but, with their usual wisdom, had not calculated on our first crossing and advancing by the opposite side, which was not equally well fortified. The whole

position was consequently enfiladed. On ascertaining this, the Commander-in-Chief ordered two of his divisions to take the Martinière and a strong intrenched position close to the canal, which was effected without any loss on 9th and 10th March. The Begum's palace next fell into our hands on 11th. It consisted of an infinity of buildings and courtyards, one within the other, surrounded by a breastwork and a deep ditch. The 93d Highlanders, supported by Wilde's[1] Sikhs, went at it gallantly. Nothing could be finer than their conduct. One of the former regiment was shot down, when several Sikhs who saw him fall rushed up, covered his body, and prevented the enemy from mutilating him. Then the slaughter set in afresh. From this building alone 600 dead bodies were afterwards taken out and buried. I now sent out strong parties of cavalry along the Seetapoor road, to prevent supplies coming into the town, and to cut off any of the enemy trying to make their escape in that direction. One patrol under Brigadier Hagart[2] overtook a number of their infantry, cut them up, and pursued a party of Sowars to a village, which was set on fire. As our men were coming away, they reported that Captain Sandford, of the Indian Service, a fine

[1] Now Major-General Sir Alfred Wilde, K.C.B., C.S.I.

[2] Now Major-General Hagart, C.B., Colonel of the 11th Hussars.

young fellow who had joined the 9th Lancers from Dublin, having been temporarily attached to the regiment, entered the village and had not returned. The brigadier halted the column, and sent young Campbell, a Perthshire man and a gallant officer, belonging to Probyn's Horse, to look after him. He shortly came across an orderly holding Sandford's horse; and on inquiring what had become of the rider, was told he had gone into the village. Campbell took three men of the 5th Irregulars with him, and continued his search. After a time he discovered Sandford's helmet at the foot of a wall with a bullet through it, but the body was nowhere to be found. There was a small loopholed fort close to the spot, from whence a fire was opened upon them, and one of Campbell's Sikhs was wounded in the arm and thigh by two bullets. He called out to his officer to save him; and, at the imminent risk of his life, the gallant fellow carried away the wounded man amidst a shower of bullets. He reported having found the helmet to Brigadier Hagart, who immediately dismounted a party of the 2d Dragoon Guards to keep down the fire from the loopholed mud fort. Probyn[1] was then directed, or rather he volun-

[1] It may be here remarked that this distinguished Irregular Cavalry officer, whose exploits are so frequently narrated in Sir Hope's Journal, throughout the Delhi campaign commanded a detachment of the 2d Punjab Cavalry. After the final capture of Lucknow he succeeded to the command of the 1st Sikh

teered, to take some of his own men into the village and search afresh for Sandford. Campbell accompanied him; and amongst the party was Russaldhar Punjab Singh, a splendid type of a Sikh. At the wall where the helmet had been discovered they found a hole, through which they crawled, and then on the top of the house they saw poor Sandford's body. But how were they to get to it without incurring fresh loss from the fire of the enemy? The Sikhs understood the business. Punjab Singh and some others threw themselves flat upon the roof, crept up to the body, let it drop from the wall, and then scrambled over themselves. It was gallantly done.

The Commander-in-Chief's camp was now pitched in the gardens of the Martinière, a little above which a bridge of boats had been constructed across the river. I went to see him, and found him expecting a visit from Jung Bahadoor. I was anxious to see this famous Nepalese chief, and Sir Colin kindly permitted me to be present. His large tent, with a semianah—a large canvas awning upon poles to keep off the sun—was ready

Irregular Cavalry, generally known as "Probyn's Horse," and with which regiment he did such good service during the China campaign. On his return to India he held various appointments, his last post being that of Commandant of the Central India Horse, and Political Agent in West Malwa. On promotion to the rank of Major-General, the rules of the Presidency required him to vacate this appointment. He then returned to England, and in 1872 was gazetted Equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—H. K.

pitched, and a strong guard of the 42d Highlanders, kilted, guarded the entrance, with the regimental pipers in attendance. Shortly after, Jung Bahadoor arrived, followed by his two brothers and about twenty of his staff. He was magnificently dressed, and his turban was ornamented with a splendid tiara of diamonds and emeralds. His countenance was remarkably intelligent, and though he had the flat Nepalese features, he was dignified in his bearing and manner. There was, however, a suspicious glance in his eye, so characteristic of the Eastern disposition; and during his conversation with Sir Colin and Colonel M'Gregor, political agent, between whom he was seated, though he gave utterance to a good deal of soft-sawder, he had a restless wandering look, as though he mistrusted everybody. He was evidently struck with the stalwart Highland guards and pipers, who, stalking up and down playing the martial pibroch, had a most imposing effect. At this moment Captain Hope Johnstone,[1] General Mansfield's Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, a tall handsome man, dressed in a very becoming fighting costume, marched up to Sir Colin to report the fall of one of the palaces. The effect was very remarkable and quite theatrical. My fighting turn-out was, however, very indifferent, so I got behind the crowd in the durbar tent,

[1] Now Major, retired.

and conversed with a stoutish gentleman in Hessian boots and frock-coat, who was a stranger to me. I talked with him for some time, for his remarks were very clever and much to the point. On riding home with Augustus Anson, I learned to my surprise that my acquaintance was Dr Russell, correspondent to the 'Times' newspaper.

Several heavy guns and 10-inch mortars were sent over to our side, on the north of the Goomtee, and placed in a position to complete the destruction of the works about the Kaiser Bagh. On the morning of the 14th March, the Commander-in-Chief directed the divisions on the right bank of the river to attack the small Summum Bahora, which was bravely carried. From the inside of this place the whole of the outworks of the Kaiser Bagh were commanded, and our troops captured the latter also with a rush, the enemy abandoning everything, and the Begum making her escape into the town. Inside the Kaiser Bagh the gallant Hodson was killed. A sepoy behind a door fired at him as he entered. The loot here was considerable. Diamond and emerald necklaces, pearls, jewels of every description, and shawls, were quickly walked off with the soldiers. We also captured 70 guns.

The following day, 15th March, the town, it was supposed, had been abandoned; and I was ordered off to Seetapoor with 1100 cavalry and

12 horse-artillery guns. Brigadier Douglas[1] was to follow the next day with his fine brigade, consisting of the 23d Regiment, the 79th Highlanders, the 1st Madras Fusiliers, 4 heavy guns, 5 or 6 Cohorn mortars, and a detachment of sappers. On 15th March, the cavalry and horse-artillery made their first march along the Seetapoor road, when I received an order from the chief of the staff to halt, as it had been discovered that there were still 1500 of the enemy in the town. Sir Colin's troops attacked their position and drove them out, but found that instead of 1500 there were 20,000, all of whom made their escape towards Fyzabad; and we were too far off to overtake them. It now further appeared that though they had been driven out of Lucknow, a strong force was stationed in the neighbourhood, and held the "Moosa Bagh," four miles distant, a house and garden situated on the right bank of the river. On 19th March, two infantry divisions, under Sir James Outram, attacked them in front; Brigadier Campbell, with a brigade of infantry, some guns, and 1500 cavalry, took up a position on the left front, in readiness to pitch into them on their retreat; and I was ordered with my guns to assist, from the left bank of the Goomtee, in dislodging the

[1] Now Major-General Sir John Douglas, K.C.B., commanding the troops in Scotland.

enemy from the Moosa Bagh, and, with my cavalry, to fall upon any who crossed over to my side. The rebels opened fire on my men at a long range; but my orders were not to advance until a simultaneous attack had been made by all Outram's troops. His force, however, did not arrive until nearly two hours after I had taken up my position; and Outram had scarcely commenced firing when the enemy found it too hot, and bolted. A squadron of the 9th Lancers, on the southern side of the river, was ordered to pursue them. They bravely charged, and took 12 guns, but very nearly got into difficulties on coming up to a nullah which they could not cross. A fire of grape was directed against them from a village 200 yards on the other side. Fortunately the guns were too much elevated—the shot went over them, and not a man was touched. Captain Coles, who was a good steady officer, immediately brought his squadron back, and the enemy continued their retreat unmolested by Campbell's brigade. With his large force of cavalry and artillery, there was a splendid opportunity for cutting off the large masses of fugitive rebels; yet nearly all were allowed to escape.[1] Near the

[1] The following is an account of the engagement, communicated in an MS. correspondence by Lieut.-Colonel James Hagart, C.B. (retired), brother of the Brigadier: "March 19, '58. — A strong force of cavalry, horse-artillery, and some infantry, under Brigadier Campbell, left their encampment near the Alum Bagh at about 2 A.M. for the Moosa Bagh, to prevent the enemy escaping

latter was a village with a small mud fort, of which the enemy had taken possession. To dislodge them, Campbell sent a couple of guns, a troop of the 7th Hussars, and some of Hodson's corps. A few shots were fired into the stronghold, when suddenly, to the surprise of every one, about 50 daring fellows, headed by the Daroga,

on that side of Lucknow. We had a little skirmishing here and there, as we passed by villages and wooded and broken ground in this neighbourhood. At about 1 P.M. we halted to eat and rest. A vedette, approaching too near a small mud fort, apparently unoccupied, was fired on. I went, by Campbell's orders, with a troop—in point of numbers not more than half a troop—of the 7th Hussars, some of Hodson's Horse, a few men of the 78th Highlanders, and two of Major Tombs' guns, to see about it. After a couple of shells, the enemy made a rush and came down upon the guns. I ordered the 7th to charge. Captain Slade and Cornet Banks were at once cut down; and Lieutenant Wilkin nearly had his foot cut through; and partly losing command of his horse—a stallion—which would not leave the ranks, was unable to give his men another lead, who were, so to say, a little put out at so suddenly losing their officers. Luckily I was all right, looking on; so I rode in at once to where a lot were hacking at poor Banks on the ground, followed by Wilkin and some of the men, and saved Banks, for the time at least. He was dreadfully mutilated, and died fifteen or sixteen days after. We then set to work, and killed every one of our opponents. They seemed to have no idea of giving way, but fought desperately. I was told they were fanatics maddened with bang.

"During this, Brigadier Campbell marched on in the direction of the Moosa Bagh, fired, I was told, a few rounds at it, and returned. We encamped for the night about a mile from the little fort.

"March 20.—We marched back to a village called Ken Kooree, as far as I can make out, and halted all day under some trees. In the afternoon, some orderlies having come in from headquarters, we started again for Moosa Bagh, about five miles from where we had halted, and encamped close under it. We then found that it had been taken early, or at all events before the evening of the preceding day."

or head man of the village, an enormous fellow, rushed out of the fort right up to the guns. The cavalry were ordered to charge; but the rebels reached them before they could be put in motion, and the three troop officers—Slade, Wilkins, and Banks—were cut down. The latter lost a leg and an arm, and died of his wounds shortly after. It was only owing to the courage of Colonel James Hagart, commanding the 7th Hussars, that he was brought out alive. Hagart rode to Banks' rescue almost, if not quite, single-handed, cutting his way through the enemy two or three times. Three of the rebels he shot with his revolver, and knocked over a fourth with the hilt of his sword, which was attached to his wrist by a silk pocket-handkerchief. Everything he had about him bore traces of his gallant struggle. His saddle and his horse were slashed about both in front and behind, his martingale was divided, his sword-hilt dented in, the pocket-handkerchief severed as cleanly as with a razor, and a piece of the skin of his right hand cut away. He undoubtedly saved poor Banks' life for the time, and I recommended him for the Victoria Cross. Sir Colin Campbell did not, however, forward the recommendation, as he considered the reward an inappropriate one for an officer of so high a rank as Hagart. Two Sikh Sowars now rode up, one of whom attacked the Daroga,

while the second engaged another powerful rebel; but finding that their enemies were getting the best of it, these two gallant Irregular horsemen dismounted, and renewed the combat on foot. The Daroga three times struck down his antagonist, who defended himself with his shield, until, when a favourable opportunity presented itself, the Sikh gave his foe a back-handed cut across the neck, which laid him low. The other Sikh also despatched his opponent.

On 22d March I was ordered to start at twelve o'clock at night with 2 troops of horse-artillery, 2 18-pounders, 2 howitzers, 4 Cohorn mortars, 900 cavalry, and 4 regiments of infantry, for a small town called Koorsie, 25 miles from Lucknow, on the Fyzabad road. Here, it was rumoured, 4000 of the enemy had taken up a position. We set out on our march, but I was obliged to wait under a tope of trees halfway for the heavy guns and the 53d. Regiment. Owing to a mistake of the guide they had taken a wrong direction, and did not come up until late in the morning. At two o'clock P.M. we resumed our march, and at four came in sight of Koorsie, and perceived a cavalry patrol of 50 men, but they soon disappeared. I took the cavalry and artillery round the town out of fire, and ere long we saw a large body of the enemy in full retreat. A few shots were sent

amongst them, and two squadrons of the Punjab cavalry, under a most excellent officer, Captain Browne,[1] and a party of Watson's[2] Horse, under Captain Cosserat, were launched against the Pandies.[3] Captain Browne, who commanded, seeing some guns moving off, charged the rebels in the most magnificent style. Five times he rode clear through them, killing about 200 and taking 13 guns and a mortar. His unfortunate adjutant, Lieutenant Macdonald, was shot dead in the act of cutting down a sepoy. Captain Cosserat was shot through the face, and died shortly after. A noble Sikh cavalry man was mortally wounded in the stomach and fell from his horse. In a short time he rallied sufficiently to mount again, galloped into the thick of the enemy, killed two of them, and then dropped from his horse, dead. After this we returned to Lucknow.

Sir Colin placed me in command of the town,[4] where I expected to remain quietly for some time at least. However, on the morning of the 9th April the Chief sent for me and

[1] Now Major-General S. Browne, V.C., C.B. After the Mutiny he was appointed successively to the command of the Central India Horse, and to the Peshawur Frontier District.

[2] Now Colonel John Watson, V.C., C.B., A.D.C. to the Queen, and Commandant Central India Horse.

[3] "Pandy," a habitual nickname then in use in India, derived from Mungal Pandy, the original rebel who set the example of open insurrection.

[4] See Appendix, p. 355.

told me that he intended to start for Allahabad that night, and that I must march with a column to a village called Baree, 29 miles from Lucknow, on the Seetapoor road, to clear away a body of rebels, who had congregated there under the Moulvie—a Mussulman priest, the head of a religious sect—an active, intelligent man, who, some time before the Mutiny, had been giving us a great deal of trouble. He had been put in irons by us for preaching sedition, but during the recent disturbances had made his escape, and now displayed, in every possible way, the inveterate hatred he bore us. After I had finished my business at Baree, I was to march eastward to Mahomedabad, and from thence to reconnoitre the banks of the Ghogra, where it was joined by the Chokra. It was rumoured that the Begum of Lucknow had taken up her residence at a place called Bittoulie, on an island between these two rivers, with 6000 men. I was then to proceed to Ramnuggur to cover the march of Jung Bahadoor's Goorkas, who were on their way back to Nepal.

On the 11th April I marched from the cantonments at Lucknow with Middleton's battery, Mackinnon's[1] troop of horse-artillery, 2 18-pounders, 2 8-inch howitzers, 2 8-inch mortars, and 2 5½-inch Cohorn mortars, the 7th Hussars, 1 squaddron of the 2d Dragoon Guards, Wales' Punjab

[1] Colonel Mackinnon, R.A., died 1868.

Horse, a squadron of Hodson's Horse, the second battalion of the Rifle brigade, the 38th Regiment, the Bengal Fusiliers, 500 men of Major Vaughan's[1] 5th Punjab corps, and some Engineer officers, with 100 sappers and miners—in all, about 3000 men. On the 13th April, on the road to Baree, we came up with a force of about 6000 infantry and 1000 cavalry, which had taken up a position on the banks of a stream with hills on either side. The latter were all strict Mahomedans, and, as such, hated us with all their heart.

On 12th April, at dead of night, a troop of these Sowars got inside our line of pickets. A man of Wales' Horse challenged them, but they replied that they belonged to the 12th Irregulars, and he did not fire. They contented themselves with reconnoitring, and then slipped away again. The 12th Irregulars, commanded by Captain Holmes, was a cavalry corps which had behaved well for some time after the outbreak of the Mutiny, but at last killed their officers and went over to the enemy.

On the 13th April we marched at daybreak, but had scarcely gone three miles on our way when I heard the advanced-guard commence firing. The road, or rather track, had been very bad, and I had remained behind to see the heavy

[1] Late Brigadier commanding Gwalior District; now Major-General, C.B.

guns brought across a nullah. I immediately galloped to the front, and found that a strong cavalry picket of the enemy had attacked our advanced-guard — had surrounded a troop of Wales' Horse, wounding one of the officers, Prendergast [1]—and would have taken the two guns which were with it,—when they suddenly perceived a squadron of the 7th Hussars, which the dust had hitherto prevented them from seeing, ready to charge them, whereupon they wheeled about and galloped off. When I reached the scene of the conflict I saw this hostile force, which now amounted to some thousand men, working round our right flank, evidently bent on attacking our baggage, which extended over a line of nearly three miles. I instantly brought up 300 cavalry and 2 of Mackinnon's guns to protect our flank, and fired several shots at them, but without effect. In addition to our rear-guard, I ordered the Bengal Fusiliers to cover our right flank. I sent a troop of the 7th Hussars to patrol along both flanks, and another squadron to watch the movements of the Sowars. The enemy came round in rear of a village, and were in the act of charging upon our baggage when the troop of the 7th Hussars, who were ready prepared for them, dashed down and galloped through them, putting

[1] Now Major M. M. Prendergast, second in command of the 4th Bengal Cavalry.

them to flight and sabring many of their number. Captain Topham,[1] who commanded the troop, and who had run a native officer through the body, was wounded by a lance. He had two men mortally, and six men slightly wounded. A little after, another body of the rebels charged down upon our baggage, but were met by two companies of the Bengal Fusiliers, who poured a volley into them when within 30 yards distant, which rolled a number in the dust. Thereupon they desisted from further attacks, and retreated as quickly as possible. The infantry were then ordered to advance. The enemy occupied a village on a hill in front of us, at the base of which a stream flowed. Large columns were posted on both sides of this valley. I threw out the Rifle brigade in skirmishing order, supported by the 5th Punjab corps. The main line in rear advanced close up to the village under a heavy fire and stormed it gallantly, capturing two colours. We afterwards advanced and took the higher ground, the rebels bolting without firing a shot. The cowardly fellows might, with a little resolution, have defended the position for some time, as the banks and honeycombed ground would have delayed us under fire considerably; but they had no confidence either in themselves

[1] Captain R. Topham is now in command of the 16th Bengal Cavalry.

or in their leaders. Whether they had artillery or not I cannot say. Our cavalry on the right captured a waggon filled with ammunition, but no guns opened on us.

We proceeded to Baleree, three miles distant, and were there told that the Moulvie had commanded the cavalry in person. This I doubt, as all their leaders valued too much their precious lives.

The next day we marched to Burassie, 12 miles off. The weather was now becoming excessively hot, and poor Augustus Anson, who had held out so long, was taken very unwell with a dreadful sickness and dysentery. He was obliged to get off his horse, and was carried in a doolie. A decoction of the bale fruit, which was now ripe, was given to him, and the next day he was in a fair way to recovery.

On 15th April we marched for Manidabad, where it was reported Khan Ali Khan had collected a force of 3000 men. On reaching the town, however, we found it deserted, and the chief's house, though surrounded with mud walls and bastions, left undefended. On the 16th April we reached Belhir, from whence I made a reconnaissance to a ford in the river Ghurshupper, but found it impracticable for guns.

On 19th April we marched for Ramnuggur, six miles from Bittoulie, and belonging to a Rajah of considerable importance, who was said to have a

strong force. On our arrival we found, as usual, everything deserted. I sent the cavalry forward to reconnoitre, and they brought back a magnificent elephant with two splendid tusks, and a large Sowarree camel. The rider looked the greatest villain unhung, and must have belonged to one of our Irregular regiments. The same afternoon, I took the cavalry and Middleton's battery to look up the Begum, but found she had bolted; we nearly lost three of our guns and a team of horses by taking the wrong channel. The following morning I received a despatch from the chief of the staff, directing me to return to Lucknow. We started before daybreak on 21st April, and arrived at Mussoulie, half-way to Nawabgunj, where Jung Bahadoor's Goorkas were stopping. The European officer in command had great difficulties to contend with in marching through a country so filled with rebels. His force consisted of 8000 men, with 20 guns; yet he could only reckon on 2000 men for actual fighting purposes. He had 2000 sick and 4000 carts; and each of the latter being filled with tents, private property, and loot, required, according to the usages of these troops, a man to guard it. On 22d April, I heard that there was in the neighbourhood one of the strong Oude mud forts, surrounded by a jungle which was almost impenetrable, and traversed by few roads. This fort belonged to a chief of the

name of Rajah Ruzzug Bukkut, who had been playing a double game throughout the Mutiny, and I thought it would be well to teach him a lesson. The same morning he came into camp with profuse protestations of good behaviour and fidelity, and offered to hand over to us the only three guns which he said he had in his possession. I took with me two squadrons of cavalry, and after picking our way for some time through the jungle, we came to the gate of his stronghold, which we entered. Inside was a dense jungle of bamboo, and a thick thorny plant, through which it was impossible to advance except by a narrow tortuous path. At last we came up to a miserable mud house, which he called his palace. The people were very civil, and told us that the guns had been sent away to the commissioners; but one of our Sikhs, who are famous hands at making discoveries of concealed property, found out two guns in an enclosure where no one had thought of looking. We immediately caused the gate to be burst open, and secured a 9 and a 6 pounder. I sent for some bullocks of the worthy Rajah, and found that they were Government animals, which the old scoundrel had stolen. A native also informed me that there was another gun close to the gate by which we entered; and on further search we found a 9-pounder, most skilfully masked, facing the road along which we had

travelled, double-shotted with grape and round-shot, ready primed, and having a slow-match fixed and lighted. All this looked very suspicious, especially as at the same time an officer reported that he had found a number of treasonable papers in the Rajah's house. I therefore resolved not to let the old gentleman off; and the next day I sent a force, under Brigadier Horsford,[1] from Nawabgunj, to destroy the place. This was thoroughly carried into execution. The jungle was burned, and the palace levelled to the ground.

I now received an order from the chief of the staff directing me to proceed to Cawnpore.[2] Accordingly, I left my troops for the moment at Nawabgunj,[3] and with my personal staff rode to Lucknow. Here I received another order to march with the column I had quitted to Roy Bareilly,[4] and from thence to the line of the Ganges. Telegraphic despatches also arrived from the Chief Commissioner of Oude, telling me that Unao, on the Cawnpore road, was threatened with attack; and another despatch

[1] Now Major-General Sir Alfred Horsford, K.C.B., commanding the South-Eastern District.

[2] See Appendix, p. 357.

[3] It must be borne in mind that there are several towns so called. Indeed the constant reduplication of names, and the variations in their spelling, are sources of endless perplexity to the student of Indian military operations.—H. K.

[4] See Appendix, p. 356.

from Bunnee, stating that the rebels were burning villages, and had cut the telegraph wires. I therefore sent a column of troops to Bunnee, and from them I learned the actual facts to have been that a party of rebels had burnt an adjacent village; and that the wires had been accidentally broken, not cut, and had been put in order again. The Chief Commissioner continued to send me additional disagreeable intelligence, but I could pay no attention to his request to despatch troops hither and thither. My main body had been ordered to return from Nawabgunj, so without any further delay we crossed the Goomtee by a bridge of boats, close under the Dilkoosha. On 29th April it was marched to Bunnee, where I joined it; the next morning to Kantha, and the third day to Poorwah.

I had made some change in the composition of my force, and now had with me a battalion of the Rifle brigade under Colonel Hall, the 38th Regiment under Colonel Kelly,[1] the 90th under Colonel Purnell,[2] and 500 of the 5th Sikh Regiment under Major Vaughan. I had also Captain Gibbon's 9-pounder battery, Captain Mackinnon's 6-pounder troop, two 18-pounders, two 8-inch, two 5½-inch mortars, the 7th Hussars, Wales' Sikh Horse, a squadron of Hodson's Horse, and

[1] Now Major-General Sir R. Kelly, K.C.B.

[2] Since dead.

some sappers and miners. Our total strength was 4500 men.

We first made for a small fort surrounded by jungle, called Puchingaum, where a Bais Rajpoot held sway—an influential man—but he did not show fight. We took possession of some matchlocks, swords, shields, a 4-pounder gun, and two 1-pounder wall-pieces. Presently I saw my Sikh orderly coming out of a building carrying a sack ; and as these black gentlemen were great hands at looting, I stopped him. The sack was found to contain nothing but fine flour; but every sort of plundering was considered a great misdemeanour, and could not be tolerated. It was therefore emptied all over his head; and the contrast between his dark skin and the white powder had a most ridiculous effect, and acted as a useful warning to his comrades.

I now set off for Doondeakeira, a strong fort close to the Ganges, and surrounded by a dense jungle, belonging to Ram Buksh, a great villain, who had killed several of our fugitive countrymen and women on the flight from Cawnpore. On our road we destroyed a strong mud fort standing close to a large salt-work. On the morning of the 10th May, the anniversary of the commencement of the Mutiny, we arrived at Doondeakeira, and found it completely deserted. It was one of the most formidable forts I had

ever seen in India, with large, enormously thick mud walls, and surrounded by a jungle so dense as to be imperviable, except where pathways had been cut. Inside this jungle was a small circular work, quite concealed until within a few yards' distance, where a gun had probably been placed; a narrow covered-way communicated with it and the main work. Had the post been disputed, our loss must have been severe. It had apparently been entirely denuded of all means of defence; but when my Sikhs began their search, they found two guns and a French 32-pounder brass howitzer, the latter in an excellent state of preservation, which had been thrown down deep dry wells.

On the morning of the 12th May I went to Nuggur, and hearing that the enemy had taken up a position in force at Sirsee, five miles in an easterly direction, I started for that place the same afternoon. The weather was becoming fearfully hot, and to add to our discomfort, a dust-storm was raging, accompanied by a hot wind. Nevertheless we came up to the position at 5 o'clock P.M., and found a strong force of the enemy, estimated at 1500 infantry and 1600 cavalry, with two guns, posted along a nullah, with broken ground around, and a large jungle in their rear. Their cavalry was on our right flank, ready to pounce down on our baggage; but

my mind was easy on this point, as I had left it some distance behind, in a secure position, protected by 200 infantry, two guns, and a squadron of cavalry. The ball opened on our part with a shower of shot and shell. The Rifles and Sikhs were extended in skirmishing order, with the 38th and 90th in reserve, and covering the heavy guns. We soon cleared the nullah of the rebels, killing Amruthun Singh, a wealthy and influential Talookdar, or landholder, and his brother, and taking two guns. The enemy were in full retreat; and as it was becoming dark, I threw out my pickets, and ordered the troops to bivouac. In the middle of the night we were suddenly awakened by a scream, followed by the thud of the hoofs of horses galloping about. We all supposed that the enemy's cavalry had broken in upon us, favoured by the darkness, and a general commotion took place. A bullock-driver was killed, and Captain Gibbon[1] of the artillery was twice knocked down, finally wounding himself accidentally with his revolver. The Rifles also set to work in grim earnest, every one fighting against his neighbour, and breaking each others heads with the butt-ends of their rifles. Fortunately, at the time none happened to be loaded, or the loss would have been serious. As it turned out, ten or twelve men were sent to

[1] Now Colonel Gibbon, C.B.

hospital. The alarm had been caused by a snake creeping over the face of a Madras sepoy, who, terror-stricken, started up with a scream. The confusion was then increased by several of our horses breaking loose and galloping about. The discomfort of having entire horses on a campaign is not to be told; and yet the Government of India have never had strength of mind to alter the system, though it has been denounced over and over again by every one competent to judge.

The following morning, the enemy having entirely disappeared, we returned to Nuggur, where we bivouacked. The night was hot and murky, and I went to sleep under a tree on my charpoy. Presently I became aware of a most singular sensation in my feet, which projected considerably over my small bed. The feeling was indescribable, yet very pleasant and soothing. I at length awoke, and then I perceived my good old bheestie, or water-carrier, Kulloo, rubbing my feet very gently. When I asked him the reason of his doing so, he told me he had been bitten by a scorpion, and had come to me for some "darwei"—medicine. The gentle method he had adopted to awaken me amused me much. So perfectly Eastern, and really so agreeable.

The next morning we marched to Poorwah, where we halted for two days. We then moved

on to Bunnee, and leaving the column with directions to proceed to Jelalabad, and from thence to the other side of the Goomtee, I rode into Lucknow.

I went straight to Mr Montgomery, the chief commissioner, a particularly nice person, to tell him all that had taken place.

CHAPTER XII.

COMMENTATORY AND EXPLANATORY.

MEASURES TAKEN BY THE REBELS TO FORTIFY LUCKNOW —HOW BAFFLED—CONTINGENT DANGER OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S PLAN OF OPERATIONS—HIS DISSATISFACTION AT ESCAPE OF REBELS—BRIGADIER FRANKS' OPERATIONS—THE BRITISH OUDE ARMY BROKEN UP.

WITH reference to Sir Colin Campbell's reconquest of Lucknow in March 1858, it is evident the rebels expected he would have followed the direction of the two previous attacks undertaken by the English; and, for this reason, the Commander-in-Chief decided to strike from both sides of the river Goomtee. His plan, as we have seen, met with complete success. Many of the defences on the southern side were thereby turned or enfiladed, the defenders were bewildered by the fact of the assault coming from an unexpected quarter, and several additional points of entrance were made available for the British troops. The plan of operations was, however, accompanied by a dangerous contin-

gency; for Sir Colin, by dividing his army, already barely sufficient for the object he had in view, into two portions, with a large and an unfordable river running between them, exposed himself to the same disaster which overtook Benningsen at Friedland. But the Commander-in-Chief judged—and subsequent events showed his judgment to have been accurate—that the rebels, whose want of enterprise had already been proved a matter of certainty, and who were now only formidable whilst at bay behind their ramparts, would be the last to take advantage of this opportunity.

There is reason to believe that Sir Colin Campbell was greatly dissatisfied at the escape of so many thousands of the insurgents from the town; and his disappointment was shared by the people of England, who looked upon the opportunity as one for destroying at a swoop this nest of the Oude rebels, to which they had betaken themselves as a last refuge. The misadventure was probably due to a want of thorough co-operation between Sir Colin Campbell and Sir James Outram. Had the latter crossed the iron bridge as the enemy were retreating from the Kaiser Bagh, there is little doubt that an enormous number of them would have fallen into his hands. But he had been enjoined by the Commander-in-Chief not

to do so if he thought he "would lose a single man." This strange proviso was doubtless intended to be taken figuratively; but it would not be reasonable to blame Sir James Outram when, in face of this command, he held back on seeing that his loss must inevitably be severe.

The junction of Brigadier Franks with Sir Colin Campbell's force at Lucknow was only accomplished by means of a series of brilliant operations. Since December 1857, he had commanded a column called the "Jounpoor Field Force," consisting of 2300 Europeans, 3200 excellent Goorka troops, and a powerful artillery, and had been employed against the insurgents in the neighbourhood of Azimgurh and Allahabad. On 19th February 1858, he broke up his camp near Jounpoor, a town 40 miles north of Benares, and marching in the direction of Lucknow, successively defeated, at Chanda and Humeerpoor, detachments of the rebel army sent out to intercept his junction with Sir Colin Campbell. On 23d February he routed their main body at Sooltanpoor, consisting of 25,000 men, with 25 guns, of whom, however, only 6000 were disciplined troops. On this occasion he captured 20 guns and the whole of the enemy's standing camp. Brigadier Franks then pushed forward unmolested to Fyzabad and Lucknow.

As soon as it was clear to Sir Colin Campbell that the whole of Lucknow was completely in his possession, and that the enemy as a combined army had ceased to exist, he broke up the British "Oude Army" into several fractions. Regiments and brigades were reorganised, and several columns, usually small in number, were despatched in different directions where their services were urgently needed. They were generally placed under some semi-independent brigadier, and were required to reduce to order numerous detached bodies of rebels, many of whom had escaped from Lucknow and infested the adjacent country, generally taking refuge in the strong native mud forts with which Oude abounds.

The most important of these commands devolved on Sir Hope Grant, who was further ordered to exercise a general supervision over the military operations in the province during such times as Sir Colin Campbell was absent at the seat of Government.

It is beyond the scope of this work to treat of the important operations which were carried out by the Central India Field Force—a kind of offshoot from the Poona division of the Bombay army, under Sir Hugh Rose,[1] during the year 1858,

[1] Afterwards Commander-in-Chief in India; now General Lord Strathnairn, G.C.B.

at Jhansi, at Kalpee, at Gwalior, and at various other localities; or to notice the exploits performed by Generals Lugard,[1] Douglas, and other distinguished commanders. To a great extent their action was independent; and their success, however brilliant, did not immediately affect the proceedings of the army with which the writer of this Journal served. For the same reason, no attempt will be made in the succeeding chapters to follow the fortunes of any force except that under the command of Sir Hope Grant, which was employed in the final pacification of India.

[1] Now General Right Hon. Sir E. Lugard, G.C.B., Colonel 31st Regiment.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

SIR HOPE GRANT PROMOTED—AGAIN TAKES THE FIELD—EFFECTS OF THE CLIMATE—DISQUIETING RUMOURS—THE KUPPERTOLA RAJAH—LETTER FROM SIR COLIN CAMPBELL—EXPEDITION TO NAWABGUNJ—DESPERATELY CONTESTED ENGAGEMENT—SIR COLIN AND THE GOVERNMENT SECRETARY—RELIEF OF MAUN SINGH—TEMPLE AT AJUDIA—EXPEDITION TO AND ENGAGEMENT AT SOOLTANPOOR—GOES TO ALLAHABAD—INVESTITURE OF THE BATH—LADY CANNING—NEWLY-RAISED CAVALRY REGIMENTS—RETURN TO LUCKNOW.

SOME time before the date at which the latter portion of the Journal was written, Brigadier-General Hope Grant had been greatly gratified by having been nominated a Knight Commander of the Bath; and the value of this honour was much enhanced by a General Order, shortly afterwards issued, dated Horse Guards, 20th February 1858, and worded as follows:—

"The Queen has been graciously pleased to command that Colonel Sir James Hope Grant

K.C.B., of the 9th Lancers, be promoted to the rank of Major-General in the army, in consequence of his eminent services in command of the Cavalry Division at the siege of Delhi, and in that of a division at the relief of Lucknow under General Sir Colin Campbell, G.C.B.; also in the subsequent operations at Cawnpore, when the rebel army sustained a total defeat. By order of H.R.H. the General Commanding in chief.

(Signed) "G. A. WETHERALL,
Adjutant-General."

About the same time, likewise, Sir Hope had awarded to him a distinguished service pension of £200 a-year.

To the uninitiated it must appear a somewhat strange anomaly in our military system, that a reward conferred by the sovereign for gallant service in desperately hard contested actions involved a loss to the recipient of at least £12,000, being the price which he would have received had he been on peace service, and had he been able to "make his book." How thoroughly Sir Hope ignored these considerations may be gathered from his Journal, in which he expresses himself to the following effect:—

"How marvellous my good fortune appeared to me! We were under orders, though unofficially, to go home as soon as the few remaining months

of hot weather had elapsed, and I myself had no hope of being able to remain in the regiment after its arrival in England. Then this fearful Mutiny broke out. My good regiment is now considered one of the most distinguished corps in the service. How wonderfully I have been taken care of!"

Journal continued.—From Mr Montgomery I received fresh information, that the enemy under Beni-Madhoo, a rich and influential Talookdar, was threatening the Cawnpore road, and that proclamations had been distributed over the country, warning the inhabitants of Lucknow to quit the town, as it was to be attacked. I therefore considered it prudent to recommence our march, and to occupy the endangered road. Though we were in the middle of the hot weather, the change of living in tents again was very charming. I had before been living in the "Tara Koti," a detestable hole. Outside it was of a stately Grecian appearance; but having been designed for an observatory, great portions of it were left open, and could not be closed up without stone and lime. Nearly all the window-panes were broken, so altogether it was a most hot, comfortless dwelling—a perfect furnace during the day, and in the afternoon absolutely unbearable, as there were no punkahs up. My three days' residence there nearly brought on an attack of fever. I con-

sidered it advisable to take with me my old friends the 53d, a healthy and acclimatised Indian regiment, instead of the 38th, who were somewhat sickly. Nevertheless, the former lost four men from sunstroke during the first day's march, and had 70 in hospital. The second day they lost eight more, and I began to fear that at this rate we should break down altogether. But a change set in; the two following days were comparatively cool, and we were afterwards almost entirely free from sickness. I also substituted Mackinnon's troop for Olphert's.

I joined the camp at Jelalabad, a short distance from Lucknow, on 24th May; and on 25th the force marched to Bunnee, where I left the infantry and a battery of artillery. The day after I proceeded to Nawabgunj, on the Cawnpore road, with the cavalry and horse-artillery. Here I remained a few days, awaiting the arrival of the contingent of the Rajah of Kuppertola, which was ordered to garrison Poorwah. Nearly every evening, between 9 and 10 o'clock, I used to receive a despatch from Mr Montgomery, marked "immediate," and generally containing unpleasant news. For instance, "Large force of rebels attacking towns—coming down upon us from all sides—Beni-Madhoo said to be at Jessenda, eight miles from Bunnee, with a force of 85,000 men," &c., &c. Thinking the latter was getting too close

to us to be pleasant, I resolved to attack him, and returning to Bunnee, marched with the force to Jessenda. When we got there, however, the enemy had vanished.

Jessenda was a very pretty place. The house of the Rajah was a large handsome building, with a beautiful adjacent lake and well-wooded grounds. Ostensibly he was in our favour, but in point of fact there was no doubt he was playing a double game. He maintained that his house had been completely looted. But this was contradicted by the fact that large granaries of corn, and sundry boxes containing wearing apparel, were discovered untouched. Notwithstanding, we treated him with great civility. On 4th June we crossed the Sye river, and proceeded to Poorwah, where we found the Kuppertola Rajah had arrived. I was honoured by a visit from him the same afternoon, and on his arrival I gave him a salute—an unexpected compliment, as when the first shot was fired the worthy gentleman sprang from his chair, as though the enemy were at hand. He had brought with him from the Punjab 900 raw levies,—fine Sikhs, no doubt, but none of them had ever seen a shot fired. He had also with him three brass 6-pounders, and was expecting to be shortly reinforced by another regiment, 700 strong. That very night two formidable panics took place in his camp, and I

therefore did not consider it advisable to have such an undisciplined force 12 miles away from our nearest post, especially as the rains were coming on. I wrote to Mr Montgomery, and he agreed with me in thinking it would be wiser to move them to Bunnee.

The following day I returned the Rajah's visit. He was a stout, comfortable-looking, little gentleman, about 27 years of age, good-looking and gentlemanlike. He spoke English very fairly, and wrote it extremely well. We were shown into his Durbar tent, and I was placed in a silver chair of honour. After a good deal of complimentary butter, I incidentally praised a fine horse he had, upon which he immediately begged I would accept him. Of course I declined; but two days before his departure he asked to be allowed to give me a Sikh sword, which was, he said, of first-rate temper. I tried to refuse again, but he urged with such apparent good feeling that he trusted it might be looked on as a memento of our meeting, that at last I gave way. Moreover, the intrinsic value of the present was small.

The news of the capture of Kalpee, with all its guns, 25,000 barrels of English gunpowder, and immense quantities of stores, by Sir Hugh Rose, now reached us. I had not heard a word from Sir Colin, or his chief of the staff, for a long time,

and I was not quite certain whether he would have approved of my return to Lucknow. At length I received the following kind letter :—

"FUTEGURH, *June* 1, 1858.

"MY DEAR GRANT, — I have received all your reports, and demi-official communications to Mansfield, with great interest. Your operations towards Roy Bareilly have been conducted with much skill, and I have much reason to thank you for the manner in which you executed the difficult task assigned to you.—Yours most sincerely,

"C. CAMPBELL."

Scindia's troops at Gwalior, who had thus far behaved well, remaining stanch even when our contingent mutinied, now broke out; and their chief, who himself continued true, was obliged to flee for his life, with about 25 of his Sirdars and 100 horsemen. The rebels who had been driven out of Kalpee fled to Gwalior; and it was singular that at this juncture, when affairs were combining so favourably for us, these misguided soldiers should not have seen the folly of mutiny. Sir Hugh Rose was close at their heels, and he now captured Gwalior with its strong fort.

This defection in Scindia's troops upset Sir Colin's plans altogether. Moreover, the rebels in

Oude had begun to collect again, and had taken up a strong position at Nawabgunj, on the Fyzabad road, about eighteen miles from Lucknow. I had left a force at the other Nawabgunj, on the Cawnpore road, and I determined to drive away the mutineers from their first-named rendezvous. My troops consisted of the 1st and 2d battalions of the Rifle Brigade, the 5th Punjab Infantry, 500 of Hodson's Horse commanded by Colonel Daly—the same excellent officer who was so badly wounded at Delhi, and who had now been raised to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel—150 of Wales' Horse under Prendergast, 250 horse of Bruce's Police Corps under Hill, the 7th Hussars under Colonel Sir William Russell, two squadrons of the Queen's Bays (2d Dragoon Guards), Mackinnon's troop of horse-artillery, and Gibbon's and Carleton's[1] batteries. The whole of the cavalry was commanded by Colonel Hagart. At Chinhut, five miles from Lucknow, where at the commencement of the Mutiny the 32d Regiment had suffered so severely, there was another column under Colonel Purnell. On arriving there, I learned from him that the enemy was assembling in great force at Nawabgunj. The position they had taken up was very strong. They were encamped upon a large plateau, surrounded on three sides by a stream, which was crossed by a fine old stone

[1] Now Major-General Carleton, C.B.

bridge at a little distance from the town. On the fourth side was a jungle.

My object was to turn their right, and to interpose between them and the jungle. I ascertained that there was a ford, or rather a platform bridge, about two miles up the stream, by which I determined to cross; and as we had twelve miles to march, I ordered the column to start at night, in order that my men might suffer less from heat, and that we might the better surprise the enemy.

Every description of baggage and other encumbrance was left behind with Colonel Purnell's force. The troops mustered at 11 P.M., on a fearfully dark night, and it was no easy matter to find our way in the open plains—the latter six miles being entirely across country; but fortunately we had an excellent native guide. Wonderful to say, we accomplished the whole distance without much difficulty: we had, however, the misfortune to lose several men from apoplexy. We reached the bridge before mentioned about half an hour before daybreak, and my poor fellows were thus enabled to rest a little and get their breakfast. As soon as it was daylight, the troops fell in. The enemy had two or three guns bearing upon the bridge, but they were not under shelter, and were too distant to be effective against our infantry. I brought up a battery of 9-pounders, and soon suc-

ceeded in silencing them, dismounting one of their number.

Four companies of Rifles, the troop of horse-artillery, and some cavalry, now crossed the stream, followed in time by the main body; and then we found we had struck at the centre of the enemy, who, having been thus surprised, had as yet been unable to concentrate. Their forces appeared to be divided into four parts, each commanded by its separate leader, and of course acting without any unanimity. Still their attacks were vigorous, if unsuccessful, and we had much ado to repel them. A large body of fine daring Zemindaree men brought two guns into the open, and attacked us in rear. I have seen many battles in India, and many brave fellows fighting with a determination to conquer or die, but I never witnessed anything more magnificent than the conduct of these Zemindarees. In the first instance, they attacked Hodson's Horse, who would not face them, and by their unsteadiness placed in great jeopardy two guns which had been attached to the regiment. Fearing that they might be captured, I ordered up the 7th Hussars, and the other four guns belonging to the battery to within a distance of 500 yards from the enemy, opened a fire of grape, which mowed them down with terrible effect, like thistles before the scythe. Their chief, a big fellow with a *goître* on his neck,

nothing daunted, caused two green standards to be planted close to the guns, and used them as a rallying-point; but our grape-fire was so destructive, that whenever they attempted to serve their pieces they were struck down. Two squadrons of the 7th Hussars under Sir William Russell, and two companies of the 60th Rifles, now came up, and forced the survivors to retire, waving their swords and spears at us, and defiantly calling out to us to come on. The gallant 7th Hussars charged through them twice, and killed the greater part of them. Around the two guns alone there were 125 corpses. After three hours' fighting, the day was ours; we took six guns and killed about 600 of the enemy. Our own loss in killed and wounded was 67; and, in addition, 33 men died from sunstroke, and 250 were taken into hospital. Sun and heat are fearful scourges in this country during the hot weather; but, singular to say, the sufferers generally died during the night. The men fell asleep in their tents and never awoke—apoplexy, resulting from exposure to the sun, being the immediate cause of death. Regiments had for some time been endeavouring to obtain the special description of head-dress suitable for the climate, but had only just been supplied with them.

(In order to illustrate the opinion entertained by the Commander-in-Chief concerning the above-

mentioned operations, I have thought it well here to insert the following extract from a letter written by the chief of the staff to G. Edmonstone, Esq., secretary to Government, in answer to some remarks made by a Civil Servant of which Sir Colin did not approve.[1]—H. K.

"——— is pleased to criminate the officers for adhering to the rules of their profession, a departure from which is an unfailing source of disaster; and he sneers at the caution which, combined as it is in the case of Sir Hope Grant with extraordinary personal courage, is a more certain source of victory than almost any quality which can be named.

"Sir Hope Grant left all his baggage in charge of that force (1200 men at Chinhut), moved without any encumbrance with a division of about 3500 men, and attacked the enemy after a very masterly night-march, which gave him the advantage of a surprise. The ground was strongly disputed, and the battle lasted for three hours before 'the rabble' enemy finally gave way, and left six guns in the hands our troops. Sir Hope Grant's success was complete."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Mr R. Montgomery, the Chief Commissioner of Oude, to Government, dated Banks' House, 3d July 1858: "I would take this opportunity of

[1] See also Appendix, p. 358.

particularly alluding to their noble commander, Sir J. H. Grant, and joining in that well-merited eulogium which his Excellency is pleased to bestow on that officer.")

Journal continued.—Our victory was of the greatest possible importance, and completely broke the spirit of the rebels, who were flocking from all quarters to join the force which we had driven away from Nawabgunj. The 15,000 who had already congregated there were so effectually dispersed, that we did not anticipate any more trouble in the neighbourhood of Lucknow. Though we only took six guns, there were a good many more in the field. Each party retreated in a different direction; and as I was unable to follow them up with my small force of 3500 men, they ultimately succeeded in escaping.

For the first time, the commissioner now breathed freely, and the continual "immediate" telegrams, filled with alarms, did not flow in so regularly.

My force was ordered to remain at Nawabgunj, while I proceeded to Lucknow, whence I was shortly after recalled by an order from Sir Colin Campbell to march to the relief of Maun Singh, a Rajah of great power and wealth, who had deserted the rebel cause, and was once more loyal. He was besieged by a force of the enemy, numbering 20,000 men, with some 20 guns, in a

large mud fort, with high thick walls and a broad ditch around it. It was of great importance to retain the adherence of this powerful chieftain. On 21st July, I left Lucknow for Nawabgunj, having previously ordered the 90th Regiment, the Bengal Fusiliers, Brasyer's[1] Sikh Corps, Mackinnon's troop of horse-artillery, and 400 cavalry, to supply the place of the troops about to march to the relief of the Rajah.

On 22d July, we proceeded from Nawabgunj eight miles along the Fyzabad road, when, hearing that 1200 of the enemy were posted in a village twelve miles to the south-east, I detached the 5th Punjab Infantry, 200 of the 7th Hussars, 200 of Hodson's Horse, and D'Aguilar's[2] troop of horse-artillery, the whole under Colonel Hagart, to clear them away. They started at night, hoping to surprise the enemy; but on this occasion the rebels were too wide-awake, and had decamped.

I received a letter from Maun Singh stating that if we did not come to his relief immediately, he could not answer for the consequences, as he had only four days' provisions left on quarter-rations. I therefore pushed on as fast as possible, without waiting for Hagart, who joined me at Derriabad on the 24th July. On 26th I got

[1] Now Lieutenant-Colonel Brasyer, C.B., retired.
[2] Now Major-General D'Aguilar, C.B.

another despatch from Maun Singh, this time written in much better spirits. He said the rebels were fast disappearing, and if we did not make haste, would all slip through our fingers.

We continued to hasten forward, and when within a day's journey of our destination we heard that the whole of the besieging force had melted away. Some had joined the Begum on the other side of the Ghogra, and two parties of 4000 each had gone to Sooltanpoor.

On 29th July we entered Fyzabad. After halting there for about an hour, I proceeded with the cavalry and horse-artillery to the Ghat of Ajudia, four miles lower down the Ghogra, and formerly the capital of Oude. There we found several boats pushing off for the other side. We fired a few shots from our 6-pounders into them, and most of the crews threw themselves overboard, and swam down the river. One boat, however, braved us all; and though we fired shot after shot, not one struck it, and it escaped to the opposite bank. Out of some deserted boats we took a doubled-poled tent, a Dollond's telescope, two European carts, and a quantity of powder.

On our return we stopped at the famous Hindoo temple in Ajudia, said to be one of the most sacred in this part of the country. It was a curious-looking building, with a long flight of steps leading up to it. Inside were the most

filthy, abominable, nearly naked savages, with their faces and bodies smeared over with mud, and their dirty platted hair wound round their heads. They were lying about the ground, and they looked at us as though we were polluting their sacred shrine. This temple, we were told, was very wealthy, and had been dedicated to the monkey demon, Hummayon. After a certain amount of compulsion, we induced the head priest to show us the image, and we beheld it in all its magnificence. It was as unlike a monkey as could be imagined, carved out of stone, covered with red paint, a rich robe thrown about it, its cap bedizened with diamonds and precious stones, and a necklace of gold mohurs bound round its throat.

The next day Maun Singh paid me a visit. He was an intelligent, slight, short man, about thirty-eight years old, rather pleasing-looking than otherwise. With him was his younger brother, a jolly, stout, good-natured fellow. Maun Singh told me fine stories about the hardships he had undergone and the courage of his troops; but this I did not think it necessary to believe. I told him I should return his visit on the 2d August at his fort, twelve miles in a southerly direction; and at 9 A.M. on the morning of that day, accompanied by an escort of 200 cavalry, I arrived at his residence. I was received with a

salute, and then conducted through gates to the interior of his large fort, and to a small comfortable-looking house, which he called his palace. We inspected the walls of the fortress, which was about two miles in circumference; and the principal points of the enemy's attacks were pointed out to us. There were few traces of any damage, and the houses had not apparently suffered. The Rajah presented to me several men, who, he said, had fought very bravely; and two guns were shown which it was alleged had been taken from the rebels during a sortie. In addition, Maun Singh had ten of his own; and he very wisely said, "Now that the British have become possessed of the country, they will be of no more use to me, and the walls of my fort may come down." He himself was, for the present, our servant, and was better as a friend than a foe.

The chief of the staff now telegraphed word to me that the Commander-in-Chief had heard of our occupation of Fyzabad, and wished me to send two regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery, and 600 cavalry, to drive away the enemy from Sooltanpoor, and to occupy the town. Owing to a heavy fall of rain, I was for several days prevented from complying with this order; but at last, on 7th August, the column marched, under Brigadier Horsford. On 12th they arrived within 3½ miles of the town, which was situated

on the banks of the river Sye, and which was held in force by the enemy, guns being posted so as to dispute the passage. Upon Brigadier Horsford's approach the rebels retired to the far side; but as his force was small and the rebels were numerous, he reported the state of affairs to me, and awaited further orders. The Commander-in-Chief had likewise heard that the enemy amounted to 14,000 men, with 15 guns. He therefore telegraphed to me to send the Rifles to Horsford's support, and I thought it well to accompany them myself. The 53d were also ordered from Derriabad, where I had placed them, to Fyzabad.

On the morning of the 19th August, I marched with all my guns of position and all my available force, which had been recently strengthened by a wing of the 53d Regiment. Dragging four heavy guns and four 8-inch mortars along a bad road was an undertaking of some difficulty. We were constantly obliged to force them through deep mud and water; and if a hitch once occurred, every moment they sank deeper, rendering the labour of extricating them by elephants far greater. These animals are most sagacious; and when a gun became fixed in the ground or in a swamp, one of them would push the gun out with his head and trunk, while the other dragged at the traces; and they used to work so evenly that

their whole force was applied at the same moment. Sooltanpoor, which we reached on the fourth day, lay in a bend of the river. The site originally selected for our encampment was in an exposed situation, commanded by some ground 1000 yards on the other side of the river, and I was obliged to shift to a new position.[1]

Brigadier Horsford pointed out for my approval the spot where he proposed to effect a passage. I considered it well sheltered from the fire of the enemy, and suitable in all other respects; and I posted two guns of position to cover the operation. Our main difficulty was to procure boats. Horsford had been unable to collect any, as the enemy had command of the river for 15 miles in either direction. All that we had been able to obtain were three small very rotten canoes, hollowed out of a tree. Our Engineer officers, Captain Scott and Lieutenant Rainsforth, with a party of sappers belonging to the Madras Presidency, set to work with a will, and soon converted these three into one good substantial raft. Captain Reid, deputy commissioner, also discovered six more little boats in a creek, out of which two additional rafts were constructed. I therefore determined to cross without delay, and on the morning of the 25th August the operation was begun by the Madras Fusiliers and 5th Punjab

[1] See Appendix, p. 360.

Infantry, who got over in two hours. Next came two 9-pounder guns; but in embarking one of them the back of a canoe was broken, and the whole raft collapsed. We were therefore obliged to dismount the guns from their carriages and ferry them across separately. The horses were forced to swim, and some of them were inclined to jib in the water, but the Sikhs managed them admirably. Each man swam across leading a horse, of which he rarely loosed his hold, keeping clear of the animal's heels, although he often became restive. Only two horses were drowned during the entire operation.

I now directed Colonel Galwey,[1] commanding the force which had crossed over, to attack and occupy two villages in his front, where the river formed a bend, and where the enemy had a picket. Two guns posted on high ground and on the left flank opened fire, and the Fusiliers and Punjab infantry quickly gained possession of the post. Although the position we had taken up was naturally very strong, I judged it best to move the Rifles across in support, as the enemy opened a heavy fire upon our advanced force. The main body did not complete the passage until 27th August. Our heavy guns, artillery park, and hospital, with the wing of the 53d Regiment, remained on the far side. I had, in

[1] Now Major-General Galwey, C.B.

the first instance, been led to believe that I should be joined by a force from Purtabgurh, a town some way to the south. However, on the morning of the 28th August I received a letter from General Mansfield, in which he made no allusion to this reinforcement, so I resolved to begin offensive operations the next day. On the evening of the 28th the rebels anticipated us; we repelled their attack, but the darkness became so thick that I did not consider pursuit advisable.

On 29th August we turned out at 3 o'clock A.M., and advanced up to the position which the enemy had previously occupied; but they had retreated, and the only traces of them were a number of straw huts. We took up our quarters in an old cantonment formerly occupied by the Oude local force. The river was now open for miles. We got a number of large boats from a friendly chief, and by the 5th September had managed to make out of them a flying bridge.

A telegram arrived from the chief of the staff informing me that the Commander-in-Chief had heard of our success, and highly approved of the measures I had taken.[1] I was further informed that the enemy had retired, and was split up into small parties. Many had joined the Amethie Rajah at his fort, 25 miles distant from Sooltanpoor, in the direction of, and 8 miles distant from,

[1] See Appendix, p. 360.

Purtabgurh. This fort was one of the largest in Oude, being 7 miles in circumference. It was composed of mud walls and surrounded by a jungle. The foolish chief, who had taken up the cudgels against us, was doing his utmost to repair and strengthen the defences. Owing, however, to the present time of the year being so unhealthy, the Commander-in-Chief resolved to postpone attacking it until after the 15th October.

I now received a letter from Mansfield directing me to come to Allahabad, where Lord Canning and Sir Colin were staying, if I considered the roads sufficiently safe. He added that there was to be an investiture of the Order of the Bath, at which ceremony we were both of us to be appointed Knights Commanders. This was very pleasant, not only by reason of the honour, but because I should now be able to get a little rest and shelter from the sun. I set off at once, accompanied by Augustus Anson, and Flood,[1] 53d Regiment, who had recently been appointed A.D.C. to Sir William Mansfield, and escorted by a detachment of Sikhs. After a ride of 70 miles, which occupied two days, we reached Sir Colin's house at Allahabad, and were received by him with the greatest kindness and cordiality.

The investiture was fixed for Monday.

On the occasion a troop of horse-artillery was

[1] Now Lieutenant-Colonel Flood, commanding 82d Regiment.

posted outside the house, and a guard of the 79th Highlanders and 5th Fusiliers lined the sides of the room wherein the cerémony was to be performed. The Governor-General, Lady Canning, Sir Colin and his staff, together with many very charming ladies, were present. I had no full dress of my own; so I had to be rigged out by the Commander-in-Chief, the only individual present who had an extra coat. It lapped round me like a dressing-gown, he being rather a stout man, and I somewhat spare: but loose apparel was all the fashion of the day, and the room was dark; so I passed muster very fairly. Two royal salutes were fired in honour of the Queen; then the royal warrant was read, followed by two more salutes out of compliment to the chief of the staff and myself. Mansfield's investiture took place first; mine followed. The Commander-in-Chief, after a very complimentary speech, invested me with the Ribbon and the Star, and I had now gained my spurs. Lord Canning also made a flattering and dignified speech.

After the ceremony, Lady Canning came up and shook hands with both of us. I was much struck with her thorough-bred dignity and graceful kindness of manner. Indeed, she was one of the most charming persons I had ever seen. She had been very beautiful; but the heat of the climate, anxiety during the Mutiny, and the sorrows

of a troubled life, had told on her.[1] During my stay at Allahabad I used to go to her house every day, where I heard some very good music. She herself played well on the piano; and her cousin, Mrs Stuart, the wife of Lord Canning's secretary, sang very well. All this was a most agreeable rest after the wandering life I had recently been leading. I also went several times to look at two of the Bengal Cavalry European regiments which had been lately formed. They required much management and good discipline, which they were not likely to get. They had no instructors or officers who understood Europeans, and their riding-masters were old and superannuated. Men who had risen from the ranks, and had no qualities of horsemanship, were appointed to responsible positions; one such had been a well-behaved bullock-sergeant for nine years previously. The recruits were small and young, and looked like schoolboys. It was not to be wondered at that these regiments were inefficient.

I returned to Lucknow on the 2d October, and shortly afterwards received orders to march a force towards Tanda, to beat up several large parties of rebels who were endeavouring to break out to the south. We started on the 11th October, and passed through some beautiful scenery. A detachment was marching to join us from Azimgurh,

[1] She died in 1861.

and I had also sent a small column to Jelapoor to co-operate in closing in the country, under Major Raikes of the Madras Fusiliers. While this latter force was on the march, they suddenly came upon a body of rebels, about 4009 in number, crossing the Tons Nuddee. Raikes succeeded in driving them back into a jungle, where, being nearly surrounded, they broke up and fled, leaving two guns and two elephants in our hands. Their chief, Faisel Ali, was very nearly captured.

We returned to Sooltanpoor on 23d October, whence, in compliance with fresh orders, I again marched to Kandoo Nuddee, to drive away a body of about 4000 rebels who were strongly posted there with two batteries in position commanding the bridge. On the other side of the stream was a thick jungle. The enemy, however, would not wait for us, and the moment we appeared turned and fled in the most abject terror. Their faint-heartedness was truly remarkable. I sent some cavalry and horse-artillery in pursuit, who, after a thirty miles' chase, picked up two guns, one of which was a brass 24-pounder. Owing to the jungly nature of the country, few of the rebels were killed.

On 28th October I sent Brigadier Horsford to destroy the small fort of Mohana, where it was

said some of the enemy had taken refuge. It was found to be deserted, and was blown up, 5 guns falling into our hands.

The whole force returned to Judgespoor, the cavalry and artillery having had another march of thirty miles; but at this season of the year we had nothing to apprehend from the heat.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNAL CONCLUDED.

CAPTURE OF THE FORT OF RAMPOOR KUSSIA—SURRENDER OF THE RAJAH OF AMETHIE—CAPTURE OF SHUNKERPOOR—PASSAGE OF THE GHOGRA AT FYZABAD, AND PURSUIT OF THE REBELS—CAPTURE OF BUNKUSSIA—RECOVERY OF LOOTED PICTURES—CHANGES IN THE STAFF—PREVALENCE OF CRIME IN OUDE—REBELS ESCAPE TO TOOLSEPOOR—OVERTAKEN—MURDER AND INFANTICIDE—INTERVIEW WITH LORD CLYDE—INSTRUCTIONS TO WATCH THE NEPAL FRONTIER—JUNG BAHADOOR AND THE REBELS—ASSAULT OF BUNGAON—LETTERS FROM NANA SAHIB AND BALA RAO—THE RAJAH OF BULRAMPOOR—ENGAGEMENT AT SERWA PASS—MISERY OF THE REBELS—BRIGADIER HORSFORD—SIR HOPE GRANT APPOINTED TO COMMAND OF CHINA EXPEDITION—VISIT OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL TO LUCKNOW—SIR HOPE GRANT SAILS FOR CHINA.

ABOUT the end of October 1858, I received orders[1] to take up a position between the fort of Amethie and Purseedapoor, as Sir Colin Campbell, who had recently been created Lord Clyde, was determined to reduce this stronghold. Mean-

[1] See Appendix, p. 361 and p. 363.

while the fort of Rampoor Kussia, within six miles of me on the Sye river, was held by a troublesome scoundrel called Ram Goolam Singh. It was reported that he had 18 guns, and that numbers of the rebels had congregated there. It was therefore necessary to capture this work; and I arranged with Brigadier Wetherall,[1] who was marching up with a column from Sariam, to attack it on 4th November. However, early on the 3d, I heard heavy firing in the direction of the fort; and at 2.30 P.M. I received a letter from Wetherall, wherein he informed me that he had assaulted the place, and begged me to cut off the rebels, who were retiring in an easterly direction. This news somewhat surprised me, as he was ordered not to attack without my assistance; and Lord Clyde was much annoyed with him for having disregarded these instructions.[2] I immediately ordered out the cavalry and 4 guns of the horse-artillery, and made for Rampoor Kussia as fast as possible, where I arrived just in time, *Hibernice*, to be too late. Wetherall had captured the fort a short time previously, and with it 23 guns. He had killed about 300 of the enemy, and his own loss was about 78 killed and wounded. The next morning we rode over the stronghold, which was three miles in circum-

[1] Major-General Sir Edward Wetherall, K.C.S.I., died 1869.
[2] See Appendix, p. 364.

ference, and enclosed a thick jungle. Inside was another fort, and within this again the residence of the Takoor, or chief, of the Khanpooria tribe. Outside, likewise, there was a dense jungle in every direction except on the north-west, together with a formidable abattis in front of the mud walls, which were strongly built, and seven or eight feet high. The ditch was deep, but narrow, and there were rifle-pits in what would correspond to our berm. On one side a small part of the ditch and wall was unfinished, on which spot Brigadier Wetherall had most fortunately lighted, and had here effected an entrance with very little difficulty. But for this chance, he must have been repulsed. Shortly after, I was ordered to proceed to the north-east of the fort of Amethie. We arrived within two miles of the fort at 2 o'clock P.M., and I at once rode up to within 400 yards of the gate in order to reconnoitre. As soon as I showed myself outside the cover of the numerous adjacent trees, the enemy opened fire upon us, thus indicating their intention to make an obstinate resistance. The fort itself was almost entirely concealed by jungle, but the fire gave us the important advantage of ascertaining the lines of the fortification. On my return I found a messenger from the Commander-in-Chief, informing me that he was encamped three miles to the east of the fort. I immediately rode over, and informed him

how my force was situated. Contrary to our expectations, however, the following day the Rajah tendered his submission, and rode into camp, attended by only one follower, stating that he had done so without the knowledge of his troops. He asserted that the force under his command amounted to 2500 of his own men and 1500 rebel sepoys. During the subsequent night, it was discovered that all these heroes had bolted; and the Commander-in-Chief forthwith rode into the fort. It was known that the armament had amounted to 30 guns. Sixteen only could be found; and Lord Clyde taxed the old scoundrel with playing a double game, and with having made away with the rest. However, the loss did not much signify; they were old, and the fort was in our possession. It was three or four miles in circumference, with a mass of jungle both inside and out, and a river running through it—in many respects similar to the Rampoor Kussia stronghold. By order of the Commander-in-Chief I next marched to Purseedapoor, arriving there on 11th November, in order to take up a position north of Shunkerpoor, a fort belonging to Beni Madhoo. Lord Clyde had sent him a proclamation that all who gave themselves up should, provided they had not murdered Europeans, be treated with great leniency, and that the Rajah's claims to be allowed to retain possession of his

property should be taken into consideration. The same evening the Commander-in-Chief received his answer, stating that he felt it his duty to stand by his king—that he would not give himself up; but that his fort should be abandoned, he himself being about to cross the Ghogra. He prayed that his son might be permitted to retain his estates. The same night, he and his followers, amounting to about 15,000 men, evacuated the fort, and the next morning we found it deserted, and everything in it taken away except one gun and an elephant. There was so much jungle in the country that it would have been very difficult to intercept him. Lord Clyde now directed me to make the best of my way to Fyzabad (*via* Sooltanpoor), where I found a wing of my good old regiment, the 9th Lancers. On reaching my destination I found the following force assembled under command of Colonel Taylor,[1] C.B., 79th Regiment—the 53d, 79th, 1st Sikh Regiment, a wing of the Bays, a wing of the 9th Lancers, 1st Punjab Cavalry under Major Hughes,[2] Hodson's Horse under Major Daly, Middleton's battery, Roy's troop of horse-artillery, 4 guns of Johnson's[3] battery, 3 guns of position, and 4 mortars, besides

[1] Now Major-General Taylor, C.B.

[2] Now Major-General Hughes, C.B., late Brigadier-General Punjab Frontier Force.

[3] Now Colonel G. V. Johnson, R.H.A.

sappers and miners. The total strength amounted to 4300 men. The enemy was in force on the other side of the river Ghogra, and it was my intention to effect a passage as soon as possible. Colonel Nicholson,[1] of the Royal Engineers, formed a bridge over the river without much difficulty, the enemy firing on the working party at very long ranges. One shot went through a steamboat which was near the bridge, and we were obliged to shift her position as soon as the bridge was completed. I ordered a heavy gun and mortar battery to be constructed on the far side of the river, supported by a regiment of infantry, by which means we were able to keep down the fire of the enemy.

Everything being in readiness, I arranged to cross on the morning of the 27th November. During the night, the Sikh regiment, under Major Gordon, moved to the other side of the river in boats. There they were to await until the fire from the first gun should announce to them that the main column had attacked in front, when they were to make a simultaneous advance against the flank of the enemy. Our main body crossed by the bridge before daybreak under my immediate supervision, and at the first dawn the heavy guns opened. Gordon's Sikhs advanced, and we stormed the enemy's position, who, unable to withstand this

[1] Now Colonel Nicholson, C.B., commanding R.E., Shorncliff.

double attack, retired, taking with them all their guns but one. The country over which we had to pass was so sandy, swampy, and jungly for two miles, that we had great difficulty in picking our way. At last we came to sound ground; and though the enemy had by this time a considerable start of us, our cavalry and artillery followed them up by the track of their carriages, and after some time we came upon two of their guns, abandoned. I then made a cast round, and found a hackery laden with 18-pounder ammunition, while a flanker on our right informed us that he could make out about 500 rebels with a gun. We hastened to the place mentioned, and saw them retreating towards an adjacent jungle. On we galloped as fast as our guns could be got along; but when we were within 300 yards of them, there was a puff of smoke, the boom of a heavy gun, and a shower of grape whizzed over our heads, many of the shot falling amongst the men, though without doing them any damage. The pace Middleton had gone at had saved his battery; had he been a little slower, the grape would have pitched right into the middle of the battery, and must have swept away men and horses wholesale. We here captured four guns, including the piece which had opened fire on us—one of our Govern-

ment brass 24-pounder howitzers. Two of them had reached the edge of the jungle, so we were only just in time.

After a ride of 24 miles we returned to our camp, which had been brought across the Ghogra. On 3d December we marched to Bungaon, from whence we proceeded to Muchligaon, where, we had heard, there were several rebels. On our arrival none were to be seen; but on reconnoitring a mile beyond the village with cavalry and artillery, I discovered a body of men close to a jungle, who immediately opened on us with three guns. I kept them in play until our main body came up, and then went at them. We took two of their guns, but they managed to escape with the third through the thick jungle.

We next took possession of a deserted fort at Bunkussia, belonging to the Rajah of Gonda, containing five brass guns and a quantity of gunpowder, saltpetre, grain, oil, and ghee. One of the Rajah's wives who used to live here, seemed to possess more refined tastes than the generality of her dusky sisters. The apartments and courtyards of her palace were unusually clean, and in good order; there were flowers carefully tended, and a number of the graceful cyrus, a species of large and handsome crane. It was rumoured that the Rajah, on hearing of

our approach, had fled across the Raptee to Bhinga. It was evident he had been completely taken by surprise, as preparations had been made for a good dinner; and several papers were discovered, despatches from his generals to himself, in one of which it was mentioned that "guns would be placed at the different ghats on the river, to prevent our crossing,"—to which was appended the wholesome opinion, that "if we *did* manage to get across it was all up with them."

Major Hughes, who had joined my force with the 1st Punjab Cavalry, one day casually told me that when pursuing the enemy at Rampoor Kussia, one of his Sowars had killed a sepoy, and discovered two miniatures tied up in the latter's kummerbund. The Sowar had handed them over to Hughes, who had shown them to several people, but had been unable to find out their history or their owner. He said he would bring them to me in case I might be able to recognise the portraits. Shortly after, his regiment was ordered to join Brigadier Rowcroft's[1] column across the Raptee, and the afternoon before his departure he came to take leave of me. I had forgotten all about the miniatures, but he said he had brought them with him. On opening the case, to my extreme astonish-

[1] Now Lieutenant-General Rowcroft, C.B.

ment I found that I had frequently seen them before, for they were likenesses of Mr and Mrs Taylor, my father and mother in law, and had been given to Mrs Shakespeare, my wife's sister. The Shakespeares had with difficulty escaped from Shahjuhanpoor at the outbreak of the Mutiny, and their house had been looted of everything they possessed. The pictures must have been taken at the same time, and in all probability had been in possession of the sepoy for at least a year and a half. What rendered the discovery of them still more singular was, that Hughes had that very morning handed them over to the magistrate of the district, who, owing to some mistake, had omitted to take them away.

I, together with another brother-in-law, were the only persons in India to whom these miniatures were valuable; and it is wonderful how an Unseen Hand from above should have so guided us, even in this small matter.

On 9th December we arrived at Gonda, and on the 10th crossed the small but troublesome river Takree by means of rafts.

About this time I heard of the death of my poor Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General,[1] Ham-

[1] Hamilton had been made Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General when Sir Hope Grant was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

·ilton, on his way to Calcutta, whither he was proceeding *en route* to England on sick leave. Poor fellow, he was a fine soldier and a conscientious upright man. I had appointed young Anson to succeed him, but the appointment was afterwards conferred on Biddulph,[1] of the Royal Artillery, a very nice clever young fellow, who had previously been Brigade-Major to Brigadier-General Barker, R.A.[2] I also lost my Judge-Advocate-General, Major Torrens,[3] appointed Assistant Adjutant-General to the army. His place was filled up by Captain Wilmot,[4] of the Rifle Brigade, a clever gentlemanlike person. In fact, all my staff were very agreeable companions.

On 16th December, after a march of three days, we arrived at Bulrampoor. The Rajah was a slight active little man, about 35 years old, modest and intelligent, an excellent sportsman, rode well, and during the first part of the Mutiny had saved a number of our poor country-people who were fugitives from Sekrora. He possessed written documents from Colonel Sleeman and Mr Wingfield,[5] who spoke of him most highly.

[1] Now Colonel R. Biddulph, Deputy Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces.

[2] Brigadier-General Sir George Barker, K.C.B., died 1861.

[3] Now Colonel Torrens, C.B., Commander of Brigade Dépôt.

[4] Now Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Wilmot, V.C., Bart., M.P. for Derbyshire.

[5] Afterwards Chief Commissioner of Oude; now Sir Charles Wingfield, K.C.S.I., M.P. for Gravesend.

The former gentleman described him as "honest and truthful," qualities equally valuable and rare in a native of India generally, and of Oude especially, where lying is considered an honourable distinction, and where every man's hand is raised against his neighbour. This was the district where Thuggee was carried on to such an extent, and where murder and infanticide are still terribly prevalent. No father's life is safe from his son, brother murders brother, and robbery in its worst form is an everyday occurrence. But this is the case over every part of India not under British rule. I remember a singular illustration of this in the north of the Punjab, in the Affredee hills, where Brigadier-General Chamberlain was stationed with his Irregular horse. One day he met two fine handsome young fellows, sons of a native gentleman, riding over the hills, and coursing with greyhounds. He entered into conversation with them, and asked them to take service in his regiment; but they replied that they were so happy in their wild life that they had no wish to change it; and then bounding away on their gallant steeds over hill and dale, they were soon lost to sight. The next year Chamberlain was marching over the same country, when he again chanced to meet with one of these young men, and asked him where his brother was. The lad answered in the coolest way possible, "He is dead;

I killed him." It appeared that a dispute had arisen about some land which had been left them, and the young miscreant thought the simplest way of settling it was to get rid of his brother.

The Rajah of Bulrampoor, an excellent little fellow, and very English in his manner, had a stronghold three miles across the Raptee, which we went to see. It was like the majority of mud forts in Oude, and was surrounded by a deep wet ditch. Here his wife resided, a charming lady, I understood, for of course we did not see her, who provided us with breakfast in native fashion. We were afterwards entertained with a fight of bulbuls, or Indian nightingales, which was amusing enough in its way.

At Bulrampoor we heard that Bala Rao, the Nana's brother, had taken refuge in the old fort of Toolsepoor, twelve miles distant, with a number of followers and eight guns; and that a great scoundrel, called Mahomed Hussain, had joined him with a reinforcement. I summoned Brigadier Rowcroft with his force from Heer in the Goruckpoor district,[1] and sending the 53d Regiment to strengthen him, directed him to march to Toolsepoor and attack the enemy. I knew the fort to be old and dilapidated, and not in a condition to offer much resistance. Rowcroft crossed the Bur-Raptee river, and found the enemy

[1] See Appendix, p. 365.

drawn up in readiness to receive him. He soon drove them off, and they disappeared in the jungle, taking apparently a westward course, and carrying away all their guns—of which they possessed a considerable number—except two. As I was not satisfied with the result of this attack, I rode to the fort to make personal inquiries, and discovered that the rebels had in reality retreated eastward, instead of westward, as we had been led to suppose, and that Brigadier Rowcroft had not succeeded in taking any more guns owing to a want of cavalry. I therefore returned, and brought my own force to Toolsepoor. I greatly feared that the enemy would escape to the Goruckpoor district, and therefore resolved to advance a little south by Biskohur without halting, and to come round upon Heer, trusting that the rebels would not leave the jungles under the hills. Then I marched to Dulhurree, close to the Nepal frontier and north-west of the Goruckpoor district, where I waited for Rowcroft's column. A few rebels were in an adjacent jungle, but they bolted very quickly. I next made for Pushuroa, and there I ascertained that I had succeeded in preventing Bala Rao and his force from escaping. With 6000 men and 15 guns he had retreated along the margins of jungles to near Kundakote, where there was a half-ruined fort at the confluence of two rivers,

with a jungle in rear. I had left Brigadier Taylor with the 53d Regiment and a troop of horse-artillery on the other side of Toolsepoor, near the jungle, and I now sent off 200 of the Bengal yeomanry to join him. I then advanced to within five miles of where the enemy was supposed to be, and halted for the night. On 4th January 1859, I moved forward to the attack, and in about two hours I saw a sprinkling of red-coated rebels in the border of the jungle. I immediately directed a small column to advance through it in a westerly direction towards Kundakote, and shortly after I followed in the same direction with the main body, until I came to where the principal force of the rebels was posted in thick cover. My advanced column on the right had already engaged them, and had thus diverted their attention, most fortunately for us, as their guns were so well concealed in the thicket, that had they opened fire, they would have inflicted severe loss on our advancing troops. However, all the courage had been driven out of the faint-hearted wretches, and they would not stand a moment, running away like wildfire, and leaving their 15 guns in our possession. I pursued them through the jungle, but we had a hard scramble; our guns were obliged to proceed along the edge outside. At last we reached open ground, and I was

delighted to find that the other two columns had arrived at the rendezvous, with the same precision as though we had been going through a field-day manœuvre. Brigadier Taylor had seen some of the enemy a long distance off, and had sent cavalry and artillery after them; but the guns got into difficulties at a nullah, so the poor wretches escaped. We took one miserable sepoy so "banged"[1] up to the eyes that he could not run away. He told us they had been living in a wretched state, and were almost starved. No wonder their courage failed them.

This was almost the closing act in the rebellion. The Queen had offered an amnesty to all except those who had murdered, or been concerned in the murder of, Europeans or Eurasians. On this occasion we found one of the proclamations in the possession of a follower of Bala Rao, whom we had taken prisoner. He said the promised pardon had been known to all, but they had not dared to avail themselves of it, as Bala Rao had given out that any one attempting to leave his force should be hanged.

The manner and the extent of our success was indeed wonderful and providential. At the outbreak our affairs wore the gloomiest possible aspect. Over the whole of the three Presidencies we had little more than 30,000 Queen's troops,

[1] *Bang* is a preparation of *opium*.

and these were in almost every case broken up into fractions of battalions. The rebels numbered about 200,000 men, and were collected in large masses; the whole of the Mussulman population was against us; and the people of Oude, fighting for their country, were resolved to make a stout resistance. But the British nation was carried safely through its difficulties by the Almighty Ruler of all.

The depravity which exists throughout the length and breadth of India is indeed most fearful. Oude is a fair and beautiful territory; but its inhabitants, high and low, commit crimes habitually, of terrible enormity. I have seen a map of the country in which the places have been indicated where bodies have been found murdered by Thugs, and the spots are as numerous as villages. When we first took possession of the country, about the year 1845, the murder of female infants was not considered even an offence, and the practice is still carried on to a great extent.[1] The higher-class natives connived both at Thuggee and infanticide, and were often sharers in the profits of the former; while, as regards the latter, the chiefs themselves frequently murdered their own female children.

The part of Oude which we now occupied was

[1] It must be remembered these words were written fifteen years ago.

beautifully wooded, and close at hand was a magnificent range of hills, with grand snowy peaks in the distance.

Bala Rao and Mahomed Hussain, after the loss of their guns, were doubtful what course to take. It was reported that they intended to make their way southwards to Central India, but I afterwards found that their forces had broken up. I now received a letter from Lord Clyde, desiring me to come as soon as possible to Chunderpoor, which lay to the north-west of Bhinga, near a bend of the Raptee. I marched with an escort on 7th January 1859, and, on arriving there, found that the chief had started down country. Sir William Mansfield had written to me a few days before, saying that the mutiny might now be considered at an end. So I changed my course, and started off on my charming little Arab pony[1] for Bareich, only 22 miles distant, where I hoped to find Lord Clyde. In this I was successful. He had been thrown from his horse when in pursuit of some rebels, and had been severely shaken, dislocating his shoulder. He was now carried in a doolie, a species of conveyance he did not at all like. As usual, he was as kind as possible, and

[1] The same little white charger, which was called by the natives the Railway, from the pace he used to go at, afterwards carried Sir Hope through the whole of the China war. It died at Aldershot last April, after a happy and honoured old age; a splendid little animal to the last.—H. K.

he instructed me to keep the frontier on the borders of Nepal closely shut up, so as to prevent, if possible, the escape of any rebels into the lower country.

The Commander-in-Chief continued his journey, and I went to join Horsford's camp on the Raptee, across which he had driven a strong rebel force, and where Hughes's corps and the 7th Hussars had lost several men in trying to ford it. They had chased a rebel cavalry regiment into the river, and in following them up the strength of the current swept them away, and poor Major Horne and two privates of the 7th Hussars, together with several other men, were lost. After some search the bodies were drawn out of a deep hole —Horne with a fast grip of two of the enemy, and the two privates each clutching a Sowar. This was probably the result of the death-struggle.

The whole force in Oude was under my jurisdiction, and I had about 100 miles of frontier to watch; but my task was not difficult, as the rebels did not apparently wish to leave Nepal, where they were comparatively safe. Above this line of country, also opposite Nepal, Brigadier Horsford had command, and the enemy had still a few guns left; but Horsford could not pursue them into this territory, and could only keep a look-out to prevent them coming into our own provinces. Jung Bahadoor had, however, issued

a proclamation, stating that he would not afford the rebels any protection; in consequence of which many were throwing away their arms, and were returning to their homes, trusting that they would be allowed to remain there quietly. This was actually allowed; and unless individuals were known to have participated in deeds of murder or violence, no notice was afterwards taken of them. They had been living in the dense jungles under the hills for a long time during the worst season in the year, when the miasma is sure to produce fever and dysentery. They had little to eat, and their only shelter from the severe rains was branches of trees, so they must have been in a sorry plight, and had paid a heavy penalty for their crimes. Towards the end of January I proceeded to Lucknow, to which place I had ordered the 79th Regiment and the 9th Lancers to march. Jung Bahadoor gave us permission to enter Nepal with our troops in order to drive out the rebels. Brigadier Horsford accordingly entered the Soonar (Golden) Valley, and crossing the Raptee at Sidonia Ghat, caught a body of the enemy, and captured 14 guns.

Later on the rebels were remaining quiet, when they suddenly crossed the hills below Bootwul in Nepal; and though Jung Bahadoor tried to disarm them, and to persuade them to return to their homes, they refused, anticipating treachery,

Jung had previously told them that he would communicate with them after they had crossed the Gunduck; and they were led to believe that he would have supported them with his army, when they hoped they would have been able to break through into the Goruckpoor district, and to have marched to and taken Calcutta. Jung Bahadoor knew, however, that this would not suit his purpose, and he declined to assist them unless they would agree to lay down their arms.[1] They consequently took up a position near Bootwul. Colonel Kelly, C.B., who had been sent with a force to watch them, having received the necessary permission, on two occasions entered Nepal, killed a number of rebels, chased several of them over the hills, and took six of their guns. The enemy also lost 1300 horses.

Mahomed Hussain, finding he had lost the stakes he had played for, sent to me to say he would give himself up, and he was brought into camp. No evidence of importance could however be brought against him, and he was merely placed under surveillance. He was a horrible brute to look at—a fat, sensual-looking Mussulman, and evidently a man of a coarse mind. He told me the rebels had numbered upwards of 50,000 in Nepal, of which 30,000 were sepoys. As soon as

[1] See Appendix, p. 367 and p. 376, for a characteristic account of the interview.

they found that Jung Bahadoor would not assist them, they dwindled down to half that number. He added that they were now in a miserable condition—that the Nana and Bala Rao were both in the jungle, and that the latter was very ill with fever.

It appeared probable that I should have another hot-weather campaign, for until the rebels were driven from the jungle, they would be constantly attempting to escape into the low country. I therefore took up my quarters for a short time at Fyzabad,[1] where I learned that a column under Colonel Simpson,[2] consisting of the 34th Regiment, a wing of the 3d Sikh Regiment, and 2 guns, had arrived at Amorha, on the other side of the river Ghogra. I sent Hodson's Horse with 2 guns to reinforce him, and starting with my staff by boat, soon overtook the column. About 4000 of the enemy had taken up a position near Bunkussia, and 1800 additional had broken out to the south and made for the Ghogra, where we expected they would cross. I therefore divided my force, and sent one portion by Rampoor Thana to scour the jungles, following in their wake myself along the banks of the Ghogra; the other column I despatched into the jungle about Bunkussia.

The enemy's force, consisting of the vile Cawnpore troops, viz.,—the 1st, the 55th, and the 56th

[1] See Appendix, p. 377.

[2] Now Colonel Simpson, C.B.; half-pay.

native infantry regiments, was under the command of Goojadur Singh, who had lost an arm at the relief of Lucknow,—a rebel of the deepest dye, whose hatred to us was inveterate. By means of forced marches he had to some extent surprised the column at Sekrora, and had pounced on two of their elephants. Colonel Walker,[1] an excellent officer, who commanded the 2d Dragoon Guards (Bays) stationed there, pursued them; whereupon they took refuge in Bungaon, a small, dilapidated fort on the river Nuddee, and at the entrance of the Ghoonghle jungles. Colonel Walker wrote requesting I would send him reinforcements; and I in consequence despatched 400 of the 53d Regiment and 60 of the 1st Sikh Cavalry, which, with the 2d Dragoon Guards and the 2 guns he had with him, enabled him to resume the offensive. He surrounded the fort, carried it by assault with the 53d Regiment, killed Goojadur Singh and 150 of the rebels, and dispersed the entire force.

On 7th May I arrived at Bulrampoor, and there learned that the Nana, Bala Rao, Mammoo Khan, and numerous other chiefs, were in the Nepal jungles under the hills, and a short distance from the Oude and Goruckpoor frontier. Here, too, I received letters from Bala Rao and the Nana. The former wrote in a most penitent

[1] Now Major-General Beauchamp Walker, C.B., Military Attaché at Berlin.

manner, declaring he had murdered no European, and that, if allowed, he could prove his innocence. He also stated that he had a little English girl, about ten years old, living with his wife, who was at Lucknow. The child had been left by the sepoys on the banks of the Ganges at Cawnpore for dead when the massacre took place, where she was found by some Dhobies terribly wounded, but able to ask for water. They conveyed her home. A native doctor cured her, and she was taken possession of by Bala Rao, in order, I suppose, that she might mediate between him and the British, in the contingency of his being taken prisoner. The Nana's letter was written in quite a different strain. He abused the Company's government, and asked what right we had to establish ourselves in the country, and to declare him an outlaw.

On 9th May we started for the palace of Bulrampoor where the Rajah had promised to show us a fight between a boar and a tiger. We found the little gentleman fast asleep, with loaded revolvers and daggers disposed about him, ready for immediate defence; but it would have been easy to have destroyed him with his own weapons before he awakened. He roused himself like a lion from his lair. A large wild boar was put into the cage of a magnificent tiger, who took not the slightest notice of the intruder. The boar walked coolly up to the tiger, gave him a poke with his

tusk, and walked quietly about. We left them very peaceably disposed apparently; but the next morning the boar was found quite dead, and nearly eaten up.

On 10th May we marched to Biskohur, and here our prisoner, Mahomed Hussain, treacherously offered to catch the Nana, and to bring him into camp. His plan was to pretend he had escaped, and then to inveigle his victim into some place where he might be easily captured. I did not think it advisable to trust Hussain with his liberty.

Both the Nana and Bala Rao were, a short time after, reported to be dead. As regards the former, I considered the fact to be extremely doubtful, but in the latter case equally probable. These rumours were brought to us by an unfortunate Hurkhara who had been sent to Jowar Khan, one of the rebel commanders, and had come back with his left hand and nose cut off.

It was now stated that the rebels were at the Serwa Pass; and I ordered Pinkney to move to Toolsepoor. My own force I strengthened with Jones' 1st Sikh Irregulars and a wing of Colonel Brasyer's regiment, and on 21st May we entered the pass. The enemy opened on us with musketry from the hills on either side, and from two guns on the low ground. I sent a company up the hill to turn their right; but finding that they were not very clever in their ascent, I directed

Captain Biddulph, my Assistant Adjutant-General, together with Wolseley[1] and Wilmot, both on my staff, to lead them up. These three officers did their work well. After a toilsome march of four miles, the infantry succeeded in taking the enemy in flank. At the same time the 7th Punjab Infantry captured the two guns. A sepoy, when within a few yards of Wilmot, levelled his musket at him and pulled the trigger. The piece missed fire, and the rebel was at once killed. My aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Torrens of the 2d Dragoon Guards, was slightly wounded in the chest by a spent bullet.

On the 23d May we followed up the enemy across the hills, and came to some ground dabbled with pools of blood, where wounded men had been struggling on; and further on we discovered two of the rebels in a state of helpless exhaustion, dying from their wounds and from starvation. It was sad to see many of the poor wives of the sepoys who had accompanied their husbands, deserted and left to die on the bare ground. One of these wretched women was lying in the last stage of exhaustion, and sinking fast, with her long black hair hanging dishevelled about her face, one child at her breast and another standing by her side. I

[1] Now Colonel Sir Garnet Wolseley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Assistant Adjutant-General, Horse Guards; Commander-in-Chief of the Ashantee expedition, with the rank of Major-General.

told one of my staff to fetch a doolie for her and her children. When she heard the order she raised herself up and gave a look of wild and unutterable joy, thinking, in all probability, that her poor starving babies would be saved; but the effort was too much for her, and she again sank back into her previous position. The sight was truly touching. Poor creature! she was put into a doolie and taken care of. She ultimately recovered.

We afterwards came upon a dead elephant, and then a sudra, or class of Hindoo, with his wife and children seated on the ground, and apparently unable to proceed any further. We offered them some food; but they shook their heads, and would not eat anything that had been contaminated by our touch. They asked us, however, to give it to their children, who devoured the sandwiches with famished appetites. Still farther on, the ground was strewn with dead and dying camels and bullocks.

Thus ended the terrible Mutiny which, for a time, had shaken the British power in India to its foundation. The last two guns of the rebels had been taken, and all that remained of the dispersed and miserable mutineers were driven far away over the hills into the Nepal territory. Our troops were posted at different points along the frontier as a precaution against any attempt

of the rebels to break through. There was now no longer any necessity for my presence, and I proceeded to Lucknow on 4th June 1859. I took up my residence in the Dilkoosha Palace, which was repaired for my use; and after I had purchased a beautiful new piano by Collard, which had belonged to a lady at Lucknow, and collected a few articles of furniture, my staff and myself made ourselves very comfortable there. On 12th June poor Brigadier Horsford arrived at Lucknow dangerously ill with jungle fever, and I took him into my house, and made him as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The fever attacked his head; he became delirious, and the doctor declared there was no hope.

There was, however, an excellent German missionary, Mr Menge, who had for many years had experience of this special description of illness, and he persisted that the case was by no means desperate. Sure enough, after a little, Horsford began to rally, and eventually he completely recovered. This was a source of extreme satisfaction to me, for he was a particularly fine soldier, and a very agreeable, good-tempered companion.

We passed our time at Lucknow very pleasantly. One day we were sitting on the floor of my room at luncheon, when suddenly an enormous Jungoor, or grey monkey, jumped from the roof, landed on the verandah outside my window,

bounded through the panes of glass right into the midst of us, to our great consternation,—looked at us for a moment, then bounded through another window,—a desperate leap of 40 feet to the ground,—landed without breaking his neck, and disappeared.

In the month of October I received a letter from Lord Clyde, dated Cawnpore, requesting me to come and see him. I arrived there on the 14th, and was received by him with great cordiality. He informed me that the home authorities had decided to nominate me to the command of the British force about to proceed to China, to co-operate with the French in repairing the disaster which had been suffered in the attack on the Taku Forts. I was greatly pleased at this information. In my young days I had been educated at an admirable school at Hofwyl, in Switzerland. I had therefore learned French, and could still speak it sufficiently fluently, though I had forgotten it to a certain extent. My knowledge of the language now proved of the greatest use to me. My former campaign there in 1842 had caused me to take great interest in the country, and I had often wished to revisit it, but had never seen any prospect of being able to do so.

I owed my appointment to the kindness and consideration of the Duke of Cambridge. Lord Canning, and even Lord Clyde, though they had,

both of them, always shown themselves most friendly towards me, had strongly recommended Sir William Mansfield, who had served as chief of the staff to the Commander-in-Chief throughout the Mutiny, and in whom he had great confidence, for the appointment in question. But, in the first place, I was senior to Mansfield; and moreover, the Duke felt he could not with justice thus pass over an officer who, I hope he considered, had always done his duty.

On 18th October I returned to Lucknow, and on the 22d, the Governor-General and Lady Canning visited it in great state. They went through the principal streets, which were lined with troops; salutes were fired, and they expressed themselves much pleased at the appearance of the city, which was now beginning to recover from the effects of the devastation and misery to which it had been subjected. They were encamped under the trees close to the Martinière; and on the 28th October I had a full-dress parade of the whole force. The sight was a splendid one.

My wife joined me in Calcutta in December, having returned from England, where she had been staying for the recovery of her health.

My command in Oude had now come to a close. I was gazetted a Lieutenant-General, and appointed to command the army in China, for which country I sailed on 26th February 1860.

APPENDIX.

I.

THE following characteristic Letters from Lord Clyde, together with various Memoranda and General Orders, are here inserted, on my own responsibility, in support of what I have stated in page 56 respecting Sir J. Hope Grant's services, and with a hope of imparting additional value to the opinions expressed by the General in his Journal.

H. KNOLLYS.

Letter from LORD CLYDE, then COLONEL CAMPBELL, to SIR HOPE GRANT, then MAJOR GRANT.

RAWUL PINDEE, *June* 20, 1849.

MY DEAR GRANT,— . . . .

. . . . . .

I am so glad I wrote about you to the dear old Lord,[1] for I could tell him the truth, which you could not do, or would not like to do, as the subject would be personal, and of your own merits and hard fortune.

. . . . . .

[1] General Lord Saltoun, on whose staff Lord Clyde and Sir Hope Grant served during the first China war.

I have nothing to tell you of from this stupid place. If they will only give us *one* year—not less—of batta, I shall be able to think of leaving this country. I neither care, nor do I desire, for *anything else* but the little money in the shape of batta to make the road between the camp and the grave a little smoother than I could otherwise make it out of the profession; for I long to have the little time that may remain to me to myself, away from barracks and regimental or professional life, with the duties that belong to it in a time of peace.

I must confess that I have great pleasure in having Sir Charles Napier for my chief. I know him well, and admire him as he deserves; for he is a man, my dear Grant, after your own excellent heart,—honest, upright, truthful, fearless, and good; and, with these qualities, gifted with a clearer and more comprehensive mind and understanding than any man I know in our profession.

God bless you, dear Grant. I hope to see you a Lieut.-Colonel, and that my next letter will be addressed to you as such.—Always most sincerely yours.

C. CAMPBELL.

Letter from LORD CLYDE, then COLONEL CAMPBELL, to SIR HOPE GRANT, then LIEUT.-COLONEL GRANT.

RAWUL PINDEE, *July* 24, 1849.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I have delayed replying to your most kind note, in the confident hope, which I am delighted to say has been fully realised, of being able to congratulate you on your promotion,[1] and I do so with

[1] To the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

all my heart. It is the most important step in the service for an officer to obtain; for none—save it be an aid-de-camp to the sovereign, and that is not now probable, considering your service-career—can hereafter pass over you; and this feeling is one of exceeding comfort to the mind of a soldier who is without much interest, and can lay no other claim to consideration than what his own merits and services (however distinguished and devoted they may have been) are likely to command; for these are not always sure to make such an officer be considered, if interest, in opposition, should step in with her own favourite in her hand. The latter, I fear, would carry the day.

They have made me a K.C.B. I may confess to you I would much rather have got a year's batta, because the latter would enable me to leave this country a year sooner, and to join some friends of my early days whom I love very much, and in whose society I would like to spend the period which may yet remain to me to live between the camp and the grave.

The day I leave this country will terminate my military career.

You would have been glad to see the promotion of dear and good Haythorn. God bless you, my dear Grant.—Believe me most sincerely yours.

C. CAMPBELL.

I.

Extract from SIR ARCHDALE WILSON'S Despatch, reporting the Capture of Delhi.

I have also to express my very particular acknowledgments to Brigadier-General Hope Grant, C.B. . . . . His activity in carrying out the details

has been admirable, and his vigilance in superintending the outpost duties has been unsurpassed.

2.

Extract from a Despatch from SIR HENRY BARNARD, dated Camp before Delhi, June 23, 1857.[1]

My thanks are due to Brigadier Grant, C.B., who on this, as on all occasions, evinces the highest qualifications for a cavalry officer.

3.

General Order from LORD CANNING.

(*See page* 191.)

To Brigadier-General Hope Grant, who immediately commanded the division employed, his Lordship in Council tenders his warm acknowledgments for the admirable manner in which he performed the arduous duties of his command. This well-tried officer had already greatly distinguished himself in the operations before Delhi, and has received the public thanks of Government.

November 23, 1857.

From SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, on the same occasion,—viz., the Relief of the Residency of Lucknow.

I have also to express my very particular acknowledgments to Brigadier-General Hope Grant, C.B., who was in immediate command of the division by which

[1] Written a few days before his death.

this service was effected. His activity in carrying out the details has been admirable, and his vigilance in superintending the outpost duties has been unsurpassed.

COLIN CAMPBELL.

4.

Extracted from a Despatch from LORD CLYDE to LORD CANNING, reporting the Recapture of Lucknow, dated Camp la Martinière, Lucknow, March 22, 1858.

I desire to draw the particular attention of your Lordship to Brigadiers-General Franks, C.B., Walpole, Sir J. Hope Grant, K.C.B., and Sir Edward Lugard, K.C.B. Their divisions have been most admirably commanded, and they have on every occasion amply justified all my expectations.

Brigadiers-General Walpole and Sir J. H. Grant were employed more immediately under the direction of Sir James Outram, who speaks in the highest terms of the assistance he received from them.

Sir J. H. Grant's management of his cavalry and horse-artillery is always most admirable.

5.

Extract from General Order by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, publishing Despatch from LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MAHEW, Adjutant-General, dated September 1858.

I am directed by his Excellency[1] to beg you will draw the attention of the Right Honourable the Governor-General to the admirable manner in which Sir

[1] Lord Clyde.

J. Hope Grant has conducted the operations of the last six weeks, and more particularly those for the passage of the Goomtee, with most imperfect means.

6.

Extract from a Despatch from LORD CLYDE to LORD CANNING, dated Headquarters Camp on the Raptee, January 7, 1859.

Sir Hope Grant's despatches during the last six months have told the story of the admirable part taken by him in this war. I cannot say too much in his praise. He has the rare merit of uniting the greatest boldness in action, a firm and correct judgment, and the most scrupulous regard for his orders and instructions.

7.

The following is an extract from a Letter which has been shown to me, wherein the writer describes an interview he had with Lord Clyde shortly after his return from India. Speaking of Sir Hope Grant, Lord Clyde remarked: "Hope has a clear head for business, and a sound judgment; and as to handling troops in the field, he is quite perfection, and has no master."

H. K.

II.

(*See page* 33.)

Extract from Returns prepared by the East India Company, showing the strength of the Armies of India,

in the service of the Company, at the commencement of the Mutiny:—

Bengal Army, . .	Europeans, . .	22,698	
	Natives, . .	118,663	
			141,361
Madras Army, . .	Europeans, . .	10,194	
	Natives, . .	49,737	
			59,931
Bombay Army,[1] .	Europeans, . .	5,109	
	Natives, . .	31,601	
			36,710

India therefore contained, at the above date, in the service of the Company :—

European Troops, ...	38,001
Native ,, ...	200,001
Total, ...	238,002

or a proportion of 19 Europeans to 100 natives. The above is exclusive of 24,263 Royal troops stationed in India at that period.

Queen's troops in India in June 1858 :—

Bengal Infantry Battalions, . . .	40	
,, Cavalry ,, . . .	5	
Bombay Infantry ,, . . .	15	
,, Cavalry ,, . . .	4	
Madras Infantry ,, . . .	8	
,, Cavalry ,, . . .	2	
Total Battalions of Infantry		63
,, Regiments of Cavalry		11

With a large proportion of artillery, engineers, &c.

[1] Dislocated at that period by the departure of nearly 14,000 troops to Aden and Persia.

On 1st January 1857, there were about 26,000 Royal troops, and 12,000 Company's European troops, in India. During the ensuing fifteen months, to April 1858, there were sent over 42,000 Royal troops, and 5000 Company's Europeans. This would have given a total of 85,000 British troops in India; but it was estimated that war, sickness, and heat had reduced this number to 50,000 available effective men.

III.

(*See page* 52.)

On 17th May 1857, the troops at Umballa comprised:—

H.M.'s 75th Regiment,
1st Bengal European Fusiliers,
2d ,, ,, ,,
} Weak—only 1800 bayonets in all.

5th Bengal Native Infantry.
60th ,, ,, ,,
H.M.'s 9th Lancers.
4th Bengal Cavalry.
2 Troops Bengal (European) Horse-Artillery.

IV.

(*See page* 98.)

The following Letter from Sir HENRY BARNARD so forcibly represents the difficulties and perplexities with which he had to contend, that I have ventured to copy it *verbatim* from Mr Kaye's book, 'History of the Sepoy War:'—

CAMP ABOVE DELHI, *July* 2, 1857.

MY DEAR LORD CANNING,—Ere this reaches you, the business here will have been settled: if successfully, well; if a failure, I shall like to leave behind me a brief record of the service of the little force.

The work of reduction or reoccupation of Delhi was evidently greatly underestimated. Delhi, when once its gates were shut, and its immense arsenal and magazine in the hands of insurgent troops, became a formidable operation to reduce. When, added to this, the passions of the people were aroused, and the cry raised of a new "Mogul dynasty," it became as important as formidable.

With means totally inadequate, this force was sent against it, reinforced by detachments from Meerut, who were to have provided sappers, gunners, and field implements; when all had formed a junction, the force barely arrived at 3800. Meerut sent no gunners, and only a small number of sappers, and these unprovided. On the 8th June we started from Alipore, met the enemy at Budlee-ka-Serai, and from thence drove them from the height above Delhi. Here the commanding artilleryman and chief engineer proposed to commence the attack: batteries were planned and erected, but the distance was too great. After eight days I found the side of the town which must be silenced before we got approaches quite as alive as ever. The artilleryman admitted the distance too great, and the engineer his inability to make batteries, having positively not a single sandbag! I was promised reinforcements, and for their arrival I determined to wait. They have arrived; and now comes the decisive moment, and I confess to you I never was so puzzled. The force I

have amounts to about 5000, and comprises almost all the Europeans in the Upper Provinces—quite enough, if free, to re-establish the country, but quite insufficient to storm Delhi, guard the camp, and keep open any communications with the rear for supplies, &c. If I succeed in the gambler's throw, well and good; but if I fail, the game is up, and all I can expect to be able to do would be to effect an honourable retreat, carrying off sick, wounded, and guns. To add to my distresses, dissatisfaction is proved to exist in the native troops just arrived, and some have been detected in trying to tamper with the men of Coke's corps. These fellows are to be hanged to-night; but the Ninth Irregular Cavalry, and some of the Sikh corps, are known to be tainted, and would like an opportunity of doing us any mischief they could. Thus it is, with enemies without, traitors within, and a task before me I cannot in reason feel my force competent to undertake, I am called on to decide. Much is said about the native character, and aptitude at turning tail; but where the treasure is, I fear the heart will be found also; for all these miscreants are laden with plunder they will not abandon, and they know full well that every man's hand is against them. They dare not fly.

My men are very tired. We have had, since the action of Budlee-ka-Serai, no less than ten affairs, seven of which employed my whole force, cavalry and infantry. In each we experienced heavy loss, but inflicted greater. The traitors are, or rather were, tired. They openly said it was no use fighting, and that, unless assisted, they would fly in four days. Yesterday brought them the Bareilly people, so we shall have our eleventh tomorrow. After that, I think, the game is over. The

Gwaliors are not coming on, and we shall have defeated them all in turn. But to be useful, I must enter the city; and this will, I am fearful, be a sanguinary affair, for it is clear the sepoy knows well how to fight behind stone walls.

I hope to hear of the head of the European columns coming up from Calcutta, and then matters will begin to look up again.

Pray excuse this scrawl; it is written in a gale of wind. The rain has fallen for two days, but it is again fine.—Very truly yours, H. BARNARD.

V.

(*See page* 139.)

Abstract of the Field State of the Army before Delhi, at the close of July 1857.

Infantry—Officers and men, ...	4023
Cavalry, ,, ,, ...	1293
Artillery and Engineers, ...	1602
Total (including Native troops), .	6918

Exclusive of Non-Effectives—

Sick, ...	765
Wounded, ...	351
Total, ...	1116

Return of Sick and Wounded of all ranks of the Delhi Field Force, September 11th, 1857.—Total, 3074.

VI.

(*See page* 142.)

Return of Killed, Wounded, and Missing of the Delhi Field Force, from the commencement of the operations in the neighbourhood of Delhi on the 30th of May 1857, up to capture of the city on 20th September.

"Palace of Delhi, *23d September* 1857." Corps.	Effective strength of all ranks on 11th Sept. 1857.	Killed.			Wounded.			Total.
		Officers.	Men.	Total.	Officers.	Men.	Total.	
Staff		4		4	9		9	13
Artillery, including Natives	1350	5	69	74	24	245	289	365
Engineers, ,, ,,	722	5	38	43	20	66	86	138
H.M.'s 6th Dragoon Guards	123	1	18	19	2	9	11	90
,, 9th Lancers	391	1	26	27	2	64	66	93
4th Irregular Cavalry—disarmed	78	0	0	0	0	3	3	3
Detachment 1st Punjab Cavalry	147	0	1	1	1	5	6	7
,, 2d ,, ,,	114	0	0	0	0	3	3	3
,, 5th ,, ,,	107	0	0	0	1	3	4	4
Hodson's Irregular Horse	462	0	0	0	6	5	11	11
H.M.'s 8th Regiment	322	3	24	27	7	129	136	163
,, 52d ,,	302	1	18	19	4	73	77	101
,, 60th Rifles	390	4	109	113	10	266	276	389
,, 61st Regiment	402	2	30	32	7	112	119	156
,, 75th ,,	459	5	79	84	14	184	198	285
1st European Fusiliers	427	3	95	98	11	210	221	319
2d ,, ,,	370	4	79	83	6	156	162	245
Sermoor Battalion	212	1	85	86	6	227	233	319
Kumaon ,,	312	1	20	21	5	33	38	64
Guide Corps—Cavalry and Infantry	585	7	65	72	16	215	231	303
4th Sikh Infantry	414	3	43	46	10	106	116	162
1st Punjaub ,,	664	6	71	77	10	141	151	228
2d ,, ,,	650	2	41	43	6	103	109	152
4th ,, ,,	541	1	9	10	2	59	61	71
Wing—Belooch Battalion	322	1	7	8	2	59	61	58
Pioneers (unarmed)	—	–	25	25	1	48	49	155
Grand total	9866	60	952	1012	189	2606	2795	3837

In the above Tables are included 14 Native Officers killed, 49 do. wounded; 426 Native Soldiers killed; 1180 do. wounded. Missing—12 Europeans; 18 Natives.

W. H. Normant, Lt.,
Assist. Adjt.-General of the Army.

VII.

(*See page* 147.)

Organisation of the Force which accomplished the First Relief of Lucknow, September 1857, as laid down by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

Major-General H. HAVELOCK, C.B., to command—

1st Infantry Brigade—Brigadier-General Neill.	5th Fusiliers. 84th Regiment. Detachments 64th Regiment and 1st Madras Fusiliers.
2d Infantry Brigade—Brigadier Hamilton.	H.M.'s 78th Regiment. „ 90th „ Sikh Regiment of Ferozpore.
3d Artillery Brigade—Major Cope.	Maude's Battery. Olphert's „ Eyre's „
Cavalry—Captain Barrow.	Volunteer Cavalry. Irregular „

Chief Engineer—Captain Crommelin. Assistant Engineers—Lieutenants Leonard and Judge.

VIII.

(*See page* 179.)

In advancing from Cawnpore to the Second Relief of Lucknow, in November 1857, SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S Force consisted of—

H.M.'s 8th, 53d, 75th, 95th Regiments; 2d and 4th Punjab Infantry.
H.M.'s 9th Lancers.

Detachments of 1st, 2d, and 5th Punjab Cavalry.
,, ,, Hodson's Horse.
,, ,, Bengal and Punjab.
Sappers and Miners.
Naval Brigade.
Artillery (Horse and Field Batteries).
Total, about 700 Cavalry, 2700 Infantry, besides Artillery.

The total force before Lucknow (Alum Bagh included) consisted of—

Infantry,	12,498
Cavalry,	3,169
Artillery,	1,745
Engineers,	865
Total,	18,277

IX.

(*See page* 208.)

When SIR HOPE GRANT marched against Serai Ghat and Bithoor, on 8th December 1857, his Force, 2800 men strong, with 11 guns, was made up of the following detachments—

42d Highlanders,	403
93d ,,	806
53d Queen's Regiment,	413
4th Punjab Rifles,	332
H.M.'s 9th Lancers,	327
5th Punjab Cavalry,	85
Hodson's Horse,	109
Horse-Artillery,	83
Field-Battery,	139
Sappers,	100
Total,	2797

X.

(*See page* 213.)

Letter from SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, addressed to BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOPE GRANT, C.B., commanding the Force at Serai Ghat.

CAMP NEAR CAWNPORE,
Thursday, December 10, 1857.

MY DEAR GRANT,—Most heartily do I congratulate you upon the great and important success you have obtained over the rebels, and in the capture of all their guns, 15 in number. It is impossible to overestimate the advantage to our interests, military and political, which will result from the taking of the only guns remaining with the Gwalior contingent. All the discontented chiefs, with their rabble of villains, will lose hope and heart at once on learning the result of your pursuit and attack of the body of men protecting the guns that had been left to them, with the loss of the latter. All this is matter for real rejoicing, and will cause great satisfaction in Calcutta.

Your note reached me about two A.M. this morning. I lost not a moment in sending information by telegraph to the Governor-General, which he would receive about breakfast-time, and afford him intense satisfaction. The mail for England is to close at Calcutta this evening, so that the manner of disposal of the guns of the Gwalior contingent, within the last few days, will be known at home within a month from the present date. I hope to greet you as Major-General Sir Hope Grant before the end of April.

I approve of your going to Bithoor, and carrying out your instructions with regard to the punishment of the Nana's followers, and the destruction of his property in that place, including the lines for his troopers. Inform me when you propose to be there, and I will send from hence an escort of 600 or 700 infantry, with two or more guns if you think it necessary, and a small detachment of cavalry to take charge of, and bring to Cawnpore, the captured guns, ammunition, &c., which you have taken, and thus leave the detachment under your orders free from encumbrance. Kindly inform me when you would wish to have this detachment at Bithoor.

Letters have been received of recent date from General Outram. All quiet in his neighbourhood. He wants supplies, which shall be sent to him as soon as we get back the carriage which accompanied the women and wounded from Cawnpore to Allahabad.

Kind regards to Bruce, who must be delighted with your success. Does he still think a visit of troops to the present abode of the Nana, on the left bank of the river, would be attended with any advantage?

God bless you, dear Grant. No one rejoices more in your success than your very old sincere friend,

C. CAMPBELL.

XI.

(*See page* 247.)

In the final conquest of Lucknow in March 1858, the force under Sir James Outram, which crossed over to the left side of the Goomtee, consisted of—

H.M.'s 23d and 79th Regiments.
2 Battalions Rifle Brigade.
1st Bengal Europeans.
3d Punjab Infantry.
2d Dragoon Guards.
9th Lancers.
Detachments from 1st, 2d, 5th Punjab Cavalry.
D'Aguilar's, Remington's, and Mackinnon's troops, Horse-Artillery.
Gibbon's and Middleton's Field-Batteries.

XII.

(*See page* 262.)

Lucknow Garrison under SIR HOPE GRANT, April 1858.

Royal Horse-Artillery, D'Aguilar's troop.
Bengal ,, Olphert's ,,
Royal Artillery, Field-Battery, Gibbon's.
Bengal ,, ,, Carton's.
4 Garrison Batteries.
1 Company Engineers.
3 ,, Punjab and Delhi Pioneers.

CAVALRY.

2d Dragoon Guards.
Lahore Light Horse.
1st Sikh Cavalry.
Hodson's Horse.

INFANTRY.

H.M.'s 20th, 23d, 38th, 53d, 90th, 97th Regiments.
1st Madras Fusiliers.
Headquarters of 27th Madras N.I.
5th Punjab Infantry.

XIII.

(*See page* 270.)

From GENERAL SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, Commanding-in-Chief, to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT, Lucknow Division, Lucknow.

CAMP, *April* 29, 1858.

MY DEAR GRANT,— . . . .

. . . . . .

It does not seem to have occurred to the Commissioner that the rainy season may be expected to commence in the first week of June, when troops must remain in the situation they find themselves in until the termination of the rainy season. The baggage animals (camels) cannot travel on the Kutcha roads; and I must take care that you are not without food for the men under any circumstances. The necessity of having the men under the cover of a house during the rainy season does not appear to have been taken under consideration by the Commissioner. This evidence of want of thought and care for those noble fellows, to whom the State and all of us individually owe so much, vexes me and puts me out exceedingly.

In proposing Roy Bareilly—besides the political necessity of bringing Beni Madhoo to a sense of the respect he owes to the Commissioner as the representative of the Governor-General—I concluded that accommodation might be found for the men during the rains; and this is a point which *you* must see to, and take care to provide for beforehand. The troops shall march and do everything that may be required which it is competent for me to perform, at the sacrifice of much

life and great sickness, such as they are exposed to at this moment; but their preservation during the rains must be thought of before the season arrives, and housing from the inclemency of that period prepared. There will be some spare accommodation at Cawnpore.

I will write to you to-morrow. We crossed the border to-day. I hope to reach Shahjuhanpoor on the 29th. We are delayed, waiting to enable the civil authority to establish police stations at certain places.—In haste, ever yours sincerely, C. CAMPBELL.

XIV.

(*See page* 270.)

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD, Chief of the Staff, to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT, Lucknow.

CAMP, KANTH, *April* 29, 1858.

MY DEAR GRANT,— . . . .

. . . . . .

I am very glad you resisted the Commissioner about the garrison column. With all your sick at Lucknow, it is very necessary not to move it beyond a march from Lucknow. The sooner Beni Madhoo is disposed of the better, as without that there will be no peace for the Cawnpore road. I lately wrote to Mr Montgomery, begging him to establish strong thannahs of not less than 300 men each at Nawabgunj and Unao. During

your absence I will correspond with Barker about cantoning the troops outside. The sickness is very deplorable; but, alas! what else can be expected? It always breaks out among troops immediately after return to quarters and the cessation of excitement. . . . We occupy Shahjuhanpoor to-morrow. We may have a skirmish, but the stand will be made at Bareilly, where there are a good many people, and all sorts of swells. We march every day without a halt. When Bareilly is reached, the chief and I shall get back as fast as we can to the Wire. It is most inconvenient being away from it. There is the deuce to pay now at Arrah, and in all the Benares district, and Lugard has plenty on his hands. Khan Singh seems to be a very clever fellow. Sir Colin is in great force, and the men keep their health very well.—Yours ever, my dear Grant,

W. R. MANSFIELD.

XV.

(*See page* 293.)

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD TO MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT.

ALLAHABAD, *June* 17, 1858.

MY DEAR GRANT,—We were very glad to receive Montgomery's message announcing your success at Nawabgunj, which seems to have been all you could desire. Sir Colin is to be a peer as soon as his answer conveying the title he has chosen reaches England.

At first he was very much disposed to run restive at being put into such strange harness; but he is now reconciled, and, I think, very much pleased.

. . . . . .

The country is, I am happy to think, really beginning to quiet down. I have had almost a cessation of telegrams from many districts, which not long ago required constant attention. Rose is by this time before Gwalior. I expect he will have one battle, and then that his enemy will make for the Mahratta country to the southward. There will be much running about after the vagabonds hereafter, I daresay.

But, on the whole, we may congratulate ourselves on what has been done. Some very influential men have given themselves up to Whitlock at Bandah, and all that country may now be held with very slender garrisons. The Mynpoorie Rajah has surrendered at discretion; and a number of other minor chiefs—the men at the head of the Irregular Cavalry in Rohilcund—have come in merely on the promise of their lives being spared. All this is very cheering, and will, I hope, render the reduction of Oude after October next comparatively easy.

We are about to organise the four regiments of Bengal dragoons, and to divide the recruits into four bodies without delay. How would it suit you to have one of these young corps attached to the Bays, and another to the 7th? Not a man has even been on a horse, and the men are at present armed with *muskets*.

. . . . . .

Yours ever, my dear Grant,

W. R. MANSFIELD.

XVI.

(*See page* 300.)

State of the Field Force under SIR HOPE GRANT, dated Camp, Sooltanpoor, August 30, 1858.

European officers, ...	130
Native do., ...	67
European N. C. officers, rank and file, .	2729
Native do. do., . .	2076
Total, . . .	5002
Including sick, viz.—	
European officers, ...	6
European N. C. officers, rank and file, .	207
Native do. do., . .	101
Total, . . .	314

J. HOPE GRANT,
Major-General commanding Oude Force.

XVII.

(*See page* 302.)

TELEGRAM from Allahabad, 30th August, 12.20 P.M. (1858), from the CHIEF OF THE STAFF, to Lucknow, to BRIGADIER BARKER.

Pass on the following despatch to Sir Hope Grant, by express.

I have received your telegram of the 27th instant.

You are doing just what the Chief desires, and what was presented in two notes sent by me, by Cossid, of which the second was dated the 24th instant. The Soraon force does not go further than Purtabgurh for the present. It will arrive there, in all probability, on the 1st September, if not further delayed by the rains. Sir Colin desires that your operations may be restricted to open and maintain a thorough communication with Purtabgurh, and preventing the passage of any of the rebels to the eastward. He is much pleased with all you have donè, and more particularly with the manner in which you have crossed the Goomtee in the face of the enemy with such very imperfect means.

XVIII.

(*See page* 308.)

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.—MEMORANDUM by the CHIEF OF THE STAFF for the guidance of MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT, K.C.B., Commanding in Oude, Sooltanpoor; BRIGADIER PINCKNEY, C.B.; BRIGADIER E. WETHERALL, C.B.

HEADQUARTERS, ALLAHABAD,
October 23, 1858.

Major-General Sir Hope Grant will move up the right bank of the Goomtee as far as Jugdespoor, from whence he will turn sharp to his left and move southwards by Jayes, and place himself between Purseedapoor and Amethie, dispersing any bodies of rebels

he may come across. When he has taken position he will report to the Commander-in-Chief.

2. Sir Hope Grant will move the day after receiving this instruction, Colonel Payn being called in to Sooltanpoor.

3. Colonel Kelly in communication with Brigadier Fischer, must be told to be responsible for the district lately traversed by him,—viz., between Tanda and Sooltanpoor.

4. It is calculated that the movements proposed for Major-General Grant will occupy about six days.

5. Brigadier Wetherall will, on Monday the 25th instant, move to Dehaigne with the force under his command, leaving a strong wing of native infantry, besides the police and the Lahore Light Horse, at Soraon.

6. From Dehaigne he will proceed either to Bowaneegunj or to Chowras, according as it may seem best, after a careful review of the last accounts received of the various bodies of rebels, and what is best to be done for the reduction of the country. With respect to purely military considerations and communication with the brigade at Purtabgurh, Chowras is, in the opinion of his Excellency, the better point; but, with regard to the country at large, it is possible that Bowaneegunj may be preferable. On whichever point he may decide, he must open immediate communications with Brigadier Pinckney. The Brigadier will understand that the reduction of the country is what is thought of principally, with due respect to military caution; and he is desired by the Commander-in-Chief on no account to bring on an affair with any body of the enemy beyond the line of Bowaneegunj and Chowras—

as, until Sir Hope Grant has made his circuit, it would be impossible to follow up a success.

7. Brigadier Pinckney will, on Tuesday the 26th inst., take Deolee, which he will occupy with 300 men, 2 guns, and a picket of cavalry.

8. All officers in command of columns or detachments are instructed to give out that every village which resists or fires a single shot will be burnt and plundered; whereas villages where no resistance is made will be protected from even the slightest damage.

It is requested that no pains may be spared in giving due effect to this order; the assistance of the various Commissioners will be requested on this account.

W. R. MANSFIELD, Major-General,
Chief of the Staff.

At a trot, by mounted orderly, 11 P.M., 23.10.58., from Allahabad.

(*See page* 308.)

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD, Chief of the Staff, to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT.

ALLAHABAD, 11 P.M., *October* 1858.

MY DEAR GRANT,—This instruction is sent in consequence of a decision come to since my note went off by the post, in acknowledgment of yours from Akbupore announcing your return to Sooltanpoor by the 23d.

Let us know by telegraph, now established at Purtabgurh, what is your latest news on both sides of the Goomtee—both in the direction of Derriabad and Essowlie, or any other place in which the vagabonds may be lurking.

I don't *think* we shall move from here before Thursday the 28th, as it will do no good for us to come out before your circuit is made. Try and let us know how you get on from day to day if you can possibly manage it, although Amethie will be between you and Purtabgurh. Still a messenger going thither from your camp will always be able to *fetch* by *tacking* a little in the Sooltanpoor direction, wherever your camp may be. —Yours ever, W. R. MANSFIELD.

P.S.—I hope you will be able to make out Wetherall's position in your map.

Deolee, which Pinckney is told to take, is about seven miles on the road to Salan, from Purtabgurh.

The guns lately taken by Horsford will be very useful for the force left in position at Sooltanpoor.

XIX.

(*See page* 309.)

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD, Chief of the Staff, to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT.

PURTABGURH, *November* 6, 1858.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I am not able to send you an instruction yet, as we are trying whether the Rajah of Amethie can be induced to save himself and his estate. If he comes into our camp to-morrow without attack from us, we shall gain much from the first great example of moderation on both sides. It seems very

doubtful, however, that he will not rather fight than give in without firing a shot. This we cannot know till to-morrow.

If he holds out, you will be directed to move round the north of Amethie, keeping clear of the place until you come opposite the north-east angle.

Wetherall will in all probability be directed towards the south-east angle, and we shall advance on the east face, the north-west and south being watched by cavalry. On those three sides there is very thick jungle. I am now only giving you *my own* general notions, and you will of course receive a general instruction after we see what comes of to-morrow.

The Chief is much put out at Wetherall not having waited for you, and having in consequence incurred so heavy a loss.

Lugard has been named Secretary of the Commission at home, *vice* Wood, who has taken the Irish constabulary.—Yours ever very truly,

W. R. MANSFIELD.

XX.

(*See page* 320.)

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.—MEMORANDUM by the CHIEF OF THE STAFF for the guidance of MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT, K.C.B.

HEADQUARTERS CAMP, LUCKNOW,
December 2, 1858.

1. Major-General Sir Hope Grant is informed that the Commander-in-Chief will advance to Byram Ghat

in the course of a few days. His Excellency is desirous of securing boats to bridge the Ghogra at that place; Sir Hope Grant will therefore have the goodness to make a movement towards Sekrora, which is one march from Gonda, with part of his force, and so to threaten the enemy's posts on the left bank of the Ghogra.

2. If he hears that the river is clear of the enemy, he will request Mr Bunbury to take measures to collect boats to any point opposite Derriabad, for the purpose of being ultimately taken to Byram Ghat.

3. Sir Hope Grant will not, however, lose sight of the important point which has already been pressed on his attention—viz., of so disposing of Brigadier Rowcroft's brigade as to prevent the chance of any considerable body of rebels passing between the hills and the north of the Goruckpoor district. He will inform Brigadier Rowcroft that the 7th Punjab Infantry will shortly cross the Ghogra at Tandah to reinforce his district. Two companies of that regiment have been ordered to march from Deora Ghat to Goruckpoor.—By order.

W. R. MANSFIELD, Major-General,
Chief of the Staff.

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD, Chief of the Staff, to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT.

LUCKNOW, *December* 3, 1858.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I send you a supplementary instruction by which you will see that you are expected to look into Sekrora, and so to secure the left bank and the boats of the Ghogra.

Barker has reached Khyrabad, and Troup is, I hope, attacking Biswa this day. I expect Horsford to-morrow; but Beni Madhoo is dodging so much that he may be delayed. Evelegh went to Omerea this day, so I hope that in six or eight days at furthest we, the Head-quarters, may be at Byram Ghat.

I received a very satisfactory letter from Douglas this morning. A few hundred vagabonds managed to slip back into Shahabad; but he is close on their heels. He has destroyed great numbers of them. In short, my dear Grant, I hope very soon—by the end of this month—that the war, so far as military combination is concerned, will be at an end, and that we shall have little to think of besides quartering the troops. Lugard, who has been promoted after having the choice given him, as promotion involved the loss of Assistant Adjutant-master-Generalship, writes in rather regretful tone at being on the *pavé*. He is sure to obtain employment before long.—Yours ever very truly,

W. R. MANSFIELD.

XXI.

(*See page* 328.)

Abstract of a Report from LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. G. RAMSAY, Resident at Nepal, to R. SIMPSON, Esq., Under-Secretary to the Government of India, Fort William, dated Nepal Residency, 4th March 1859.

SIR,— . . . I have the honour to forward . . . abstract of a letter from Colonel Bulbhudur Manjhee,

detailing the particulars of his interview with the Begum Huzrut Muhul, from which his Lordship will see that at present the rebels are not inclined to listen to Maharajah Jung Bahadoor's proposals.

His Excellency[1] is much embarrassed by this intelligence, and has earnestly appealed to me for support and for advice, begging me to enter into such explanations with my Government as will relieve him from the heavy responsibility now resting upon him. He has also referred me to the declaration conveyed in the Maharajah's Khureeta to the address of the Governor-General, . . . that after the end of the Phalgoon, his troops will not be able to remain in the Teraie; and he has positively assured me that, although he has been fully prepared to co-operate with us up to that period, he cannot now alter his determination of not attempting offensive operations which will extend beyond that period. He will fulfil his former promise, he says, to the letter, and he will be responsible that rebels shall not come to the eastward of Chitoun by Hetounda; but he cannot at this advanced period of the season do more.

Since I arrived here on 21st February, I have endeavoured to ascertain the state of feeling at the Durbar and in the army upon this question; and I feel satisfied, though Maharajah Jung Bahadoor has not directly admitted it, that he is not supported in his views either by the Sirdars or by the soldiery, and that he is therefore shilly-shallying to gain time. His pride will not permit him to say exactly what he feels; but he lately told Dr Oldfield, and the orderly officer has several times repeated it to me, that he is not certain that his

[1] Jung Bahadoor.

troops would obey him were he to order them below; and that if three or four regiments were to refuse to march, there would probably be a revolution.

A Goorka sepoy lately mentioned to some men of my escort, whilst passing near the Residency lines, that "Jung Bahadoor and his brothers were not agreed as to what should be done to the rebels,—his Excellency wishing to act as directed by the Company Sahib, and the generals saying that all ought to be pardoned—and that unless *this* was understood *he* might go down with his troops, but that *they* would not accompany him;" and the orderly officer himself yesterday volunteered the information, that the Sirdars are not satisfied with our measures, but consider that an *unconditional pardon should be offered to all the rebels, to the leaders, and to their followers.*

Perhaps the exaggerated reports that have reached Khatmandoo of the strength of the rebels (Jung Bahadoor persists in declaring that they amount to upwards of 60,000 men) may have something to do with their present feelings, but their dread of the Teraie, during the Aoul, or malarious season, is beyond all doubt; and I quite agree with Jung Bahadoor in thinking that unless they be again allured by the hope of high pay, of prize-money, or of plunder, the army would now most probably refuse to move if he were to order it to march into the Chitoun jungles, or to commence offensive operations to the westward of Hetounda.

With regard to the Nepalese Government preventing any aggressions being made by the rebels from Nepal upon the territories of the Queen, the Maharajah desires me to inform his Lordship in Council that he is utterly powerless to control that large body of refugees who, he

observes, were driven into the Teraie by the British divisions, entered it without the permission, or even the cognisance, of his own Government, and came in such large masses, that he will be unable even to protect the subjects of this State should they commence (as he fears they will now do) plundering their villages.

Jung Bahadoor's plans were formed partly under a misapprehension with respect to the intentions of the British Government, who, he thought, would at once move several strong columns into the Teraie to crush the rebels, in which case he would have defended the passes leading into the inner hills, and would have closed the road leading to the eastward from Chitoun at Hetounda; and partly in the belief, which he has clung to to the last, that he would be empowered to offer such free and unconditional terms to every one, with the single exception of the Nana Sahib, as would certainly induce them to lay down their arms, and proceed quietly to their homes in our provinces.

His Excellency believes that the rebels will now retrace their steps to the westward, and will probably make for the jungles north of Toolsepoor; and should they attempt to do so, I will immediately communicate with Colonel Kelly, commanding the field force in the Ramnuggur district, and will request him to inform the commanders of brigades and detachments in advance, that should good opportunities offer of attacking them, they have the permission of the Durbar to cross the border and do so, provided it be consistent with the orders they may have received from his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. . . . Hitherto the rebels have committed no outrages whatever in the Teraie, but have paid for whatever they have taken, and

have treated the village authorities with deference and respect. The Nana and his brother Bala Bao are vested with the chief authority. The Begum and her son, Jung Bahadoor says, have little or no influence amongst them, and appear to be mere tools in their hands.—I have the honour, &c.,

(Signed) G. RAMSAY, *Resident.*

Abstract of a Report from Colonel BULBHUDUR MANJHEE to MAHARAJAH JUNG BAHADOOR, Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of Nepal, dated Phayoon Budee, 10th Sambut 1915 (28th February 1859), Camp, Sekrowlee.

Yesterday I had an interview with the Begum and chiefs, and delivered your note Khureetee. Mummoo Khan read it to the Begum. After reading it, I was called to the side of her palkee, whilst the chiefs remained in another tent. The Begum said: "If Maharajah Jung Bahadoor seizes us, and makes us over (to the British), we are ready to die; so take me to Nepal. It was neither my pleasure nor my son's that he was made a king; and neither of us gave any order for the murder of any British officer, children, or ladies. If my son had been king, the troops would have been under his orders; whereas he is under their orders. On the one side, I had the British as enemies; on the other, the troops made us as goats. It was my hope that Maharajah Jung Bahadoor would have done something for my good, and that, being a just man, he would not wish to see me die. If this is the Maharajah's wish —*i.e.*, that I and my son should die—we are helpless;

so take me to Nepal." I said to the Begum, "That what is written in the Khureetee must be performed without the alteration of a single letter; so do not hope for anything more. I have been sent by the Maharajah as his representative, so that you may thoroughly believe the Khureetee, and act upon it." They remained silent for twelve minutes, and then told me to go out and read the Khureetee to the whole of the chiefs. . . . They all with one mouth replied: "We have fought for the religion of the Hindoos. Maharajah Jung Bahadoor, being also a Hindoo, should help us. We are not too few to fight. If he gives us 50,000 or 60,000 of his troops, we will give them twice as much pay as the English have given. If this is not possible, let him give us one officer to each of our regiments; we will feed ourselves, and obey their orders. Whatever country we conquer in fight will become the possession of the Goorka Government. If this cannot be, then let him give us an asylum in his country, and we will live under his orders. If this is not possible, then let the Maharajah, who is the friend of the British (knowing that although some 1000 or 1200 British ladies and children have been murdered by our ignorant sepoys, without our orders; and also that amongst us Mussulmans and Hindoos, of children, women, and men, nearly a lac have been hanged or killed in battle by the English; also, that now a lac of us have sought an asylum from the Maharajah), make some arrangement with the British, whereby, having laid down our arms, we can become their subjects. If he cannot do this, we have not come to fight against the Goorkas, so we throw down our arms; and if we are to be murdered, we submit unresistingly. If he gives us up to

the British, we are ready. It is not fit that the Maharajah should have given so stern an answer to us, a lac of people, who wanted his sympathy. The meaning of the Khureetee which you have brought is this: You, lac of people, die: those who cannot die, let them save their lives the best way they can; those that the British can seize may be hanged. This is the real meaning of the Khureetee, Colonel Sahib." I answered: "The door of mercy has been opened by the Governor-General to all who have not murdered British ladies, children, and officers; so let them throw down their arms, and go away into the asylum of the British, where the Lord Sahib has given orders that their lives will be saved." They replied: "We have heard the proclamation in the plains; but we have no wish that our brother should save his life at the expense of another. Maharajah Jung Bahadoor is a Hindoo, and ought to do his best for us. This is one hope in which we have come here; and the other is, that as he is so great a friend of the British, he will cause them to do us some good. If the Maharajah does not, what are we to do, Colonel Sahib?" I said: "If the Maharajah had wished to break with the British, and had either coveted your money or pitied you, why did he go to fight with you[1] at Lucknow? So his meaning is this: That those who have not killed the families of British officers and subjects are given a free pardon; but that for those who have, his mouth is closed, and he cannot ask for them to be forgiven. If he were to ask the Governor-General such a question, the whole world would condemn his common-sense. I have had no orders to discuss the matter with you. I am a Goorkalee, and don't understand

[1] *I.e.*, against you.

such matters. Whatever is in the Khureetee must be exactly carried out. If you proceed eastward from Jewanee, the Goorkas will kill you; and within the ten days from my arrival, you must leave my country, and the British will not fight you within that period. I speak this for Maharajah Jung Bahadoor himself, and I have no orders to say anything more. I am now going away." Having said this, I saluted all the chiefs, and went outside the tent. Newab Mummoo Khan then told me that it was the Begum's order that I should leave with a Killut. I replied: "I am a regimental officer, so if I took a Killut from any king or rajah, my name would be struck off; so beg the Begum to excuse me, with my best thanks." I returned to my tent, and afterwards numbers of Subadars, sepoys, &c., came and salaamed to me as king, asking: "Colonel Sahib, what is going to happen to us?" I answered that "those who had not murdered the families of British officers and subjects could lay down their arms, and find an asylum within the British provinces, where they would obtain a free pardon. You must not remain within this territory over ten days. If you have any other questions to ask, put them to your own Sirdars. I am now going to have my food. Salaam, &c., &c." I went to my tent, and they to theirs. An hour and a half afterwards, four chiefs came to my tent from the Begum, and said: "Colonel Sahib, don't talk with our sepoys—they are a bad lot; if they say anything disrespectful, we shall get a bad name." I replied: "The sepoys spoke to me, so I told them what was fit for them to hear. I am off to-morrow; so do not say any more. I shall not reply." Major Captain Beerbhunjun Manjhee and the Moonshee are very smart in inquir-

ing after supplies; and I have given orders to the Havildars and sepoys to attend to their duties. I am making arrangements for the march.

Memorandum accompanying the above. From Sunday to Tuesday, the following troops have reached Nolepoor:—

Foot Soldiers,	6616	—armed with Company's muskets.
Horsemen, .	2724	,, carbines, &c.
Elephants, .	77	
Camels, .	124	
Tattoos, .	1323	—their riders armed, some with swords, pistols, muskets, &c.
Footmen, .	5383	do. do. do.
Bullocks, .	104	
Donkeys, .	83	
Women, .	1792	
Children, .	852	

They have no guns with them, but have sent for them. They have eight or ten Enfield rifles, and one or two elephants are laden with ammunition. Besides this they have only ammunition in pouch. Half the rebel force that has been seen at Deokhoree, Sewraj, Sheopoor, Kuznee, and Peeprah, has not yet reached this (Sekrowlee). The rebels have heard that the British troops have reached the boundary, and are consulting as to what is to be done. 4500 of the above number have crossed the river.

To this memorandum is appended the following remark in Lord Clyde's handwriting:—

"I believe the numbers shown in this statement to be the *whole* of the troops with the Begum (in) Nepal. —C. C."

XXII.

(*See page* 328.)

Extracts of a Letter from LORD CLYDE to SIR HOPE GRANT, addressed to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT, K.C.B., commanding division, Lucknow. Endorsed "CLYDE, General, Commander-in-Chief."

CAMP, MEERUM-KA-SERAI,
March 12, 1859.

MY DEAR GRANT,— . . . .

You may recollect that when Jung Bahadoor requested that our troops should not cross the border into the Nepalese territory in pursuit of the Begum and the troops which had accompanied her, he voluntarily engaged to cause her and her troops and followers to leave the Nepal territory within a given time, and pointed out the Ghat on the Gunduck at which he wished a detachment of our troops to be in readiness to receive the troops and followers of the Begum as they passed over that river.

The Resident's letter will make known to you how completely he has departed from the promises he made with respect to the troops of the Begum being disarmed and handed over to our troops, preparatory to return to their homes. He has allowed them to prolong their stay in Nepal until the commencement of the hot season, and then permits their departure with their arms, and [allows them] to take refuge in the Teraie, in the hope, evidently, that Government may be driven into granting a pardon to the rebels rather than keep our

troops in the field on his frontier during the hot season. We have been far too civil to Mr Jung Bahadoor.

. . . . . .

I have desired Colonel Kelly, by telegraph, to consult with the civil authority attached to his force with respect to the possibility of our operating across the border during the next fortnight without risking the health of the men. . . . I *fear* the climate. . . . It makes me very savage that by the trickery and deceit of this fellow, Jung Bahadoor, the troops may be kept out longer than we contemplated.

. . . . . .

Ever, dear Grant, most sincerely yours,

C. CAMPBELL.[1]

XXIII.

(*See page* 329.)

Extract from Telegram from the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT, K.C.B.

HEADQUARTERS, ALIPORE,
April 9, 1859.

The Commander-in-Chief thinks you should go yourself to Fyzabad with all despatch to take personal command of all the troops. You must be ruled by your

[1] Lord Clyde was not apparently in the habit of signing himself by his new title, at least in his private correspondence, until many months after it had been bestowed on him.

information; but it seems that all the rebels are out of Nepal, and coming south. . . . .

. . . . . .

You must dispose of the troops generally to meet the movements of the rebels, taking care not to denude Lucknow. . . . . .

. . . . . .

W. R. MANSFIELD, Major-General,
Chief of the Staff.

XXIV.

(*See page* 329.)

Copy of private Message by Electric Telegraph, from Headquarters Camp, Paniput, 13th April 1859, from CHIEF OF THE STAFF, to Fyzabad, to GENERAL SIR H. GRANT.

In sending you to Fyzabad in the first instance, the Commander-in-Chief leaves you the widest discretion to move your headquarters as may seem fit to you. It appears there has been want of energy amongst officers in command of posts, seeing that the enemy have been able to get by them without being checked. This will require correction from you. I am sending a memo. about it.

XXV.

(*See page* 329.)

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. GRANT.

KURNAL, *April* 15, 1859.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I have this morning received your letter of the 11th with its various enclosures. If there were no other reason for it, your personal presence at the scene of operations will be very useful for the due appreciation of the intelligence. . . . But it would be advisable to ascertain whether more could have been done towards checking or encountering the rebels, who seem to have passed by our numerous posts almost without a challenge, if we except Gordon's affair.

If, after having made your inquiries, you should be of opinion that there has been remissness, it will be well to let us know about it, as we all suffer, individually as well as publicly, if the outpost duty be inefficiently performed.

. . . . . .

It appears to me that the officers in command on the frontier are inclined to treat the broken sepoys with far too much respect. They are utterly beaten and wretched, and I think should be treated accordingly, and attacked under any and all circumstances. This is my *private* view. . . . .

. . . . . .

Yours, ever, my dear Grant,

W. R. MANSFIELD.

XXVI.

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD, Chief of the Staff to Lord Clyde, to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT.

SIMLA, *May* 14, 1859.

MY DEAR GRANT,— . . . .

The Chief quite approves of your energetic movement with respect to Nepal. We addressed the Governor-General about Mahomed Hussain very shortly after your first inquiry what was to be done with him. His Excellency has not replied on the point.

You will have heard of the mutinous combination which has taken place in a large portion of the Bengal European army.[1] At one moment the danger of open mutiny and dreadful collision seemed to be imminent. We have now weathered upon that. Still much remains to be . . . Chute very properly referred to know, if in consequence of what was going on, he should now read the order conveying the transfer as recently received from home. He has been told *not* to read it for the present. We have courts of inquiry sitting in various places to inquire into the grievance, and the grounds on which the views of the soldiers are founded.

. . . . . .

Yours ever, my dear Grant,

W. R. MANSFIELD.

[1] Principally among the young raw recruits who had been hastily enlisted in England under the emergencies of the outbreak.

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